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CAMPING AMONG CANNIBALS

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CAMPING AMONG CANNIBALS.

CHAPTER I.

TONGATABU.

OVER the mere words "The South Pacific Islands" a strange glamour has for me always hung; a tissue of dreams, woven from threads of narrative and description in old voyages and travels, has ever in my mind enwrapped them, and many a time, before there seemed to be a chance of my visiting them in reality, have I wandered in imagination along their golden sands and beneath their lofty groves of palms. I had drifted far enough away from the quiet English town where first I dreamed of the Lotus-Eating Islands, when at last my opportunity came. It was in the daily paper of the New Zealand town I then was in that I read in the Shipping Intelligence this piece of information—"The schooner *Caledonia* for Tongatabu and Samoan Group." This was a chance not to be missed, so I packed my trunk and was off next morning for Auckland, whence the *Caledonia* sailed.

I had started with the idea that I should have to "rough it," as I knew the *Caledonia* was only a small trading-schooner, but she certainly looked even smaller and more uncomfortable than I expected when I saw her lying in her berth at the Auckland Wharf.

"She's fifty-eight ton odd," said the skipper to me shortly after I had found him and introduced myself. "Fifty-eight ton *odd*," and he said it with such pride, and laid such emphasis on the paltry hundredweight or so that constitutes the "odd," that any remarks I might have made as to her size were instantly silenced.

By the skipper I was introduced to the agent, and by him to a dozen or so of other nautical gentlemen, one of whom, a young man, was, I learned, to accompany us, being somehow interested in a part of the cargo. Him I have found a most pleasant companion.

Two bare little rooms formed the agent's offices, upon whose wooden walls hung great charts representing very large spaces of water dotted here and there with minute specks, which, on their part, stood for "the Islands." But the branches of beautiful coral and strange brightly-coloured shells on the safe and mantelpiece, and the richly-carved canoe-paddle pushed away in a corner behind a dusty file of old bills, were most suggestive of the interesting places to which they traded. Here I took my berth, and found myself, to my surprise, to be a person of some importance as "*the* passenger," for I am the only one; and here I returned after making some purchases in the town of necessaries for the voyage, as nothing was provided in the way of cabin furniture but a mattress, of which, indeed, they spoke with some complacency, but which, after I had endured for two nights its intolerable smell and dirt, I besought the skipper to have thrust below.

In the afternoon we all were ready to start, and were only waiting for our "papers" to arrive, when into the office bustled a fat methodistical-looking person, with a huge double chin and unctuous countenance, bearing a parcel of documents which he had, according to his own account, been putting through a wonderful series of evolutions, and had "on'y jus' got 'em done in time." This gentleman, with great kindness and forethought, knowing I was "the passenger," entered at once, with that volubility only gained in a pulpit, into an account of how he too was shortly going to Tonga, "but catch him sailing for another six weeks yet: he was not going till the hurricane months were well over." He told us we should be just in the right latitude for the hurricane which would be "out" in about a fortnight. He remembered very well the sailing of the *Pearl*, which left just at this time five years ago, and she was lost and all hands, and *The Three Brothers* and *The May Queen;* "but," he ended, with an oily chuckle, "you *may* get there all right you know;" and having thus done his best to cheer us up at parting, he departed himself. All this would not have been worth the telling but that I found out afterwards that this was a man I heard a great deal of in the Tonga Islands, and who has almost unlimited power there.

After all we did not get off that day, as the breeze had fallen and we could not have cleared the harbour; but next morning saw us at the wharf long before the town was astir. I had, in my anxiety not to be too late, arrived there a full hour before the others, after passing a sleepless night, the combined result of the ceaseless activity of the mosquitoes and my own determination to awake at four. We "cooeyed" across the still water to the *Caledonia*, which was lying out in the stream, and her boat shortly put off and took us aboard. I stepped quite easily from the gunwale of the boat on to the schooner, which looked more diminutive than before by the side of the full-rigged ships in the harbour. Here we were joined by another young man who was pulled out from shore by his brothers, who acts as supercargo, and whose mysterious duties I have hardly solved to the end of the voyage. The anchor was quickly weighed, and easily too, for it is not much of one, and after "good-byes" to the brothers we began slowly to move down the harbour.

The first thing we had to do was to try to cram our several trunks and bags into the cabin; for some time I thought it quite impossible that five men and their luggage could ever be stowed away in a cabin that looked no whit larger than those gaily-painted residences on canal boats. The bunks, however, proved roomier than I expected, and when I had induced my belongings to fit themselves in, there was still space enough for me to bestow myself in—at full length, too, if I lie crossways. At times, when we roll a little, a portmanteau or so will come floundering down on to my legs, and an avalanche of boots, books, and brushes at the same time descend upon my head from a species of shelf above it. But one grows accustomed to this sort of thing on board a little schooner. The table upon which, daily at eight, twelve, and five, appears the too, too frequent salt beef, is shaped like a flat iron to fit in the cabin, which is of the same form, and is of course very small, but we can manage to walk sideways between it and the lockers, tripping up gaily over the staples and lashings which secure it to the floor.

We are nine souls aboard. The skipper; the mate, who rejoices in the name of Billy Mustard, a silent and taciturn man, who never talks nor smiles; Gilbert, who owns part of the cargo; Stodart, the supercargo; and myself, in the cabin. "For'rad" are three men and a boy, one of the men being cook.

Of course we have music aboard; what ship was ever without it? The very first evening Johnny, the boy, produced a dreadful moaning instrument, and, for an hour, entertained us with a selection of most dismal tunes, which he said, as indeed seemed probable, he had learned by ear. At the end of the performance I went to him and hypocritically spoke in favourable terms of the beauties of the concertina. I need not have perjured myself, for he waxed very indignant, and glaring at me with his little peepy eyes as though he would wither me where I stood, he replied, "This ain't no concertina, it's a harcordium." Nor is the "harcordium" the only source of harmony we have aboard: we, too, have music astern. For lo! in the cabin is a polished wooden box, upon whose hingeless lid is inlaid the counterfeit presentiment of a shell, more gorgeously tropical as to spines and knobs than any I ever saw on island beach. And is not this a musical box? The accomplished makers, according to a tattered inscription on the inside, guarantee it to play "Quatre Airs;" but, alas, from some defect in the mechanism, induced by too frequent salt breezes and old age combined, this number is reduced to one, and a more ridiculous tune I never heard. Popular tradition on board, from information received from former skippers—for the box is a fixture and skippers are not—states that this is a fantasia upon the Chinese National Anthem. I am not well acquainted with the music of the Celestial Empire, but should think that their ballads do partake very much of this character. The supercargo, being a youth of refined tastes, has this barbaric tinkling four or five times a day; and sometimes in the dead of night, when we give a lurch of a little extra extent, the diabolical machine will produce, of its own accord, this wretched Chinese hymn, which it will play, in a jerky way, until it gets to within a couple of notes of the end, and then stops short in the most distracting manner.

Two days out we began to have most lovely weather, and the Pacific did not belie its name. I rapidly recovered from sea-sickness and was able to enjoy everything that the cook sent us at meal times, though some of the dishes were curious. I was ill at first, for, although custom has made me a moderately good sailor, I have had no experience of so small a craft as this where the motion is so short and quick. At first, too, I was troubled by the cockroaches and other shiny-coated gentry who perambulate and amble over one at night. Not only are they cannibal but omnivorous, and to preserve my travelling bag and trunk from their assaults I now strew about my bunk bait in the form of old boots and shoes for their delight, they having an inordinate passion for those articles. I am always up at sunrise, and take my bath when the deck is washed, sitting, like a Triton, just at the break of the poop, having buckets of water thrown at me by one of the two able-bodied seamen that form our crew, just as long as I think his patience will hold out. Our fresh water is in a square tank on the deck, and is of a rusty yellow colour; when thirsty one has only to seize "the dipper," and, lowering it through the small opening, with the rather slimy string, pull up as much water as one wants, like an educated bullfinch. By the side of this we—such as wish to—wash in an iron basin placed upon the harness cask, where the salt junk lies pickling, and there, with the pint of water we each may use, swilling about from side to side, we wash as best we may.

Day after day we have glided along, seeing no sail but the diminutive ones of the "Portuguese men-of-war," whole armadas of which pass us in most unwarlike brilliancy of colour; and no land but Raoul Island, one of the Kermadecs, when we were eight days out. On that island there lives, for reasons best known to himself, a man with his wife and three children, completely shut off from the outer world, for no ships regularly call there; he is dependent, for everything they cannot produce in the island, upon the rare visits of some whaler calling for water. Day after day the same broad blue expanse of water greets us, its monotony only broken by the appearance of some great shark that we should try to catch, and once by the approach of some mysterious denizen of the deep that I thought was a whale and her calf, but which the impassioned supercargo declared was the great sea-serpent, an account of which, signed by one or two of the crew, will appear, I believe, in the Auckland papers on the return of the *Caledonia*. Time passes calmly by in these calm seas, and it is occupation enough to sit and watch the gorgeous *medusæ* palpitating past, their crystal bells of blue or crimson regularly expanding and contracting in the unnaturally, præternaturally blue water. To steer a little and leave a shamefully serpentining track, to try to catch some cunning old albatross who is far too wary to be hooked; to follow the shadow of the sails as they move across the deck with my finger between the pages of a book in which I make a vain pretence of reading — vain, because there is always something to be seen or something to be done on board a little schooner where every one lends a hand—make up my usual day. No letters to be received and none to write, no appointments to be kept and nowhere to be obliged to go, all one's meals occurring with a charming regularity, and being of not quite so charming a sameness. Salt beef, biscuit, cheese, bread, and pickles, all being excellent articles in their way, but one may grow just a trifle weary of seeing them three times a day for several weeks. Then there is no trouble about one's dress: a pair of trousers, the older the better, a shirt and a shady hat, and there we stand confessed, as often without shoes and stockings as with them. We sleep when we like and get up when we like, often turning out in the middle of the night for a prowl on deck—they to see the state of the weather or have a smoke, and I—romantic youth—to watch the glorious beauty of the stars. How they blaze and burn in these southern heavens! I cannot think how people who have both wealth of time and money can travel by noisy, dirty steamers, which by their very din and commotion frighten from them every wonder of the deep, when they could, if they would, *sail* over the great sea and watch it in all the beauty of its calm and the grandeur of its storm. Seen from the hurricane-deck of a crowded steamer the sea loses all its charm, and to know it as it is, and to love it for what it is, one must live with it; float on it when becalmed, hot, glassy, and clear; or career and bound over it before a gale, when dull-coloured but living, at the wayward will of the winds and of itself. Tear through it with the monotonous "thud-thud" and even pace of time-regulated steamers, and one can never know the ocean.

Our skipper, or master as he calls himself, is a great deep-chested, pleasant, even-tempered man, who ran away from his home in Huntingdonshire at the early age of eight, and has since then gone through many marvellous and some few discreditable adventures, all of which he relates with equal openness and unreserve. He is very much attached to amateur doctoring, and every one knows when an amateur is seized with this passion how fiercely the fever rages. He is ready with his medicine chest upon the slightest provocation, and the hash he makes of the names of the drugs, and the curious uses to which he would apply them, are vastly entertaining. He recommends me ipecacuanha for indigestion; and the other day the unfortunate Johnny having sprained his wrist, the skipper bore down upon him with an old stone ginger-beer bottle of Epsom salts and insisted upon his taking it upon the spot.

Unfortunately, quiet times cannot last for ever, and I was almost sorry when the skipper told us that to-morrow he hoped to sight Tonga, for though to see the Islands was the reason of my leaving home, the getting to them has been so pleasant that I could have wished almost that the time had been doubled. Next morning, dim through the haze, loomed Eua, our first port of call. It is one of the Tongatabu group, the Friendly Isles, and is a bold looking island, its highest land being 600 feet above sea-level. I was all excitement, this being my first glimpse of the tropics, and as we neared the land my excitement only increased, for I could distinguish the coco-palms growing thick upon a little islet that we had to round to get to the anchorage, and had I not longed all my life to see the coco-palms growing from the sands? A little rocky islet covered with luxuriant vegetation, mostly of tall palms, with the mighty surf booming and roaring round it, tearing the rocks within its reach, is enough, I think, to excite the most phlegmatic of men, which I am not. Reefs are everywhere about the island, and the surf dashes upon them scattering itself into great sheets of white spray twenty or thirty feet high. This has a most beautiful and astonishing effect, for the sea seems calm and motionless, except for the general ocean swell; but as the water nears the reef it rises in a great grand curve which shines out emerald green against the dark pure blue of the deeper water, and dashing itself, with its mighty force, upon the reef, it rises in the air a cloud of white spray. It does not curl over and break like a wave, but rises suddenly, from the check given to its impetus by the rocks of the reef, with a rush and roar as of some gigantic thing set free for a moment only to fall captive again the next in a dazzling shower.

The day is hot and the sky blue and clear; over the island fly flocks of pure white tropic birds, pairs of which often separate themselves and fly together higher and higher till almost lost in the cloudless sky. We passed up the west coast of the island pleasantly enough, but found upon rounding the point that we should be unable, on account of the wind, to land; ships have to anchor out in the open at Eua, as there is no harbour, but the wind blowing freshly from the north prevented our doing so with any safety. Had it been another time of the year, the skipper said he should not mind anchoring there, but now, in these, the hurricane months, the weather is so very treacherous that he feared being blown ashore. I was annoyed at this, as after weeks of sailing the sight of land makes one's very muscles twitch for exercise, and Eua looked so beautiful. Beyond the great rocks and reefs on which the surf breaks tireless and unceasing, commences the belt of dense and beautiful bush that extends some distance up the island. Close to the shore, within reach of the wind-driven spray, runs the line of coco-palms which surrounds the island; at some height above the sea they cease, and a dense growth of other trees takes their place. The centre of the island, all the higher part, is bare of bush, but is of a fine green, and here, I believe, the white man settled on the island is trying to introduce and breed sheep for wool-growing purposes. From what I hear he is labouring under great difficulties, as the natives kill and eat many of his finest stock, and are not punished for doing so, as they say that the animals wander on to their lands. The owner cannot well fence in all his property to prevent them from straying, and so the thing goes on. I have no doubt they will settle the dispute amicably, as there is little litigiousness in the Friendly Islands, and no lawyers. Oh happy Tonga!

I tried to induce the skipper to risk a landing, but it was of no avail. I reminded him that we had a mail for Eua and ought to land it, but all he troubled about it was to say, "Oh yes, but we can take that with us to Tonga, and I daresay it will get across in a week or so." It certainly did seem a rather feeble excuse to land, for, as far as I could discover by pinching and otherwise investigating the bag, which reposed in one of the lockers on which we sit, it only consists of two letters. So without wasting time we altered our course for Tonga, which lies, a long low line on the horizon, nine miles away. It took us about four hours to sail across, but we could not get in after all, as it was growing late and soon would be dark, and the navigation about here is so very intricate, because of the many islets and long stretches of reef. You see a long line of broken water, right away from land, and you know that below lies a coral reef. This group, too, is not very well known, and the charts mark "imperfectly surveyed," so that we have to keep a man in the cross-trees to shout down directions to the man at the wheel, and obviously this cannot be done at night, so we kept tacking in the channel between the islands till morning, sometimes approaching quite close to Eua, but fighting shy of Tongatabu with all its reefs and rocks.

The next morning broke dull and gray, and I feared that I should become acquainted with tropic islands with the unpleasant adjunct of tropic rain; but as the day grew older it improved and brightened, till towards ten o'clock, when we began to get amongst the reefs, it had glorified into a perfect day of sunshine and blue sky. A constant look-out of two men in the cross-trees had to be kept, the water often breaking all round us in long lines of foam, and occasionally there is but a narrow passage of deep water between the reefs. Billy Mustard, the silent mate, now came to the front: having cruised for years in these waters, he knows by heart every in and out of the reef, and notwithstanding some noisy contentions between him and the impassioned supercargo, who has also visited Tonga several times, they managed to bring us to anchor safely in the harbour, somewhat to my astonishment, as they both endeavoured to clear their heads and refresh their memories with copious applications (internal) of "square" gin. The water is really wonderfully beautiful, so bright are its tints and so clear its transparence; when over sand or coral patches it is of the loveliest turquoise colour, and when over rock of the darkest sapphire; and everywhere one sees the water in streaks and patches of these violently-contrasted tints.

Tongatabu is a low-lying crescent-shaped island, an abrupt little hill in Nukualofa, its highest part, only rising to a height of fifty-five feet. Seen from the sea it seems one mass of coco-palms, so dense is the fringe of them round the shore. The town of Nukualofa, the capital, is not impressive, as it consists chiefly of hideous erections in wood put up by an erstwhile missionary, cast off by his order, who has wheedled his way into old King George's graces till now he is supreme in these islands. I cannot speak of this calmly, so hot is my indignation against the shameless acts of this Vandal. Years ago the grassy road that lies along the shore in front of Nukualofa was beautified and shaded by an avenue of ancient trees, planted by the natives generations back; behind this stood their quaint and charming buildings, all of which, in one part, have been removed and replaced by pretentious wooden erections, presumably of the reverend gentleman's own design; a hideous "palace" for the king, awful government buildings, and a great gaol, which the ordinances and restrictions invented and framed by the same reverend gentleman manage generally to keep full; and last, but certainly not least, the large and handsome house of the poor self-sacrificing missionary himself. Thinking that the beauty and grandeur of these erections could not well be seen by incoming vessels, he ruthlessly cut down the shady avenue where generations had played and strolled and rested, and left a monument of self-glorification—these white staring sheds he had caused to be put up—as glowing and shadeless as they are unnecessary and hideous. There certainly may have been, and probably were, other and more mercenary motives for the erection of these buildings, but of those I cannot speak. I asked a native afterwards why they did not plant young trees that an avenue might again, in years to come, give its grateful shade. "What would be the use," said he bitterly, "when maybe the next missionary that got power would have them all removed."

There are eight or ten small islands in the harbour, if you can call it one, in which we are now lying, and all are covered with palms and small bushes; they rise but a very few feet above the sea-level—their golden sands and crown of palms seem floating on the smooth surface of the reef-protected sea. Amongst these we steered our course, and at about twelve, the day having become scorchingly hot, we had almost reached the shore and began taking in sail, and let go the anchor, which we did about three hundred yards from land. We could see brown natives walking on the beach, and some busily at work forming a rough sort of pier of coral rock, from which there put off a boat containing four splendid-looking fellows, three rowing, and one sitting in the stern, wearing, besides the usual *vala* or waistcloth, a thick jacket of leather lined with red flannel, which does not meet round him and shows his naked flesh between with a very funny effect. Doubtless it adds much to his dignity, but he must suffer torments from the heat of it. This gentleman, Friday, quickly boarded us; he is a great fat man, the picture of good humour, and in his one body personifies Mail-master, Harbour-master, Officer of Health, and I know not how many other posts. He brought all sorts of papers, which he did not understand in the least, and an imposing looking scroll, inscribed by my friend the minister, with all sorts of pains and penalties that we are to suffer if we transgress the regulations there set down. We were much amused by the list of fines imposed for all manner of charming little vices, so many dollars for this and so many for that, which doubtless would greatly increase the balance at the exchequer if only they could get them; the natives of course have to pay, but I think the lordly white generally goes scot free. Friday and his men coming on board, we regaled them with cheese and biscuits and other delicacies; Friday, I fear, putting a series of hieroglyphics, which he and the missionary teachers say is his signature, at the foot of our papers, without much trouble or questioning, upon receiving a little gin, the sale of which to natives in Tonga is strictly and wisely forbidden by the king, George Tubou. He was very pressing in his invitations for some of us to go over to his island, which lies about three miles out, and spend a day there, and I hope during my stay in Tonga to do so. Gilbert and I went ashore with him, his three brawny men rowing us. They are enormously muscular, and their dress—a narrow strip of native cloth round their loins, over which often hangs a sort of fringe of aromatic smelling leaves—shows their beautiful make to great advantage.

As we passed the little pier or breakwater that is being reconstructed, a hurricane which occurred about a week ago, and which we fortunately missed, having carried away one end of it, a whole crowd of natives stood up to see us, shouting greetings as we passed. Very wild and picturesque they looked in their bright coloured *valas*, which contrasted well with the rich tones of their skins. Friday informed us that these were all prisoners, who being unable to pay the fines imposed, have to come here and work off the amount. Men and women work together, and seem to feel their position very little, as nearly all are being punished for what goes unpunished at home, and they feel no shame, as they know nothing will be thought of it by their friends when their term of punishment is finished. It is a marvel to me that they bear so calmly the tyranny of the missionaries, for it is mostly they that impose these laws. Why should Polynesian people be taxed, fined, and imprisoned according to the rules of the civilisation of an alien race? Many a time since that day I first landed in Tonga have I wished I were a native of those islands: were I so for a time, one of my first acts should be to stir up, and head if necessary, a revolt against what must be a most galling yoke. But these natives are a childlike and superstitious race, and the hell-fire doctrine generally propounded by these gentle teachers of Christianity subjugates and subdues them. I should be sorry to class all missionaries together, for there are some that are, I am sure, earnest and devout men, and in some few places they may have done good; for instance (to give the devil his due), I believe it is chiefly owing to their exertions that cannibalism is nearly extinct in the greater part of Fiji; but I must say that the system of Europeanisation, rather than civilisation, that they endeavour in most places to introduce, is not only unbeneficial but harmful to the native races. Habits and customs of countless generations are repressed, with the result that deceit and falsehood are added to their other faults. Perhaps it is that the influence of white men, apart from missionaries, is a cause of harm: this may be, and probably is; but it is universally admitted by all who know anything of this part of Polynesia, that the farther away from the mission settlements a native is the better he is and the more to be trusted.

I shall never forget my sensations of wild delight and excitement upon landing for the first time on one of these lovely coral islands; to have the dream of one's life thus realised, and to be able to wander whithersoever one would in the dim light of the glorious bush, or by the blue water of the sea, is, I think, enough to intoxicate one. I know the few whites who came down to the shore to see us land must have thought me a very lunatic from the way I rushed off. A narrow channel has been cut through the coral so that boats can come at low tide quite up to the beach, so, standing on the bows of the boat, I but waited for a wave to recede and sprang ashore. The sand is a bright gold colour, and this was my first surprise, for I fail to see why sand should be yellow that is composed chiefly of ground-down white coral. Just beyond this belt of gold is a broad strip of soft green turf that runs—most delightful of roads—along the shore in front of Nukualofa. This turf is kept short by a few horses—thin, miserable, dejected animals, that suffer intensely from the heat; and by whole crowds of pigs—nice clean pigs, though of the scraggiest nature, that vary from the tenderest infancy to the hoariest old age. These trot about everywhere, and how everybody knows his own pig is a mystery to me. They have a distinct character of their own: once having seen them you could never mistake a Pacific Island pig for any other, see him where you would; their long thin snouts, rugged spines, and general flatness—the whole pig looking as narrow as a flitch at home—stamp them as a pig apart. Beyond this road of turf commence the coco-palms, a great ring of which surrounds the whole island, and amongst their sloping stems, in little clearings, stand the houses and the few sheds that form the capital of Tongatabu. The

European traders' buildings are pretty, well built, brightly coloured little places, and the native residences are small but comfortable.

Tongan houses are oval, and are formed thus:—Two posts of twelve or fourteen feet in height support the roof-pole, which is lashed to them, and this supports in its turn the long bamboos of which the rafters are made, and which rest on but project beyond the short posts to which are fastened the reed-weaving which forms the sides. The roof is formed of thick thatch, kept in its place by long boughs of the coco-palm; there is no chimney nor even smoke vent, as fires are very seldom lighted inside the dwellings. There is no window, as sufficient light comes in at the two low doors, at one of which some woman is generally sitting busy with her *tappa* making, or some other household work. As for furniture there is never very much in these houses,—a few mats, and a wooden chest in which their treasures are packed away, and on the floor are generally one or two of the wooden pillows that they use. These are often nothing but pieces of bamboo raised a little at either end on wooden feet, but sometimes they are made of a hard dark wood, and are charmingly decorated. The king's house, as I said before, is a large and hideous erection, and is distinguished by possessing a little tower and a big flagstaff. But I did not want to see the town, any more than I did the white traders, so I started up the grassy broom road, stared at and recognised as a stranger by every native that I passed.

With the sound of the surf still in my ears, and the sweet night air blowing softly into the cabin where I am writing, I feel utterly unable to describe what I have seen to-day in my first tropic walk. I have been, and still am, far too excited to remember much. I know I have been astonished and delighted with everything I have seen, and that nothing has been at all like what I expected it would be. For instance, although I have read so many books about these islands and their fruits and flowers, it was quite a surprise to find a coco-palm to be what it is. Travellers, and people who write books of travel (not at all the same thing by-the-by), always seem to take for granted that their readers know as much as they do about common objects of the Tropics, so that they never deign to stop to describe the most frequent, and consequently the most typical ones. Now here was I, well up in travels from Captain Cook downwards, labouring under the delusion that coco-nuts grew singly on the top of the palm in the sort of cup formed by the branches, and I am not sure that my vivid imaginings had not decorated the nut with a sort of tuft at the top from which the celebrated fibre (I always called it "coir") was made. It is very different from that. The palms are all of different heights, and are leaning in all directions instead of being proudly erect as I had pictured them; the crown of leaves, instead of being airy, filmy, and floating, and emerald-hued, is decidedly stiff in texture, although exquisitely graceful in curvature, and is quite a dull yellowish and dark green, and the mid-rib a good, solid, heavy piece of timber. The nut is covered with a thick coat of fibrous matter, and is smooth and bright; they grow in clusters underneath the leaves, just at the top of the tree, and as many as sixty to a hundred on one palm. In taste it is about as much like the hard, dried-up nuts that we get at home as the real tree is to my imagined one. Years ago, when I was a small boy, I used to wish myself in the land where coco-nuts grew and where I should not have to pay sixpence (eightpence for a large one) for each one that I wanted. Here they are to be had for the asking, and they are lying on the shore and under the trees in all stages of growth, from the tiny baby one the size of a walnut, pushed off the stem by its more vigorous brothers, to huge full-grown ones as large as a big Dutch cheese. A young coco-palm, before the stem has grown, and when all the branches spring from the ground, or close to it, is one of the very loveliest things in nature, the boughs are so large and graceful; when planted on either side of a road they meet overhead, forming a vista of arches more beautiful than any Gothic aisle.

Beneath and between the palms grow all sorts of bushes that I did not know anything about, but whose wondrous beauty I could feast on—a perpetual feast, too, for I never tire of them, and they never give over blooming. There is one which attains a height of twenty or thirty feet, and grows almost first in the line of green on the edge of the shore, that is covered with great flowers of pale yellow, with deep centres of a dark claret colour. This is the hybiscus. It is something like the single hollyhocks that grow in old cottage gardens at home, and it has a large pistil and stamens that powdered my too confiding nose when I essayed to smell it. Then there is the single gardenia, covered with its white clematis-shaped flowers, with which the whole air is fragrant, and which the native girls pluck and place in their dusky hair, forming coronals more beautiful than many a one of gems. About these flowers large butterflies float languidly—one of a royal purple, dark and lustrous, with eyes of a lighter shade of colour than that marked upon his wings; and many others equally beautiful. Ah, what a hopeless task it seems to try to describe even a tithe of the beauties of these glorious islands! There is a rapturous intoxication in the very air one breathes, a sense of beauty everywhere around, in earth and sea and air, that it is impossible to describe with mere pen and ink. It is a great mistake to travel alone: I miss having a companion more than I can say, for every moment there is something strange, or new, or beautiful, of which one wants to speak.

Even in this, my first walk, I noticed how much we owe here to the leguminous plants, as at home, for the beauty of the country. A large pea-like plant covers the sand and holds it together, only just above high-water mark, and over the bushes grows another of the same family, with beautiful flowers of a golden yellow.

As you walk along the ground seems to crackle under your feet. This I ascribed at first to the dryness of the coarse grass, but which I very soon saw was caused by the crowds of grasshoppers that sprang up in every direction at each step. But while I am speaking of the insects I must say something of the spiders: they certainly are astonishing, and are among the objects one first notices. Between the boughs of the hybiscus are woven great nets, a foot or more across, of strong golden coloured thread, and these nets are made "taut" by even stronger stays of fibre, that stretch five or six feet sometimes to a convenient bough. Some of the thickest of these threads are quite unpleasantly strong when they catch your face in walking, they are so tough and elastic. In the very centre of the webs, and they are innumerable, sit huge spiders, with bodies as large, in fine specimens, as a good big cherry, and legs two or three inches long.

But what is the use of talking of spiders when there are animals—splendid animals—of so much greater interest to speak of; I mean the charming men and delightful women of these islands. I had not gone very far before I became aware of many a pair of bright laughing eyes peeping out at me from the shelter of the little houses. They saw at once that I was a stranger to the island, for truly they knew everybody on it, and naturally they took an interest in me. I walked calmly on as though I did not see them, for at first, poor fellow, I did not know their little ways, though, to be sure, I very soon learned them. I soon met two fine-looking fellows, wearing the usual dress, and carrying over their shoulders a basket full of fruits. They stopped me, or I stopped them, it is difficult to say which; but we stopped and had a little conversation, which it is perhaps needless to say neither of us understood, as they talked in their delightful liquid Tongan, and I in my usual pure English. They unshouldered their basket, with the prompt hospitality of Tongans, and offered me of its contents, which I as promptly took, choosing a stick of green bamboo-looking stuff, because I thought I should not like the unripe bananas, which were the only alternative. I did not at all know what to do with it when I had it, as I already had a walking stick, and seeing my hesitation, one of these two good fellows took it from me, and with his strong white teeth began to tear off the hard outside covering. Then it struck me that probably it was sugar-cane, which notion I tested experimentally when the cane was returned to me. It proved to be so, for when I put my teeth into the white short substance, I felt the sugar trickling in sticky streams all about my lips; one has to take great bites of the crisp cane, which one immediately chews, and spits out, as elegantly as possible, the woody fibre that is left. These traces of sugar-cane consumption are seen all along the roads and paths.

I was walking about all the afternoon in the bush and along the paths, and at about five o'clock, being near the little coral quay, I was shouted to from a boat full of natives just starting from the shore. I found it was Friday, with his sturdy rowers and his two charming daughters, one quite a lovely girl, and shining deliciously with palm oil, having put on an extra quantity for the occasion. As a rule, the oil they put on does not show, as they rub it into the skin, making it as soft and sleek as satin, but not at all greasy.

The inhabitants of the Friendly Islands are not at all the colour that I thought to find them: they are far from being as dark as I expected. I think the best idea that I can give of their delightful colour is to say that it very much resembles that of a cup of good coffee with a great deal of rich cream in it. They are muscular, cheerful-looking, and well fed; and their features are, I think, much better than the English average, being in many cases regular and fine. The nose may be rather broad at the base, but it is frequently well cut; the mouth is large and the lips a trifle full, but the teeth they disclose are strong and white and even, and their eyes are large and dark and lustrous. The women of Tonga have, I verily believe, the most beautiful eyes in the world, and they know how to use them too. Liquid, soft, and speaking, they glance through the fringe of their silken lashes in a manner that is indescribably sweet. Their dress consists of a cloth fastened round the waist, which hangs down below the knees; the body has no covering, and they go bareheaded. The missionaries, with their usual idiotic interference, have tried to alter this sensible dress, which is decent, even according to our artificial notions of modesty, and most admirably suited to the climate. They insist on the women wearing a sort of absurd pinafore, which is left off on every possible occasion; and some time ago a law was made that every man should wear European dress of shirt and trousers, and leave off the charming *vala*. To enforce this iniquitous law the manufacture of *tappa*, the native made cloth, was prohibited, so that perforce the natives had to purchase European fabrics, a thing very greatly to the advantage of the traders, through whose influence with the minister this disgraceful state of affairs was brought about. But even the worm will turn, and this was too much for the gentle Tongan, and the law has wisely been repealed by the king. To such an extreme was the enforcement of this act carried, that any man seen without trousers and shirt on the turf road in Nukualofa was liable to a fine of many dollars. It seems a queer state of affairs that a man cannot walk along the very road his ancestors made, in the dress of his country, but must don the hideous garments of an intruding people. In the church at Tongatabu, where the intelligent missionary of course rules supreme, this ordinance, which forbids any man to attend the service except he comes in European costume, is still enforced. It is perhaps needless to say that the women have to wear bonnets or hats, because St. Paul said that in his opinion it was seemly for a woman to have her head covered, so these poor creatures have to discard their wreaths and natural flowers, and stick on their heads bonnets or hats adorned with feathers and artificial flowers, like any factory hand in England. Certainly, one of the late missionaries, still living in Tonga, is shrewdly suspected of having received a bribe from the German traders there to frame and pass these regulations, that were so greatly to their advantage, and I am told even received a decoration of some sort from the German Government for his generally unpatriotic, if not treasonable, behaviour.

But while I have been making this short digression I have reached the little quay to which Friday's boat has put back; and room being made for me, I jumped in and sat down between the two Miss Fridays. It is blazingly hot on the water, but I did not notice that very much, as my attention was fixed upon the wonders of the bright coral garden below us. There in the clear depths bloom with most wondrous colours these strange ocean flowers; incredibly bright are their blues and purples, gold and rose tints; strange zoophytic forms, too, with their fringe of tentacles waving, are of every gorgeous hue; and fish flit in and out their mimic caves and grottoes as bright as they. One of the most beautiful and wonderful sights of all this bright tropic world are these rich sea gardens.

In the cool of the evening, when the fierce sun had set, some of us lazily pulled ashore in our own heavy boat, and Gilbert and I went visiting some of the white settlers that he knows here. Most of them are Germans, some of whom have married native women, and have broods of little dusky children tumbling about their houses. The evening's cool, or comparative cool, after the heat of the day, is delicious; many people are out and about, strolling along the turfy road just above the sea; the beating of the surf upon the reef is heard with greater distinctness in the silence of the night; the stars are shining with a golden radiance in the deep blue of the sky; here and there a light shines softly through the palms, and now and then dim figures, white-robed, pass us, hand-in-hand, idyllic. It seems a dream, a quiet dream.

When we again reached the little landing-place no boat was to be seen; the others had arrived first and gone off, and left us to our fate ashore; and although I "cooeyed" to the *Caledonia* till I was hoarse, they would not hear, and we had made up our minds to bear it like philosophers and stay on shore, when we fortunately stumbled upon three natives who paddled us across with the greatest kindness. Here I now am very tired and very sleepy, trying my utmost, and failing, to write a coherent account of what I have been doing all this wondrous day. The tallow candle in the japanned candlestick is guttering away, and the smoky flame is quivering in the light breeze that comes through the skylight overhead. The silent mate, Billy Mustard, has just come aboard somehow, most awfully drunk, and just as awfully blasphemous; I hear him now cursing away on the quarterdeck, where he has gone to slumber through a pleasant shower of heavy rain, under the impression that he is in his own bunk.

CHAPTER II.

TONGATABU—(*continued*).

To attempt to tell even a part of what I have seen in these first few days is really more than I can do; all day long I am in a wild state of admiration and delight, for everything I see is novel and fresh to me. I rise with the lark, or let me say the *cooee*, for the sake of local colour, and because there are no larks hereabouts, and soon after some of us would put off in the boat and row to a convenient place for a bathe. There are a great many sharks about, but if several bathe together the noise and splashing frighten them away. What glorious bathing it is I need not say, the water clear as the sky above it, and so warm and pleasant that an hour in it does not chill; then diving down into the crystal depths, almost to the branching corals with their gorgeous hues, or springing after some small fish, sky-blue, or striped, or gold, and always missing him: I never had such bathing before.

One of the days I remember, after my morning swim, I began a little sketch of Nukualofa from the schooner, much to the delight of a jolly brown native, who sat beside me from the very commencement to the end, and whose joy knew no bounds when I laid on the colour pretty thickly. I fear that in my endeavours to raise myself as an artist in the estimation of this gentle savage, I intensified the greens and yellows, and made the blue of the sea bluer than nature, if that is possible, even with Messrs. Windsor and Newton's best ultramarine, or cobalt. At about ten I landed in the blazing heat, chastely arrayed in cotton trousers and the thinnest of shirts, and a hat, whose huge dimensions, I fear, rather alarm the children. Speaking of the children reminds me what funny little urchins they are; they trot about perfectly happy without a stitch of clothing on, their little stomachs enormously distended, and with their heads completely shaved, except for one long lock at the top or sides. How it is that their brains do not frizzle in the sun I know not, but suppose it is that a merciful Providence has bestowed skulls of extra thickness upon them.

The heat was intense; everybody says that the last few days have been hotter than any time during the summer. Some little way up the grove I was walking in I could no longer endure it; the trees keep off the little breeze that blows, and the heat is then unbearable; so I turned off on to the shore, through a tangle of low bushes that grow beneath the palms. On some of these bushes I found long trumpet-shaped flowers, with stamens and a ridiculously long pistil of a purple colour. The ways and tricks adopted by flowers to prevent self-fertilisation are most wonderful, and nowhere more so than here. I found the sand almost unbearably hot, as the sun had been up some hours, and as I had no shoes or stockings on I turned seawards, and waded in the shallow water that lies at ebb tide between the shore and the reef. This space is covered with coral *débris* turning gradually to sand, but the hard and pointed pieces that have not yet done so hurt the feet terribly as one walks on them. The water is almost unpleasantly hot to step into, yet in these little pools live all sorts of queer beasts, the most frequent of which is the black, slippery *bêche-de-mer*, which I always try to avoid stepping on, they look so slug-like. This is the creature that the Chinese are so passionately fond of in soups; it is dried and is sent them from the Pacific Islands; I almost think that if our pigtailed brethren saw them in their natural condition they would be less attached to the delicacy.

Whilst I was slowly walking along, looking at the hundreds of things of interest in these little pools, I was joined by two young fishermen, who were not incommoded with an excess of clothing; their fine polished skin and grand muscular development make them very beautiful objects. In the charming way that one does in these islands, we all went off together, and they showed me how they catch their fish. Each is armed with a long spear, with a head formed of a bundle of four or five prongs eight or nine inches long; these they dart at the fish swimming about in the shallows; and as they are admirable shots and the fish numerous, though small, they often catch one. Let me look never so intently, the spear was thrown and the fish caught before I had even seen him. One of the men was an exceedingly nice young fellow, handsome too, and as he knew four or five words of English and I about as many of Tongan, we had quite a lengthy conversation by means of different methods of combination of the ten. Shortly after I had left him he came running up to me with a pretty little green crab on his spear which he had just caught; this he tore open and commenced to eat, and wanted me to have the other half. I was so overcome with this example of generosity that I forthwith produced my dinner, a queer slabby sort of compound that our cook makes, into which he puts currants and calls a cake, and offered him half. I am sorry to say he took it, for I was very hungry afterwards, and had to wait till tea-time. My friend before he left me asked if I liked coco-nuts, and upon my saying that I did, he forthwith, to my surprise, calmly *walked up* an enormously tall palm and bowled several large ones down. It is a wonderful sight to see these fellows climb a palm: they clasp it with their arms, and putting the soles of their feet to the sides of the tree, they proceed to walk up it about as easily as we should go upstairs.

I must confess that I felt rather like the infant phenomenon in *Nicholas Nickleby*, when the savage presents her, in the ballet of the "Savage and the Maiden," with the luscious fruit that looked like a pickling cabbage. I, like her, did not know what to do with my gift. She smelt it, and danced to show her excessive joy and ravishment; I could not, for I do not dance fandangos or anything in the solo line. However, my dusky companion did know how to manage them; he stuck a stick upright in the ground, and holding the nut in both hands, he brought it down on the pointed end of the stick, and managed thus to tear off the thick and very tough green covering in two or three blows. The nut comes out quite white, and as the shell is thin, a few taps, discreetly given round the top of it, cause a piece to come clean away, leaving in your hands a natural cup full of delicious drink. I have become very fond of it, as it is clear, colourless, and *cold*; when fresh from the tree, the taste is rather sweet and coco-nutty, and it has an almost effervescing character.

After my fisher friends had left me I walked on another mile or so, finding the most beautiful creepers that matted the trees together in one maze of glorious green; the leaves are heart-shaped, as large as this open book, and with very curious veination.

To-day I first saw a banana plantation: it is, I fully believe, one of the loveliest things on earth; I know nothing more beautiful than a patch of this grand plant growing beneath a grove of taller coco-palms. It is typically tropical. The green of their great leaves is superb, and, as they are translucent, when the sun shines through them they glow like emerald; they are generally moving, as the slightest breeze catches their great surface, and the lights and shadows play entrancingly upon them as they gently sway. The young leaves as they rise, curled within the centre of the plant, are of a wonderful purple colour, and seem to have a bloom upon them like that of a grape. The fruit hangs in great bunches on a curved thick stem, and often one bunch is as much as a man can carry. How prodigal Nature is of her gifts in these glorious islands! pure air, calm seas, and cloudless skies, cold an almost unknown thing, and food growing ready to your hand. People talk of the idleness of the Polynesian: I should think him an utter fool for doing work, for which there is not the slightest necessity, when he can be gloriously and superbly idle all day long without the awful prospect of having to suffer for it afterwards. Why should he want to be rich? Sufficient for the day is the food thereof; and if his *vala* wears out he can set his wife to make some *tappa*, and there he has another. I remember learning a hymn in my tender youth, in which I thanked the Lord I was born an English child: I think I could have done it with greater truth had I been born a Pacific Island one.

Some distance up the shore I turned down a side path, just a narrow track that I could manage to follow, through this beautiful banana plantation, fanning myself with a huge aroid leaf, and eating the golden fruit. I may as well say in this place that when "the Bush" is mentioned it does not mean low scrub, as I used to think, but thick forest of lofty trees. The term is general in the Colonies. The character of the bush is very different from that of New Zealand; ferns are not conspicuous, as they are there, although there are fine ones here; I saw several that looked identical with the New Zealand species, but I am told by a botanist that whenever you find in distant countries what you consider to be identical species, you can be quite sure that they are not. I think that it is the great mass of the creepers that gives its distinctly tropical appearance to the forest, even more than the palms or bananas. Here and there a plant of the Papaw grows, with its umbel of leaves at the top of its bare stem, and its cluster of fruit below, of which many are green and unripe, and two or three bright golden balls, ripe and tempting. It is a rather insipid fruit, sweet and melon-like in flavour, and the interior is full of slimy seeds.

I suppose I had gone inland about a mile, following the little path which seems sunk about eighteen inches deep in the level mass of verdure, when I reached a native house, built of sugar-cane and coco-palm leaves, and standing solitary in a little opening in the bush. Here I nodded to a man at the low door and spoke; he did not at all understand me, but beckoned to me to enter; so in I went, and sat fanning myself with my large leaf, for by this time I was very hot and the flies were most annoying. I never knew what a plague flies can become until I arrived in Tonga; they are awful, and they have a pertinacity and obstinacy that are peculiarly their own. A civilised fly will, as a rule, take a hint and leave you after you have brushed him off, say two or three times, but here they return again and again, the scriptural seventy times seven. They are a peculiarly cold and clammy fly too, and settle on your eyes and nose in dozens, so as almost to prevent your doing anything with your hands save brushing them away. They rise with the sun, but most fortunately retire with him also, so one gets a little peace. No sooner was I seated on the floor of this house, which was quite without furniture, unless a few coarse mats on the floor can so be called, than my hosts, who appeared to be father and two sons of fourteen and fifteen, produced the food they were cooking and immediately gave me some. It was *taro,* the root of the *Caladium esculentum,* which is almost their staple food; it is not particularly nice, tasting like a very gummy and insipid potato. Of this they gave me the best pieces on a fresh leaf, serving it with a clean little wooden skewer. I could hardly manage to eat it as they gave me no salt, although I tried, out of politeness, to do so. They all three were immensely interested in my sketching, and recognised the coco-palm on my block with enthusiasm; on my honour they did, and I consider it showed very great intelligence on their part to enable them to do so. Not being accustomed as yet to the hospitality of the Friendly Islands, where the poorest of the poor gives of his best to a stranger, I was so impressed with their kindness as to give them the knife from my belt, a store of which and other treasures I have brought from New Zealand with me; whereupon the family trio was so pleased that they showed me, each one, his whole set of thirty-two teeth in a grin expressive of his joy, astonishment, and delight. They, unlike the Maoris, and, I believe, many of the Polynesian islanders, have an expression for thanks, *Faka fetai*, which they use very frequently; this little fact says a very great deal for their superiority over many of the Pacific races.

Near this house I found some very beautiful plants suitable for decorative purposes at home, and gathered the seed of one with particularly fine foliage, the fleshy covering of which seed being placed in my trouser pockets smashed itself into a pulp, and stained me and my clothes one charming crimson. After striking the shore again I still advanced steadily, only turning aside to visit a *mangrove swamp.* At last I have been in a real mangrove swamp, that I have read of so many hundreds of times. I declare I gloried in the mud, and waded into it some way, disturbing many wild duck as I did so, to see if it really did smell as bad as it is reputed; for the sake of others who may be equally interested I will say that it *does,*—quite as bad. The whole place was very much what I had imagined it, and I seemed to recognise an old friend. Later on I joined a couple of these charming aborigines, and we had a good long walk together through the bush, finding in a patch of open ground some great plants of the crimson hybiscus. The glorious brilliancy of their superb flowers glowing in the sunshine is indescribable: they are more like flames of crimson fire upon the branches than mere flowers in the cool green leaves.

When we reached the end of the island we all sat down and rested on the sandy beach, and there I drew their portraits before they prepared to leave for their home on another island not very far off; their canoes were awaiting them, pulled up high on to the sand. The Tongan idea of beauty is to have yellow hair, and as theirs is unfortunately absolutely black, they have recourse to art to gain the desired tint. By the aid of lime they destroy the dark colour, and one generally sees them with their stiff, crisp, wavy hair cut rather short, and standing erect all round the head in a sort of golden glory. One of these two men, not in the least abashed by my being there,—feeling doubtless, as he should do, that he was every bit as good as I,—produced a small packet of calcined coral, and, mixing this with water, plastered his head all over with the thick whitewash thus made. This is left to dry on the head, and remains there some time before it is washed off, having done its work. It is one of the commonest sights to see some one going about with his hair daubed all over in this manner. I finished my drawings, which were but in pencil, by the time they wanted to start, and they pushed off in their canoes and paddled into the sunshine to their island across the water, leaving me to philosophise in the shadow on the beach. Their canoes are formed of one tree trunk hollowed out, long and very narrow; they use but one paddle, and to keep the canoe steady they have a heavy outrigger which projects five or six feet beyond the side, and which is attached to it by light, strong branches. After resting some time in the shade of the trees I had to get up and trudge back again to Nukualofa; it is slow work marching along these beaches, there are so many charming things that one wants to pick up; I know I always return with my pockets crammed with rubbish. I arrived in the little town very hungry and thoroughly tired out, and whilst waiting for the boat I undressed at the end of the little coral jetty, and, regardless of sharks, had a swim in the seas, keeping nevertheless a keen look-out for the black fin.

In the cool of the evening Gilbert, Stodart, and I went ashore to a *kava* party that took place in a lovely native house at the end of the grass road, which is half buried in flowering shrubs and trees, so that the night air was heavy with their perfumes. An old and deserted Tongan burial-place, surrounded with the usual sombre *casuarina* trees, was close by, and amongst the topmost branches silently flitted the large and dusky flying foxes. We entered the house and were warmly welcomed, and made to feel that our visit gave pleasure. Every one sits cross-legged on the floor, on which clean mats are spread, so we did too, only I fear not quite so easily as those to the manner born. There were a good many men present, all decorated with loose garlands of flowers round their necks, which they gave to us; we found them very fragrant both with the scented flowers and the fleshy fruit of the pandanus, which is here added to their garlands. Everybody smokes little cigarettes of very strong native tobacco leaf, a bit of which they dry over a hot ember, and wrap up in a piece of withered banana leaf that makes an excellent substitute for paper; each one at a party takes a puff or two, and hands the cigarette on to the next, so that sometimes one cigarette will go all round. Both men and women smoke, and it was one of the most obnoxious decrees passed a short time ago that forbade the women smoking. Of course this resolved itself into a question of so many dollars fine; but it has been repealed.

Kava, to drink which we had come ashore this evening, is without doubt one of the great institutions of the Pacific, where, I believe I am right in saying, its use is general. In some places it is called *kava*, others *ava*, and in Fiji it is *yaqona* (yangona); the methods of preparation vary greatly, but the drink is very much the same everywhere. Botanically it is known as *Piper methysticum*, but I can best describe it as the root of a species of pepper. The natives are in all places very much attached to it, and Europeans too when once the habit is acquired. This is the way it was made. A young man brings into the house a large and heavy stone, slightly hollowed at the top, and a round and much smaller one, used as a beater; these stones are brought from a great distance; I believe the volcano of Tofoa is generally resorted to for them, as Tongatabu produces nothing of the kind. On the large stone the boy places the root, which is dried and looks something like very large horse radish, and commences to pound solemnly away at it, and continues to do so for some time until enough is ready for a bowl. Meanwhile, the noise of the stones has attracted several more people to the house, who, unbidden, come in and sit down; any one can come in to a *kava* brew. Enough of the root being thus prepared and the stones removed, a large wooden bowl is brought and placed in front of the artist; the bowl is one used for this purpose only, and is very fine, being made out of one solid block and supported on four little legs; a large one will hold many gallons. An old and handsome *kava* bowl is much prized by the Tongans; it is always carefully wiped after use, and hung up. After very long service a bluish, almost iridescent, glaze forms on the sides and bottoms of these bowls, and in this the chief beauty is considered to lie. The pounded root is put in the bowl and a cocoa-nut shell full of water is poured on to it; with his hands the boy proceeds to squeeze the pounded root to a pulp, grinding away with his palms to express all the essence; this he does constantly, another man slowly adding more and more water till the bowl is filled almost to overflowing. When it is considered to be sufficiently mixed the operator takes a bundle of fibrous stuff called *fou*, which is obtained from the pandanus, to act as a sieve, and strains all the liquid by sinking the *fou* into the bowl, stretching it from side to side, and slowly drawing it through the contents. This last process takes some time, as great care is necessary lest he should spill any, and also because he wrings out every spot of liquid from it each time of straining. When the *fou* is wrung he shakes all the little pieces of woody matter extracted on to a mat placed at his side for that purpose. The whole process, which almost partakes of the character of a ceremony, being ended with queer wavings and passings of the *fou*, and clapping the hands together, the operator dips the fibrous bundle into the bowl; it takes up about half a pint or so, and is then wrung into a cup, formed of a half coco-nut shell, and handed to you. I was served first, and must confess that it was not without difficulty that I drank it, so unpleasantly like soap-suds I found it; but I finished it off as though I appreciated it, for had I not upon me the eyes of all those garlanded old men, who doubtless would have laughed heartily had I appeared not to like it. I even took another cup of it in the course of the evening, in my endeavour to acquire a taste for this beverage, and not without ultimate success, for by the time I left the island I was almost as fond of it as any old Polynesian amongst them.

[I find that Miss Bird, in her most delightful book, *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands* (which gives, I think, a better picture of the Pacific Island scenery and Pacific Island feeling than any book I ever read), gives a very over-coloured description of the evils attendant on the use of *kava*, and raves against it in very impassioned language. I think she is greatly mistaken; unless, indeed, the *kava* drinking is carried to a very much greater extent in the Sandwich Islands than in any part of the Pacific I have been in; and certainly the *kava* of old days, with its ceremonial refinements, is far better than the orange rum drinking of a later date, with all its attendant wild orgies. It is a slight intoxicant, and is narcotic also I believe, but it attacks different people differently; it flies to the arms of some and to the legs of others, leaving their heads clear, but utterly useless as to their limbs,—a charming sort of sensation I should think, so queerly comic. Miss Bird says that she saw a *kava* drinking once, and the following is a sentence from her account of it. "Heads thrown back, lips parted with a feeble sensual smile, eyes hazy and unfocused, arms folded on the breast, and the mental faculties numbed and sliding out of reach." I can assure you, Miss Bird, should you ever honour me by reading this, that although I saw and joined in dozens and dozens of *kava* drinkings, I never saw anything of the kind. The brightness of face and intellect was always the same amongst the natives after the drinking as before, and I myself never felt any "faculties numbed." I have not been myself in any part where the missionaries have been foolish enough, though some people may not credit that, to abolish it; but it seems perfectly true that wherever *kava* is still drunk, there rum is absent.]

To-night I took everything just as it came, *kava* and then cigarettes, going from one to another; and then *kava* again, and enjoyed it—enjoyed it because of the very savageness of the entertainment. I should make a splendid Polynesian. What climate so good, what dress so cool and convenient as a *vala*, what fruits so delicious, and what girls so beautiful as theirs? But steady: I fear the usual action of the *kava* is being subverted, and it is not flying strictly to my *feet*. We left the hospitable house at eleven, an unearthly hour for Tonga, and the old men were still round the bowl. We passed along the silent road, and not a soul was stirring, and when we reached our boat we found it high and dry; the tide had gone out; it was only after a long time and great exertion that we could get her off into the little channel that is out in the coral, which is just deep enough to float a boat at low tide. Here I now am on board, tired to death, and scribbling away for fear that I should forget much. I have more to say, of how I have seen shells becoming fossilised, and how part of this island is slowly rising, and all sort of things, but I can write no longer.

Another day, shortly after I arrived in Tonga, I passed one of the very jolliest times I ever had in my life, and it has been spent amongst a lot of real savages. First thing after getting ashore, at about nine, I went to a native house to see a woman that I knew made *tappa;* she smiled brightly to me as I went in, and pointed hospitably to a mat. The making of *gnatoo* is one of the chief occupations of the Tongan women, and in it their chief wealth consisted before the introduction of the pernicious dollar. It is a sort of cloth made from the inner bark of the native white mulberry, in the following manner, and is used for a great many purposes by the Tongans. Both men and women make their *valas* of it, and their blankets, and curtains. The slender stems of the tree are left lying for some time in the sun after being cut, which enables the women to strip off the inner and outer bark together, which are then soaked in water and carefully scraped to remove the outer bark, which is useless. The white inside bark is then rolled up, and again soaked for some time in water, and is placed upon the squared side of a felled coco-palm, which is raised an inch or so at either end that it may vibrate, and the women sitting before the trunk begin to beat away upon it with a heavy iron-wood mallet. This process is called *too-too,* and a very expressive name it is. The mallets are four-sided, three of which are grooved, and the fourth quite smooth and plain for the finishing of the process. They manage to beat out each ribbon of bark into a good broad strip of cloth, the beating being done with either hand, and the other one moving the cloth about so that each part is thoroughly beaten; the long narrow pieces are joined with arrowroot, and then beaten together, so that very large pieces of the cloth are sometimes made. I have seen some pieces being painted that are quite thirty yards long by twenty broad. After beating away at this for some time (say a week or two—What is time to a Polynesian?) they stain it, and paint it with odd patterns very effectively. The way this is done is ingenious: On to a large piece of bark they fasten thin round twigs in the desired pattern, all sorts of odd loops and figures; this they place under the *tappa,* as the *gnatoo* is called before painting, and pressing it they get the patterns slightly marked upon the material; this is afterwards painted in with darker dies. I am told that the finished *gnatoo* is baked for a time in their ovens, which fixes the colour. The sound of the *too-too* is heard all about the place, especially in the morning and evening, and its pleasantly sonorous noise is one of the most characteristic in the islands. Sometimes several women will be working away at one log of wood, and, not satisfied with the noise they themselves make, they get boys to come and hammer away at the end of the trunk and beat time to their working.

After staying some time in the cool house of my native friend, and having the whole process of the manufacture explained to me, I walked up the beach to the house of Mr. Symonds, the British vice-consul, whom I found during the whole of my stay in Tonga a most intelligent and pleasant companion, and who showed me the greatest and most unvarying kindness. His has been a singularly lucky appointment. I think it would be difficult to find any one so well suited to the post; he is attached to the natives, and enters into their doings and modes of thought with the keenest interest, and they, perceiving this, return a strong affection for him. An appointment such as this, when it is a gentleman, and a disinterested one, that holds it, must be of benefit to the native, and redound to our credit as a nation.

On my way to Mr. Symonds's house I passed the unsightly "palace" of the king, and saw that really historic old man on the verandah; he is very tall, over six feet, and must have been strikingly handsome when younger. He is now both old and corpulent, but still has a majestic bearing. The queen, whom I have seen once or twice, is so fat that she moves about with great difficulty. I did not go with Mr. Symonds to pay my respects to the old man, as they have lately had a slight disagreement about something, and it would not be the correct thing for the consul to go under the circumstances, some nicety of Tongan etiquette that I don't quite understand standing in the way. The consul's house is charming—a native one, but very large and handsome; it is said to be the finest example of a native house in the Southern Seas. It is one very large room, divided by partitions, hung with handsomely painted *gnatoo,* into three; the walls are decorated with a fine collection of clubs and weapons; the roof is very high, rounded and supported by huge massive pillars of wood; the floor is covered with mats, and the walls with reed-work; whilst all the beams are corded together with beautiful sinnet plaiting. The roof is the chief glory of the house—all fastened without a single nail; the lateral rafters are beautifully polished bamboo poles, and it is capable of being removed entire and placed upon another building.

Mr. Symonds has been telling me a great deal about the wonderful trilithon at Moa which has puzzled so many travellers. It is an erection of three huge stones, of a character quite unlike any found upon the island; indeed it is said that the nearest place where similar ones are found is Wallis Island, some hundreds of miles away; the truth of this statement I cannot of course vouch for. A missionary who was in Tonga many years ago writes that the son of *Tui Tonga* himself—and he should know if anybody does—told him that many many years ago, when they had very much larger canoes in Tonga, these stones were brought from Wallis Island. This seems corroborative. They are very huge, and look very similar to those that occur at Stonehenge and so many parts of the world, the chief difference being that these are mortised into one another. The trilithon stands about 16 feet high, 20 long, and 10 or 12 wide—stones of huge proportions for a savage race to have worked and placed in position. It remains an unguessed riddle to-day. Who will solve it? There are in one or two parts of the Pacific somewhat similar remains; for instance, the wonderful stone terraces, houses, and gigantic figures on Easter Island, of whose building and carving the present inhabitants have not even a legend. Some bygone race of men has fashioned them, thinking themselves perhaps more lasting than their works, and yet they have vanished as utterly as a mist from a mountain-side, and only these few remains are left to tell us that they ever existed. Here is a splendid opportunity for moralising! I think well of my self-restraint in not utilising such a chance. It seems that until quite recently the ceremonies at the installation of a new *Tui Tonga*, or spiritual chief of Tonga, have always taken place at Moa, which shows that the stones have been held in great veneration; but now that the *Tui Tonga* exists only as a name, his place and power having been usurped by the temporal chief, they are visited no longer. Perhaps, to make my remarks comprehensible, it would be as well to tell a little about the former government of these islands, although I do it rather unwillingly, as the subject is a difficult one, and I am naturally not very well up in it.

Tonga, it seems, in former times was governed, as was Japan, by two powers, the spiritual and temporal, of which the spiritual chief, *Tui Tonga* (chief of Tonga), was nominally the greatest noble and chief in the islands, and in point of position far before the king, who really held the chief power. Both of these offices were hereditary, and both the holders of them claimed descent from the gods. For about sixty years the *Tui Tonga* has lost all real power, the king having usurped it entirely, but still the title exists, and still the king cannot enter *Tui Tonga's* house uninvited or stand before him, sitting in Tonga being as usual a sign of respect as standing is with us. The very name of Tonga-tabu is gained from the fact that it was the residence of the *Tui Tonga,* and hence became *Tonga-tabu* or Sacred Tonga. The account that the people themselves gave Mariner, who lived amongst them as one of themselves for some years at the beginning of the century, of the creation, or rather the upraising of their islands, is curious. He says that one day he and Finou were walking at random across the island, when they "arrived near a rock noted by the natives as being (in their estimation) the immediate cause of the origin of all the Tonga Islands. It happened once (before these islands were in existence) that one of their gods, Tangaloa, went out fishing with a line and hook; it chanced, however, that the hook got fixed in a rock at the bottom of the sea, and in consequence of the god pulling in his line, he drew up all the Tonga Islands, which they say would have formed one great land; but the line accidentally breaking, the act was incomplete and matters were left as they now are. They show a hole in the rock about two feet in diameter, which quite perforates it, and in which Tangaloa's hook got fixed. It is, moreover, said that *Tui Tonga* (the divine chief) had till a few years this very hook in his possession, which had been handed down to him by his forefathers; but unfortunately his house catching fire, the basket in which the hook was kept got burned with its contents." Mariner asked the size of the hook and its kind, and was told that it was made of tortoise-shell and the bone of a whale, and that in length it was about seven inches. He objected and said that such a hook was not strong enough, but was told that it was a god's hook and could not break. He rather unkindly asked them how it was, then, that the line gave way, as that also was a god's property. This rather puzzled *Tui Tonga* himself, whom he asked, and he had to say he did not know.

This and much more that was exceedingly interesting of the country, its people, and manners, as told to me by the consul on the spot, would not, I fear, be entertaining as told by me over again, so I refrain from doing so, and tell instead of the charming time I spent afterwards with a party of natives. It was still quite early when I left the consulate, and turning in the opposite direction to my usual walk past the Catholic Mission, I started off up the beach; there is the same broad strip of crumbling coral bounded seawards by the reef, then a strip of that golden sand I cannot understand, then the coco-palms, which fringe every shore, and behind them the tropic forest. The palms are much taller here than at the other end of the island, but they have not nearly such a good crop of nuts; hurricanes for a season or two have torn the trees so much here that the production of copra has been very small. (Copra is the dried kernel of the coco-nut, which is exported to England or America for the purpose of oil-making.) After I had strolled on for a mile or so I came to a broad lagoon that ran some way inland; it looks almost like a river flowing out to the sea, but it is sea water that at high tide floods the mangrove swamps, and then drains out again at ebb. Here I began to take my clothes off, not knowing how deep it might be, when up comes a party of natives, eight or nine in number, all men and boys, and as jolly as possible; they showed me how deep it was by marking on my leg how high the water would come. One very handsome young fellow, whose name I afterwards learnt was Kauhiva, marched into the water and signed to me to follow, and taking my hand led me across by the most shallow places in a manner that I somehow felt was apostolic. When we were across they signified their desire that I should accompany them, and I, nothing loath, did so, thinking that they perhaps were on the way to their village some way up the coast. I felt the more sure of this because one of the party was carrying a delightful little pig in a coco-nut leaf basket, where he reposed in happy ignorance of his fate. We walked on amicably for about a couple of miles without very much conversation, for as yet I was but new to this sort of thing, and did not know very much Tongan; but I soon felt so much *en rapport* with them that by the time we had arrived at a beautiful point of land, quite out of sight of Nukualofa, and sat down on the sand in the shade of the yellow-blossomed hybiscus trees, I felt quite at my ease with them—nay more, I felt quite one of them. On a hint from Kauhiva one of the number ascended a tall coco-palm, and very primitive and charming it looked, as he had discarded his *tappa*, and wore a queer costume made of a large banana leaf, which hung in a deep fringe of green from his waist, and looked well against his clear rich skin. He, when at the top, sang out to know how many we wanted. "*Ooloo,*" shouted Kauhiva, and down came ten great nuts and a heap of branches, whose use I could not see. Kauhiva immediately opened a nut, and handed one to me first as guest, and to the others afterwards.

It is really astonishing how we manage to communicate with one another considering my very little Tongan, but I try to make my mind as much like what I suppose theirs to be, and then resort to pantomime, and it is wonderful how much I can tell them, and how much I can understand of what they tell me. The Tongans strike me as being exceedingly quick-witted as well as good looking; their bright expression and intelligent smile give this impression; their head too is very well shaped. Have I spoken before of the fineness and smoothness of their skin? It is just like satin, so soft and pleasant, the men's as well as the women's, for they, after their frequent baths, rub themselves all over with a little fragrant oil that prevents any roughness.

No sooner were the branches of the palm that I spoke of on the ground than they were taken by some of the party, and, splitting them down the centre rib, they rapidly began to weave rough mats out of the lateral leaves. These it appeared were for lining the oven, which some of the others had dug and scraped out with a queer sort of wooden paddle-shaped spade, a little way back in the bush. Two boys had been told off as cooks, and before I knew what they were doing I saw the little pig dead, and being washed in a small pool left by the tide in the rocks. Then came the preparation of the oven, which is simply a hole dug in the ground, in which a fire is burnt, though sometimes it is lined with stones. The food is placed in this, wrapped up in leaves and mats, and then covered over with branches, on to which the earth is heaped, so that no steam or heat escapes. It is said in some places that they make the women or boys sit on the top to keep the heat well in, they having to move about from side to side as their position becomes uncomfortably warm.

But before we could get our oven we had to get our fire, and that was done in the delightful savage way of rubbing two sticks together. I did begin to feel very Crusoeish when this commenced. In my early youth I had heard or read of this method of procuring fire, and remember fumbling for a long time on several occasions with divers pieces of timber, and declaring that the thing was impossible, because I could not even get them warm. I did not know the right method then, which *seems* simple enough. Two pieces of wood are selected, one a long piece, rather soft and dry, which is flattened at the top and a slight groove cut in it; the other is a short hard piece, pointed at one end. The larger piece is steadied by a second man, or by the operator sitting on one end of it himself, and the smaller piece is held by both hands, the wood resting between the thumbs and forefingers, the other fingers on the top of it, so that great pressure can be put on to it, and nearly all the weight of the body. Kauhiva was the operator; taking the pointed piece in his hands, he slowly began to rub it up and down the groove cut in the larger one. This motion scrapes away a fine powder from the sides and bottom of the groove which lies at the end of it, and the speed of the rubbing gradually increases till it is very quick indeed, when you see a little smoke arise from the tinder, and at last a tiny spark which smoulders slowly in the little heap of wood powder formed by the friction. The rubbing then ceases, and, blowing gently, they manage to set fire to a small piece of fine dry *gnatoo* torn from their *vala* or their turban. They managed very quickly to get a light, and soon the wood in the oven was blazing.

Thinking that I was interested in the fire-making, as indeed I was, Kauhiva, with a smile, signed to me to try to do it, doing it once more himself to show me how. It looked so simple that I rolled up my shirt sleeves and set to work, and found, after a moment or two, that he had given me the wrong end of the stick. I tried again, and although I rubbed harder and harder and faster and faster I could not get beyond a little smoke; I made myself intensely hot, and once when I had, as I thought, very nearly succeeded, a great big drop of perspiration rolled down my nose and extinguished my hopes and the fire together. The mirth of the party was great when they saw that I could not manage the trick, but it was such honest boylike laughter, that I would rather have failed than not hear it. However, I regained my position by exhibiting the contents of my pockets, at which they greatly marvelled, my knife, etc., being much admired and envied. A regular British way of asserting myself, was it not? My finger ring was especially admired, as it is in the form of a snake, and the brightness of its little diamond eyes they cannot at all understand. They would call it *ika*, a fish, as they have no such things as serpents here, and they were all most anxious to be allowed to wear it, and admired their hands with it on in the most childlike manner. It and all my other belongings were returned to me without any one evincing a desire to keep them.

In an hour or so, when we were all rested, some one of them suggested jumping, and of course I joined, and although no great athlete I beat them all at high jump. Was not I proud, too? I did it with an air, though, as if this were nothing to what I could do sometimes—just for the sake of keeping up the idea of the superiority of the *Papalagi* strength and agility. Two of the men held a wooden spear over which we jumped. I must say that these were the queerest athletic sports I ever joined in, and also that I enjoyed them more than any I was ever at before; I was glad that no one suggested races, for I fear I should have been quite out of the running on the loose sand of the shore. After a time, tiring of sports, we all sat down, and they commenced a very interesting game, which they called *liagui;* it looked to me very much like the Italian *mora.* Two or four players take part in the game; if four play, two are partners. Opponents face each other, and make signs simultaneously with the hands. Three signs are made with a very sudden jerk of the forearm; either the hand is presented clenched, or open, or with the forefinger extended. The one who is counting makes the sign, and if his opponent happens to make the same it becomes his turn to score. Five is up, and if a man can make any sign five times without his opponent making the same once, he scores one. It is then the other's turn to play, and whoever first wins five marks is the gainer. But this is not all: there is a very complicated part of the game I never could quite understand, by which a man may be made to lose some of his marks if he cannot remember the order the signs have been made in, and give a reason for each sign in the proper technical language of the game. They play this with the utmost eagerness and intense interest, and so swift are their movements that it is impossible for an unaccustomed eye to follow them at all.

The scene was a strange one, and I could hardly help smiling at myself being seated, savage like, on the sand in the midst of seven or eight other savages, if one can so call these charming people. In front of us lay the lagoon, so perfectly calm that the many little coral islets that seemed to float on its surface were, with their graceful palms and vegetation, reflected with every detail in its clear waters; outside of this the surf, beating on the reef with its regular rise and fall, and the troubled waters of the open ocean. The waters of the lagoon, reflecting the tones of the sky, were bright and turquoise coloured, whilst the outside sea shone deep like sapphire. Behind us was the solemn forest, and overhead the green hybiscus boughs which grow beneath the loftier palms. The day has been gloriously hot; the very air, that comes in languid breaths, is perfumed with the scent of flowers so heavily that that alone seems excuse enough for its laziness; there is nothing to do but lie on the soft sand fanning one's self with a branch of green leaves, and watch these pleasant fellows play. There is a picture of indolence; can one imagine anything more perfect? For all the time one had a happy consciousness of roast-pig cooking somewhere out of sight in the background; the thought of crisp crackling, and succulent pork giving that last touch of future content that was wanting.

Amongst other things I had in my pocket was a tiny volume of Shakespeare, with which these fellows were much interested. I often, just at first, carried one of these little books, meaning to read when out walking, but always failed to do so because of the beauty and interest that were everywhere around me. Starting out most mornings alone,—for all the other men of the schooner were busy with the trading business of the voyage,—I used to think I was going to be dull, but I never yet have succeeded in being so. Well, these gentlemen expressed a wish that I should read to them, and I, thinking that as yet I had done little towards the amusement of the party, immediately did so with due dramatic action and expression—laughing aloud at the absurdity of the situation. I read them a scene from *As You Like It;* and, oh Lord, a thing I never did in my life before, I sang them a song! So little did these poor misguided savages understand music that they said it was truly admirable and *lelei* generally.

At about four, or perhaps five, for I don't wear a watch, and am always in a happy state of ignorance of the time—time being made for slaves and not for free and happy Polynesians—the women of the party joined us, such pretty pleasant women, who had started out before the men, and had been fishing on the reef all morning; whilst we, the lords of creation, had been amusing ourselves with Shakespeare and athletics. They opened their baskets of spoil, and the contents were eaten at once, raw fish being considered a great delicacy in Tonga. They offered me great lumps of cuttlefish, out of which the sepia ran, and little half dead fish whose heads they bit off; but I politely declined these kindly-offered dainties, which I could not manage, but which they ate voraciously. When the oven was ready and the *kai* cooked, we all moved a little way into the bush to be nearer to it, and there sat down crosslegged; a place having been strewn with leaves for me to sit on, and a plate of woven coco-nut leaf placed in front. Oh what a gush of delicious roast-porky smell rushed up from the ground when the earth was moved and the branches from the top of the oven! First out came baked yam and green bananas, then, wrapped in one or two mats, the little pig, which, when uncovered, was found to be of the most enchanting brownness. Kauhiva cut him up with the knife from my belt, and placed about half of it on my green plate, with yam and banana enough for six. I tore pieces off with my fingers, as much as I wanted, and handed him the remainder back again, intimating that what I had was quite enough. It really was most excellent—the only thing it wanted was salt; and as they seldom use this, I had a shell full of sea water brought, into which I dipped my meat before eating it. The way the others were served was really delightful, Kauhiva cut and pulled off great pieces of meat, and threw them with great precision to the others; the yam they squeeze up in their hands into a ball, and these and bananas were flying about from one to another in the most promiscuous manner. When Kauhiva had taken a bite from a piece and found it extra good he handed me the rest of it, which I would take with a polite "*faka fetai,*" "thank you." No one could have objected, he was such a fine clean fellow, with such good white teeth; besides it would have been barbarous to have refused his kindness; and a very pretty girl next whom I sat, who was laughing and ogling and talking the whole time, getting as her share the skull of the pig, pressed upon me the brains, which she scooped out with one finger. The pig being finished, they had a second course of raw fish, and octopus which had been cooking for some time in the ashes; and then all the food having vanished—for they never drink during a meal—we had some delicious coco-nuts, cool and fresh from the trees. They led me to a little pool in the coral, where we all washed our hands and faces, a somewhat necessary proceeding after such a banquet. I call this true hospitality, for they expected nothing from me in return. I gave Kauhiva the knife he had used for carving, and he instantly began to decorate the wooden handle of it very queerly. We all walked home together in the cool of the evening, they leaving me and going inland with many an "*ofa, ofa,*" "Love, farewell," about a mile from where the schooner is lying.

All the time that I am enjoying myself on shore, the business of the schooner is going on in a quiet sort of way, with no particular hurry or excitement. Gilbert goes to the traders and sometimes comes back at night with a bag full of silver dollars, so I suppose that trade is good just now. We at least have a good deal, but that is perhaps because we are one of the earliest boats on the ground, and no other expected for some little time. In the mornings the boat is loaded with goods, potatoes, flour, biscuits, and so on; and Jim and Charley, the crew, and Johnny, the boy, say it is very hard work, but they don't look as though they found it so. We three—Gilbert, Stodart, and I—went ashore with the first boat-load this morning soon after sunrise, while yet the air was cool; we had all been sleeping on deck, and just rolled as we were into the boat, and had a most glorious swim from the shore. I had brought a small bundle to land with me—a very small bundle—and with its contents made myself as beautiful as possible and proceeded to the consulate, where I breakfasted upon yams and fish, speared this very morning by the consul's boys, and tiny oysters collected by the same, which were in lovely pearly shells, and which were so exceedingly æsthetic that their very beards were peacock blue.

The consul has adopted, according to the Tongan custom, a whole family of father and mother and several children, whose food, clothing, and every necessary he finds, and some small payment in money too, I believe; they in return serve him faithfully and well, and have become greatly attached to him. During breakfast I learnt a good deal of this curious custom of adoption. The origin of it is lost in the mist of ages; the Tongans themselves know no reason for it; they say "it has always been so." A woman in Tonga will adopt children of another woman directly they are born, and sometimes grown-up young persons, whom she will look after in every respect as though they were her own. It is not at all necessary that their parents should be dead; the real mother of an adopted child may be living quite near to the mother by adoption, and the child regards his second parent quite in the same light as his natural one. Sometimes, for reasons best known to himself, a young man with his own mother living, and for the matter of that a wife too, takes it into his head that he should like an adopted mother, and straightway finds one.

The garden of the consulate is very beautiful, blooming always with a wealth of flowers; crotons, with their quaint bright variegated leaves, grow here superbly; then there are gardenias, hybiscus, the sweet white eucharis; poinsettias, with their crest of brilliant scarlet; large daturas, that fill the air with incense; and graceful palms of all sorts, with the coco-palm above all, and best. Over the rough and artistic bamboo fence trails a wealth of gorgeous creepers, crimson and gold; and here and there the blue clitoria, or white jasmine, with whose perfume the languid air is redolent. There is, too, one little rosebush, whose every fragile blossom the consul values more than thousands of the bright pomegranate flowers or cannas that are so beautiful but so common. In several places in the garden grows a bush with more glorious foliage than I ever saw before, the *Acalypha.* It comes from New Guinea, and the consul is trying to introduce it into this island; its leaves are very large and of a beautiful shape, and in colour of every possible shade of pink and crimson, bronze and gold, shading from one to another in most exquisite gradation.

By the time we had finished examining the wonders of the garden our horses were ready for us, both of them far above the island average, and we, in fashionable riding costume of white trousers and the thinnest of white shirts and broad brimmed hats of marvellous appearance, were mounted and away. In all my life I never enjoyed a ride so much; the horses were fresh, and, as Mr. Symonds told me, tropical riding consisted in taking as much out of your horse as possible and then turning him loose for a week's rest, gallop we did. The horses seemed to know what was wanted, as they insisted upon going almost all the way at racing speed; the roads were turfy and good, and the day was magnificently fine, so that it was a sort of glorious intoxication (oh, ye Bands of Hope!) to rush madly along the tree-bordered road. On either side lines of coco-palms grow, and beneath them all sorts of plants and flowers that I knew quite well by name, but which I now saw for the first time; where the ground is cultivated grow bright patches of sugar-cane, bananas, or maize; and where it is untouched, all kinds of beauteous things of every shade of green and every form of growth. Sometimes great masses of bright scarlet would show where whole beds of canna grew, the large leaves contrasting finely with the brilliant flower; then there is the plant from which arrowroot is made; and in places all along the roadside a plant so beautiful, with its leaves and quaint berries, that I could hardly believe it was one that I have long owed a grudge to, the castor-oil bush. But of all the well-known trees I undoubtedly think the bread-fruit the finest—its green is so rich, and its leaves so glossy and bold. It grows to a good height, and its ramification is fine; the large leaves are deeply and symmetrically indented, and the fruit, which grows at the end of the branchlets from a nest of young leaves, grows upwards when it is young, but turns and becomes pendent when older, and is of an exquisite emerald green, which shines amidst the darker foliage. But it is not only the beauty of the individual plants so much that strikes one, as the wonderful wealth of growth everywhere; no spare inch of ground is to be found, and one thing strives with another for every breath of air or ray of sunshine, so that the vegetation is matted and grown together into one superb mass of greenery. Dragon-flies of bright hues, and beautiful butterflies and insects, fly about, fitting ambassadors to bear the royal loves of the flowers.

Some way out of Nukualofa we came upon quite a large village, built in the shade of some grand old trees, which has doubtless been a village from time immemorial, one generation succeeding another, without struggle for existence, in a happy Arcadian manner, except in time of war, when the excitement but gave a fresh zest to life, until the white man came, and things were changed. Children were playing about, and some girls bathing in a shady pool, laughing at us as we went by, and calling their *ofas* after us. Passing through the village we came upon two ladies, one of whom was up a tall tree gathering the fruit, the *mtava,* which she threw to her companion standing below. This latter, pretending to be very frightened at the horses, came up of her own accord and gave us some of the fruit, which is about the size of a Tangierine orange, and is sweetish, gelatinous, clear, and rather insipid in taste, and is covered with a thin green husk which peels off easily. The character of the bush had changed now that we were inland; there were fewer coco-palms, and the trees were finer than near the coast; at intervals, all along the broad path, there is a lime tree, with its bright fruit gleaming amongst the leaves; or candle-nut trees, whose fruit is burnt here at night for light, with their lighter green showing against the darker bush around them, and perhaps hanging from its boughs festoons of the passion-flower, which bears the strange deliciously-scented fruit. Over the lower bush grow great masses of convolvulus of different kinds and colours, and the loftier trees are draped with great large-leaved creepers. Frequent, too, are bushes of datura, with great white trumpet blossoms, a foot or more in length, which greet you as you pass with their perfumed breath; growing with them are large hybiscus bushes, of which I cannot help writing again, so beautiful seem to me their great flowers of pure rich crimson. If it is a beautiful plant, even when in exile and living cramped in our conservatories at home, think what it must be when growing free in the great hothouse of the tropics, with its branches ablaze with its flowers in the ardent sunshine.

Some miles out we called at the house of a little trader, where for a time we rested and had cool drinks, compounded of coco-nuts and limes, which latter I was squeezing tightly in a pair of lemon squeezers our host had provided, when he exclaimed in an agonised voice, " For heaven's sake don't squeeze like that; you can have a thousand lemons, and you might break my squeezers, which are the only pair in Tonga." Mounting again we rode to a long avenue of shaddocks that lies about eight miles out of Nukualofa, which was the object of our expedition. We arrived when the sun had begun his westering, and it was a glorious sight to see the long vistas of sombre green that the trees form, arching the road with shade, through which an open space at the end was all yellow and light in the blaze of the sun. The foliage is very dense, and consists of dark glossy leaves, from which the huge fruit hangs in great golden balls; on the ground, too, they lie in rich profusion, untouched and uncared for. The effect was intensely tropical, such a wealth of vegetation and prodigality of fructification; the sunlight falling here and there through the branches made flecks of intense brightness on the turf. I saw to-day, too, for the first time, the bamboo growing wild, a graceful gracious plant, whose beautiful grassy leaves were almost motionless in the still air of this inner forest. We tethered our horses with the rope that each horseman carries always, and rambled some little distance from the path, having to force a passage through the tangled growth; I, every moment, finding some fresh thing of beauty or of interest. Like Master Tommy in *Masterman Ready*, I burnt my mouth with the capsicum pods which grow red and tempting on a little creeping sort of plant. Like that ingenuous youth

I am of a somewhat curious nature, and like to put the different things I see to the test of taste as well as to other methods of examination, and frequently get my tongue bitten for my pains. We found the wild *kava* plant, which is very poisonous; the drink has to be made in a special way to render it innocuous. The *kava* generally used is a cultivated species, grown and tended with the greatest care by the natives, as their chief luxury is likely to be.

We had been out some hours and were on our way home when it began to rain; we were in dense bush on a native path, just wide enough for one man to walk along between the high rank weeds and vegetation on either side; the horses much object to these narrow paths, as the feet of the rider constantly catch in the tall weeds and act as a drag; it is very tiring to the ankles of the rider too. It is strange to feel the rain quite warm as it falls from the clouds; we were instantly wet through to the skin in the steady tropic downpour, but we rode on, galloping almost all the way in a shower of mud that we kicked up from the peaty soil. We reached home in a terrible state of wet and dirt, but happy and hungry. I had a bath in a little well of brackish water that filters through the sand from the sea, and, being dressed in some of the consul's clothes, was quite ready for the dinner that was ready for us. We had a regular old rooster for dinner, which cut up as tender as a chicken, as it had been cooked in the leaves of a wonderful and mysterious tree that grows in the garden. If any tough old patriarch is wrapped up in these leaves, and either roasted or boiled, the tender result is the same. Mr. Symonds had forgotten the name of it.

Gilbert had joined us at dinner, coming in tired and disgusted with one of the German traders, who here seem to do most of the business; and together we walked down to the landing-place to see if the boat were there, but no sign of one was to be seen. "Cooee, cooee, *Caledonia* ahoy!" shouted I into the quiet night; the place was so full of silence that I hardly liked to break it. "*Caledonia* ahoy!"—at last we heard the splash of oars, and the boat came into the starlight from the other side of the schooner, sculled to the end of the coral jetty by the sleepy Johnny, and glad were we. Think how pleasant it is writing now in the stuffy little cabin, late at night, with the thermometer at 85°. I am gradually getting into a state of greater and greater undress as I write, preparatory to going on deck for the night. I have become quite accustomed to sleeping on the deck, and the planks seem to have lost their hardness, or else I am so tired o' nights that I sleep sound wherever I fling myself down.

CHAPTER III.

TONGATABU—(*continued*).

One day I determined that I would try to get to see the wonderful stones at Moa, that I wrote of before, so I went early in the morning to the consulate to find out whether I could ride the distance in one day, and learnt that I should not be able to both go and return in the time, but that if I could find a man I could do the journey much quicker in a canoe. No man could I find, so I had most reluctantly to give up my intention of visiting these monuments, which are amongst the greatest wonders of Polynesia. I would have ridden and taken a couple of days for the journey but that the skipper said we should in all probability leave Tongatabu next day, and I did not want to be left behind. As it happened, we did not leave for several days, each of which was rendered useless for a distant expedition by the uncertainty of the schooner's stay here. Being disappointed in not seeing these prehistoric stones, I went off with Gilbert and Stodart to Friday's island, he sending his boat, rowed by his four boys, across for us. These were all young men of fine physique and good looks, one of them being as fine a looking man as I ever saw; they were prisoners, not having paid the heavy fine laid upon them for the venial offence for which they were being punished, and had been let out to Friday until they were considered to have worked off the amount. One frequently sees the best looking of both sexes in *bulianga,* as prison is called, and it is their mutual admiration of beauty that generally brings them there. Having a fellow-feeling with these men, which they are very quick to observe, we became very friendly, and being unable to express my sympathy in words, I did my best with pantomine, looks, and ship biscuits, of which latter they made but short work. They pulled us over to the island in about half an hour; the exquisite colours of the corals and sea-growth at the bottom being more beautiful than I can describe; the clearness of the water is such as to show every branch and waving film.

Friday's home is a lovely little island—one mass of trees and palms; it only rises a few feet above the sea, its golden shore gradually rising to where, just above high-water mark, the green of vegetation commences with the fringe of sea convolvulus that binds the sand together. Directly our keel struck the bottom, out jumped some of these young Goliaths and carried us ashore, that we might not wet our shoes; the one who took me carrying my six feet and putting me lightly down on the sand as though I had been a child. Friday met us on the shore, pleasant looking, and in his unofficial character—that is to say, without the leather jacket—and led us to his house, which is one of the usual comfortable mat and reed buildings of the place, whose shade is so grateful after the glare on the water. The women folk were busy cooking, and very well the younger ones looked in the short petticoat of *gnatoo* that is their only dress when free in their own homes. I think I have said before what an exceedingly good-looking girl Friday's elder daughter is, and she is as full of coquetry and life as she is pretty. In colour many of the Tongans are fairer than Spaniards or Greeks, and I think it a pleasanter colour too.

In a short time we all migrated across the island to the windward side, a distance of about two hundred yards, through Friday's little plantations, that we might have the benefit of the light breeze blowing, and there, reclining in the shade on mats brought for the purpose, we waited dinner, or whatever the banquet was called. I never in any part of the world saw a host so attentive to his guests as Friday, nor one so anxious to make them comfortable. The first course was fish-soup, served in coco-nut shells, which I endeavoured vainly to drink, it was so rich and oily; neither could Stodart, but Gilbert sacrificed himself on the altar of politeness and bravely finished his. Then Friday's wife came forward with a very good fish on a fresh green dish, and, holding pieces of it in a leaf in her hand, picked out all the bones and handed us the best bits, whilst another dark-eyed woman drove away the flies from it and us with a green and leafy branch. After this came yams, and a capital fruit like Spanish chestnuts, roasted, and bananas, and at the end coconuts fresh from the tree, which one of Friday's "vicious felons" nimbly mounted. This was the finest of the four, his handsome face shining with good temper. Between him and Friday's daughter I suspect an attachment, as I observed one or two little love passages which seemed to escape, or were disregarded by, the parental eye. May they be happy, and may they continue to lead the same pleasant savage life that they evidently intended doing when I saw them, without giving each other cause for jealousy, which latter fact I very much doubt indeed.

Friday, although he sat beside us, would take nothing till we all had finished, then, joining the women and children and "boys," ate up the plenteous remains of the feast. During the hottest part of the day we all reposed in the house, and then I rambled off by myself, and amused myself innocently by looking for shells and coral, in which pursuit I was joined by two little naked children of five or six, who knew where to look for all the best ones. It is surprising how soon even the brightest shells become bleached and colourless exposed to the sunlight on the sand.

When the day began to decline the women commenced their *too-too*, making the *tappa*, all beating on one long trunk, and making almost as much noise with their chatter and light laughter as with their mallets. It is very pleasant to sit watching them work, the graceful play of the arms and the deft manner with which they change the mallet from one hand to the other are both admirable. Towards sunset we bade good-bye to our host and family, and left with regret this happy island. It was a pleasant sight to see, as we were pulled away from land, Friday and his wife on the shore waving white *tappa* to us when the sound of their *ofa* was lost; at last we saw them turn and disappear amongst the bananas and palms about the house. The same four boys rowed us to the schooner, and we tried to race a large canoe with several brawny paddlers in it; but we were too heavily handicapped, as we broke a thole-pin, and Gilbert, who was steering, not knowing the reefs, and the boys pulling too hard to be able to look over their shoulders and direct, stranded us on one for a time; the other men, going over it in their canoe, which hardly drew any water, got right away from us. Our boys were very annoyed, and what made it all the more galling was the fact that some Tongan beauty seated in the canoe laughed aloud and jeered at our discomfiture. We brought the boys on board and gave them some food, some presents, and some pills, of which they are inordinately fond, looking upon them, I think, in the light of some rare confectionery. They are gone again now, these three hours, having calmly rowed themselves back into bondage. I have, after mature consideration, arrived at the conclusion that I should not much mind being a prisoner in Tonga if I could ensure being imprisoned *en famille* at Friday's island.

One day before we left Nukualofa I sallied forth with the skipper and paid with him several visits to native houses. It was very amusing to see the way he set about talking to them, thinking they would understand a strange jargon of broken English, that it would have puzzled many a Briton to comprehend, if he spoke very slowly, very impressively, and *very* loudly. He prides himself upon his linguistic powers, and although this is almost his first walk ashore in Tonga, he translates for me in the kindest possible manner their replies. As thus—

"Ah, d'yer see, now he's saying he is glad to see us, and will we have something to drink. Of course we will, a ko-ker nut." At the same time pointing to one, which of course they instantly give him, and he then remarks, his jolly face glowing with satisfaction—

"Ain't it queer how I understand 'em."

In all the houses they seemed glad to see us, inviting us to enter with a hospitable pat on the mats with which the floors are covered, and everybody produced *mtavas*, which are, I suppose, in season just now, the little children trotting up and offering us the fruit in a charmingly friendly manner. Evidently good manners and pleasant ways are taught them early. After I left the skipper I went off through the little open space, with its oleanders, gardenias, and pomegranates, at the foot of the hill upon which the church stands, and, mounting the slope—a work of small difficulty—visited the large Wesleyan church. It is wooden, boarded and planked, and the building is made to resemble as much as possible the pleasing conventicles of the order at home in former times. The Roman Catholics, where they have managed to creep in, exercise much greater judgment in the erection of their churches, conforming to the usual Tongan form of building as much as possible, and so getting a wonderfully cool church, where the people can sit on the floor in the manner of the country, and not be compelled to perch on hard slippery benches as in the Wesleyan church at Nukualofa. This building did not interest me much, nor did the tombstone to the memory of the gentleman who in 1840 endeavoured to convert the Tongans to a religion of peace by going about sword in hand for that purpose, although with a Bible tucked under his arm, and who got deservedly killed for his pains, probably thinking himself a martyr all the time. This tombstone has been put up by King George Tubou, a regular "professing Christian," and the epitaph is really charming, as the supposed work of a contrite Tongan.

In one house I entered they asked me what I had under my arm, and I showed my sketch-book, with which I had gone forth intending to insult nature in a drawing; in this was a portrait of a native man, with which they were so pleased that the women of the party were seized with such a desire to be immortalised that they insisted upon my drawing them and their babies there and then. One of them sat like a rock, and I got a good likeness of her and of her baby nestling in her lap; but the other, whom I had put in profile, evinced so much curiosity to see how I was getting on that she could not sit still a moment, turning her head constantly to get a look at the picture.

Thinking that at last we were to leave Tonga, I went to say good-bye to the consul, who has helped so much to make my visit here so pleasant a one. I never liked a place or a people so much: there is such an unselfish, kindly, and hospitable feeling amongst the natives, and their manners and ways of doing a little kindness are so full of courtesy and good feeling as to stamp them thorough gentlemen. I learned to-day from the consul that the fat man I saw in Auckland at the agent's office before I started, who told me about the hurricanes, was the very minister of whom I hear so much. He must have thought I was coming to look up evidence for the High Commission, and also thought me exceedingly diplomatic, as I would not say a word to him on the subject, thinking his questions mere impertinent curiosity. This accounts for his trying to dissuade me from coming, and for the mysterious remark he made to me then: "Ah! we public men cannot afford to talk; you are right to be silent."

As another instance of the ways of these charming Tongans, this:—Stodart and I, coming away from the consulate, looked into a native house as we passed, and were instantly beckoned in, or rather waved away, for when they wish to sign to you to enter, they wave their hands as though saying "Be off." They unrolled their best mat for us to sit on, and a white-haired old lady got up at once and brought us a fine coco-nut to drink, and a whole heap of *mtavas* and most delicious bananas for us to help ourselves. Seeing that I was hot, one of them instantly found me a fan beautifully woven of grass, and the mother entertained us by showing us her work, fish-net making, which she knotted with great rapidity and skill; and her pretty daughter, leaning to one side, raised a thin cloth and showed me, with beautiful maternal pride, her tiny little dark baby lying soft asleep in a bed of *tappa*. All the mothers think that I have babies of my own "over there," waving their hands seawards, because I show an interest in their dusky little ones. I often think of this quiet little household, and hope that the sweet soft-toned voices of the women still sometimes speak of the tall fair *Papalagi* that they saw that once only. We gave them some of our cigarettes, not as payment, but as a return for their kindness, and these they received with quiet *faka fetais*, and, smoking one, put the others by for their absent men-kind. Some little time ago the powers that be tried to stop the women smoking their tiny cigarettes, under a fine (of course), as they have done their beautiful dances and wrestling matches; but this slight concession has been ceded to them, that the women may smoke if they wish. The consul tells me that vice has enormously increased under this system of repression, as it always will when a nation's customs and innocent pastimes are tyrannously prohibited and suppressed. Vulgarity and retrogression in true morality must march hand in hand when a people is varnished, perforce, with a veneer of artificial manners and morals. I may be scarcely competent myself to speak of these things, and perhaps do but echo the opinions of the old inhabitants who are likely to know; but is it less probably true for that reason? It seems a terrible thing to say, when one thinks of the many earnest lives that have been sacrificed in a work which had perhaps (for the natives) better never have been begun. Extinction seems to follow so swiftly upon the steps of civilisation that it would seem, great though the blessings of it may be, that it would have been better for them as a race to have remained in their old heathen faith, which, superstitious though it was, still was good and pure enough to make brave courageous gentlemen, not afraid to die, and women with a kindliness and generosity greater than our own.

Mariner, who lived amongst the Tongans long enough to learn not only their habits but their modes of thought, and even their religion, says that they believed that there were gods who had the power of dispensing good or evil to mankind according to their merit, and also mischievous gods who sent all sorts of little troubles, not as punishments, but from a love of pure mischief. All these superior beings were immortal. They believed that all people had souls, but only those of nobles and chiefs lived again after death; these all went to a large island that lay, they said, to the north-west of Tonga, named Bolutu, and there were eternal. They taught that all rewards for virtue and punishments for vice came in this world, and that human virtue consisted in paying respect to the gods, nobles, and aged persons; in defending one's rights; in honour, justice, patriotism, friendship, meekness, modesty, fidelity of married women, parental and filial love, observance of religious ceremonies; in forbearance of temper and patience in suffering. Surely a good enough creed. It will be said that we teach them the beauty of self-denial and unselfishness. Why, no Tongan, however hungry or small his meal, would *think* of refusing to share it with another; and unselfishness was so general that it could not be thought a virtue. When Mariner lived with them it was a saying, "As selfish as a *Papalagi*."

I have been making numerous inquiries respecting the advertised medicine "Tonga for Neuralgia," but can learn nothing of it here. The consul, who speaks Tongan well, has been doing so for a long time with a like result; but he tells me that they have many wonderful remedies, and amongst them one that he and many other Europeans have used with complete success for toothache. This remedy fails for neuralgia. This particular medicine is the secret of an old woman who lives a long way from here in the back country; the consul sent for the cure when suffering agonies with his teeth, and in a little time she sent him back a small bag of what looked like masticated leaves. An infusion of this had to be made, and the mouth well washed with it, and used as a gargle, but not to be swallowed. It gave almost instant relief; and it seems as though the nerves of the teeth are destroyed, as he has never suffered any pain since, although the teeth have decayed as before, when aforetime he endured agonies. Some time ago, too, he had a terribly bad attack of gout, and one of his servants, seeing what pain he was in, went off and returned with some native medicine, with which he fomented the swelling and quickly reduced it; the application of the cure almost directly relieved the pain. He says that he has never had such a cure before, and this was a fit that threatened to lay him up for a fortnight. Unfortunately this is not a permanent cure, as the other seems to be, says the consul. It appears that these wise women guard their secret with the greatest care, and will not be induced by any bribe to part with it, until, feeling their end drawing near, they confide it to some one or other of their relatives, who again preserves the treasure in like manner.

The next day we were up betimes, although it is Sunday, for the flies will not allow us to enjoy the extra hour in bed that is the glorious privilege of a free-born Briton at home; at sunrise up you must get. Stodart and I went early to the shore after our swim, he recognising the sanctity of the day by sticking on a huge white collar, the starchiness of which was a sight to behold for about five minutes, when it was reduced to the condition of the merest rag flapping at his neck, he being a young man of a "full-bodied" constitution. We went together to visit a family of natives that we know, who live in a grove of palms quite near the beach, and our entry was hailed with pleasure. They regaled us in the usual manner, and the young women of the party proceeded to dress our hair for us in an exceedingly pleasant way of their own. Mine, I was somewhat surprised to learn, is greatly admired, being, naturally, the colour they strive to attain by art, and when it was dressed *faka Tonga,* in Tongan fashion, I considered, on the whole, that I should make a rather fashionable native. Unfortunately, being, like Jonathan, of a "ruddy colour" (or was it David by-the-by ?), the likeness could not be complete. I am growing quite ashamed of my white skin, which certainly does have a sort of poor look by the side of the rich tones of the natives.

We idled the morning away very pleasantly, learning a little Tongan and trying to teach a little English, whose harsh sounds our pupils could not manage to pronounce, and having a good deal of laughter and merriment. Indeed, they are always bubbling over with laughter: it lies lurking in their eyes and lips, and at the slightest provocation they are gleaming or dimpling with delightfully contagious merriment. We watched, too, the stream of natives coming out of church, where they had been singing loud enough to be heard miles out to sea; it was rather a sad sight to see these poor creatures dressed out in the ridiculous manner prescribed by their heavenly guides, as though trousers and shirts for the men, and bonnets (heavens, those bonnets!) and pinafores for the women, were almost as much a means of salvation as "saving grace" itself. On Sundays the old king generally goes to church, and it is then one of the occasions upon which his bodyguard appears. He has two men, who are dressed up in some ridiculous red uniform, and these, on Sundays, stand at his gate and present arms in the most proper manner as the king goes out, and the instant he has passed through the royal guard has to turn and run as fast as ever they can, by a back way, to the church door, where, breathless but grave, they present arms again upon his Majesty's entrance. Many delightful stories are told of this the Tongan army, which can be increased upon an emergency to ten efficient men of the line. Some time ago the king was out in the country away from Nukualofa, where there was then some slight disaffection among the inhabitants, who had not shown their loyalty by moving the wooden barriers which are erected at the entrance of the towns to keep out the pigs. Seeing this obstruction incensed his Majesty, who forthwith ordered his guard to charge the barricade. This they instantly did, with the only result of completely doubling up their bayonets, and having to come home again with their weapons over their shoulders, twisted into semicircles like sickles, for all the world like a party of reapers.

At mid-day we returned to dinner on the schooner, at which "plum-duff," with a mysterious brown-looking sauce, the triumph of our cook's art, always served in an old tin mug, takes a conspicuous place in our Sabbath feast. I received a note from the consul this morning saying that he should be at home all day and glad to see me, so in the afternoon I went there; the shade of the house, which is the coolest place in Nukualofa, being very delightful, the day having become terribly hot. We went out a long walk in the bush, of whose beauty I never tire, and found many strange things, amongst which was the liquorice plant, from whose choice juice, in my nursery days, have I many a time made "wine" with water in a medicine bottle. We visited a little marshy piece of ground, where the consul has planted *Phormium tenax*, the New Zealand flax, hoping to acclimatise a plant that would be so useful to the Tongans. I fear it will not thrive in all this heat. In our walk we came across an old deserted house, surrounded with groves of oranges, citrons, and limes, which I shall certainly visit to-morrow with a big basket before we leave for Haapai. On our way back we met many natives, all on their way to evening service, the women walking with the swinging gait that is peculiarly their own; they walk very well, and swing the arms backwards and forwards as they step. It is considered a beauty to be able to swing the fore-arm far back, so that at the elbow it forms quite an angle, and I have seen women who can do this to quite an astonishing extent. A very heavy tropical storm came on as the service was ending, the rain descending in torrents. I fear some of the tawdry finery will suffer. I called for the other men at a native house, where we had agreed to meet, and after a bowl of *kava* we all came aboard together.

It seems almost that we are never to get away; here is another day and we still are at Nukualofa; so steadily blows the wind from the north that it would be useless for us to start in the teeth of it, so here we have been lying, ready to start at any change, all day. I, for one, should not feel it a very terrible calamity to have to remain here a month or two, but I suppose the unfortunate charterers of the schooner would. The consul most kindly wants me to stay a month or so with him, but I must farther afield yet. Every one is foreboding a hurricane, and all about the place people are fastening down their houses with ropes, and supporting them with props in shaky places. The force of the wind during these hurricanes is almost incredible; a year or so ago four large frame houses were blown quite away, and they and their contents deposited in a little swamp, distant a hundred yards or thereabout from their original location; and in Fiji, a few weeks ago, we hear, a good many ships were sunk in the harbour by the same hurricane that blew the end of the coral jetty away here. So very local are these disturbances however, that we, sailing within a hundred miles of it, felt none of its effects but the heaviness of the swell. We are hoping to reach Vavau before it breaks, as there is a harbour there where any ship can ride in safety.

Remembering the deserted garden of yesterday, I pulled Gilbert ashore this morning and led him thither, through a maze of bushes which grow so thick together that, excluding every breath of air, the heat is terrific. We met a native who gave us a rough basket, which we immediately filled with limes and unripe oranges. The latter do not thrive very well here; the fruit generally falls a prey to an insect just before it ripens. The limes are horrid things to pick, having long and very sharp thorns on their branches, which pierce through one's tightened trousers in a singularly unpleasant manner when one stoops. All sorts of queer things grow in this old garden, returning to wildness from their cultivation with a joy that shows itself in the beauty of every riotous branch. Citrons grow large and yellow amidst the tall tangle of reeds and rushes that now encroaches on them, and odd trees are covered with strange fruits whose names and qualities I know not. There are bushes of prickly pear, covered with their yellow cactus blossoms, in endeavouring to pick one of which I got my hand covered with the tiny hair-like thorns that enter the skin so easily; with these grow oleanders and pomegranates, the starry gardenia, and the royal hybiscus; and about the fallen house-posts trails the *clitoria*, whose masses of flowers look like bits of heaven brought down to earth.

With our plunder we returned to the schooner, and the skipper was so charmed with the fruit, particularly the green oranges, that he said I must go ashore with him there and then to get a larger stock to last him to Haapai, for, as he has "a breast as broad as Hercules," and the constitution of a bull, he is pleased to think that he is somewhat delicate, and that one of his "longs" is not quite what it should be; and as he is convinced that sour oranges are good for all consumptive tendencies, we went ashore to gather more. I took him to my garden, where he instantly fell to and consumed so much of the acid fruit that I expected him every moment to fall down and die in agonies before me. He ate enough, I am sure, to carry off at least five ordinary men, and then exclaimed, calm and unmoved, "Ah! them's done me good," and tried to cough.

I watched him go off alone with some little anxiety, and then went to visit a native *fale* (local colour again), where dwells an old lady I know, that I have been for some little time attending medically. It is a queer thing what a passion these Tongans have for medicine; give them a pill and they will enjoy themselves prodigiously—only let it be a strong one, for your reputation as a medicine man would be as naught unless your drugs are of the most violent nature. The old dame that I went to see was complaining of headache, *gnagnou,* when I was on shore this morning; so, looking at her tongue, to the delight of a houseful of consoling friends, and feeling her pulse in a highly impressive and mysterious manner, in a way not unknown to physicians elsewhere than here, I promised her a remedy. Having put a good-sized packet of carbonate of soda in my pocket when I returned to the shore with the skipper, I went to her house. I found that the old lady was out, but had left the house in the charge of her daughters—charming girls, whom I hope to meet in a better world, as I fear I never shall again in this. One of them, struck with the amazing beauty of my hair (always a surprise to me), thought it a pity that such good material should be so ill dressed, proposed to do it *faka Tonga* again. Of course my reply was *io,* "yes," as the process is so pleasant a one; and do it she did in a truly marvellous way, with her fingers and one of the capital long-toothed combs they make and use. Taking a little deliciously-scented oil, she then proceeded to anoint me, and, Bibleways, "made my face to shine." With the addition of a *sessi,* a queer sort of garland of buds, sweet-smelling leaves, and long streamers of the fine inner bark of some shrub, like pale ribbon, I was complete. Some time after the mother came in, and I at once, putting on the physician, looked as solemn as I possibly could in all the idiotic decorations that I had on. She told me that she still was suffering from *gnagnou,* so I ordered them to bring me water and five limes. There being none of the fruit in the house, one of the girls was off like a stag, and came back panting in a moment with a fold of her *tappa* full of them. Taking some of these I began to squeeze the juice into a coco-nut shell cup, whereat all the company began to be deeply impressed, and when, having added a little water, I produced the white powder from my trouser pocket, the excitement became intense, and the old lady looked alarmed. What shall I say to describe their utter astonishment when, amidst profound silence, I put in about a teaspoonful of soda, making the mixture violently effervesce. Handing the foaming bowl to my patient, I bade her drink it off at once, which she, although horribly alarmed, instantly did, reaching the bottom of it with no small amount of gasping. She immediately—such is faith—pronounced herself much better, and probably really was so shortly after, for it is an excellent remedy. The subsequent "fizzling" in her nose caused her no small astonishment and renewed alarm. All the others, seeing the old lady still alive after it, were possessed with an extreme desire to try this seemingly boiling drink, and she was much questioned as to her "experiences," but I declined to give them any, thinking that I would not make my medicine too cheap.

By this time I know a good many words of Tongan, having set about learning it in the right way, and the old lady knows a few English ones, so that I could understand that she is deeply grateful—so grateful that she promises to give me all sorts of things when her daughter comes from the other side of the island, and she will set to work forthwith upon a lovely piece of *tappa* for me, which I am to have upon my return here. Alas! I never returned to Tonga, so there the *tappa* waits my coming now: I wonder whose fair loins that piece will drape, as I am not to have it.

Meeting Gilbert and Stodart on my way to the boat, we needs must run a race; the skipper, who was with them, would not join "because of his chest," and then, it being only 90° in the shade, we idiots must fall to and play leap-frog, much to the delight of a numerous throng of brawny natives who had assembled to see the sport. Reaching the boat in this manner, we left Tongatabu, we sail at sunrise to-morrow, with fitting *éclat*. Had I known that I was leaving it for good I should have been more grieved, but then I quite thought I should return thither from Samoa. The skipper, who has seen the consul this morning, reports that the reading I gave Kauhiva's party, and the song I sang, created quite a sensation (as very well they might), for Mr. Symonds heard a lot of natives talking of it yesterday, and they were most anxious to know who I was and all about me. It appears that they considered the performance *aubito aubito lelei*, "very very good." I have since learnt (July 1882) that a terrible hurricane has visited the islands and devastated Vavau and Tongatabu, sweeping away all the native and European houses and churches, and stores thereon, and doing immense damage to the plantations and the crops. I wonder how my friends have fared through it all.

CHAPTER IV.

HAAPAI.

It has taken us three days' sailing from Tongatabu to Lefuka, Haapai, the middle group of the Friendly Islands, as a strong head-wind has been blowing steadily, and we have been beating up against it almost all the time. We were constantly on the look-out for the hurricane that is to finish us all off, but have seen no signs of it yet; they told us in Tonga that they have had one for nineteen years just at this time, and that we are sure to meet with it. So far we have arrived all safe. On our way here we passed Tofao and Kao, both volcanoes, active still at times. Now for a little story.

Not very long ago a ship sailing from America to Australia sprang a leak, or came to grief somehow, so badly that the crew (eighteen men, I believe, they were at first) had to take to a raft that they had had time hastily to build. On this they existed for fifty days, living almost entirely on flour mixed with a little water. Some died from the prolonged agony of exposure to the blazing heat of day and the chills of night, and want of sufficient food, but worst of all their torments was the want of water. Still, many of them lingered on, with that strange clinging to life that all men seem to have when near to death, for fifty days; when one morning, as the sun uprose strong and fierce, one of them, glancing almost hopelessly round the horizon—for the last of their water was finished, had his languid eyes greeted by the huge bulk of Kao which rears itself 5000 feet above the sea. "Land! land!" he hoarsely whispers; he is far too weak to shriek, and points his skinny arm towards the south. The skeleton crew all stagger to their feet and see that what he says is true,—the blessed land at last. Although in sight it is many weary miles away, and had it not been for a shower that fell that day, whose raindrops they caught in their rags of clothing, they would all have perished with land at last in sight. One man went mad, and had to be restrained from flinging himself into the sea among the sharks that followed them so greedily,—his sufferings all borne with patience, but his reason overthrown by this first dawn of joy. The raft was lightened, everything was thrown away, and sailing when they could, and taking their weary turn at the oars, at last they reached the shore. One man, a Frenchman, all along the merriest of the party, who had tried to cheer them when every other one despaired, said that at any rate he would save his property, and stumbled through the shallow water to the land with it, a box of matches, *dry*. These were the means of their rescue. At first they were too weak to climb a coco-palm to get the fruit, but at last the little Frenchman conquered his weakness and the tree, and bowled down the nuts that were food and drink alike to his companions on the sand. One of the number had left them in search of water, and never returned; but a twelvemonth after, in the rocks high up the mountain, a skeleton dry and bleached was found. It was he.

Revived with food, the little Frenchman said he would use his property and have a fire, though heaven only knows for why, and he straightway collected wood and made one. These volcanoes are uninhabited and very rarely visited, but as luck would have it, Tubou of Tonga was on Tofao, the other island some miles away, collecting *kava* stones, and he, seeing the unusual smoke rise from the shore of Kao, made for the island and saved them. With undue haste they gave the starving wretches food, and by their very kindness almost killed them. Into the king's capacious craft they were taken, and all the survivors were landed in Nukualofa, where they were treated with the greatest kindness by the king; he even gave orders to one of the traders to supply them all with clothing at his cost, and when an opportunity occurred he sent them all to New Zealand. That is the story.

All about here, between Tongatabu and Haapai, is such a mass of reefs and islands, that one night before sunset we had to look out for some snug place to anchor in, and found a lovely little island in whose lee we thought we could lie, but we could find no bottom within what we thought a safe distance of the shore. It is surprising how suddenly some of these islets seem to rise from the sea-bottom. It was such a beautiful little place, the very ideal of a tropic island, with the same white birds I wrote of before flying over the coco-palms, and the sun setting grandly behind it, all gold and crimson, into the silent sea. The light breeze as it came softly from the shore was sweet with some delicious perfume, and the land birds—for we were near enough to hear them—were singing their latest evensong. Two lithe figures emerged from the beautiful foliage of the bush, and from seeing us heave the lead they seemed to know what we wanted, and signed and shouted to us to sail round a little jutting point, where, sure enough, we found good and safe anchorage at last, in ten fathoms, sandy bottom. Here we were soon surrounded by a crowd of dusky fellows, who pulled off to us in their little canoes, and who were only too happy to come on board if we would let them; and later on we were hailed by two English voices from a canoe that came alongside. They were two Englishmen who were living on the island alone, and it was they who told us of the shipwreck. The king had brought the rescued men to their island first for proper food, as it was the nearest where they knew they could get it, and they said the condition of these poor fellows was piteous,—their lips and tongues all sore and bleeding from licking up the dew that fell at night-time on the raft, and their bodies reduced to the merest skeletons. We sat talking late into the night, as the dwellers on the island were too glad to see a fresh face to go away early.

Next morning the native pilot, who had engaged to bring us to Lefuka, came on board "while yet it was night," and all of us working like niggers we had the anchor weighed and everything ready to start by the time the sun began to think of rising. The pilot is a fine fellow and cheerful, and spends most of his time in the crosstrees, howling down rather unintelligible directions to any of us who may be at the wheel; one word he can say with great richness—"luff," and I think he says it really oftener than necessary for the mere pleasure in repeating it. All the day we were passing the most delightful little islands, many of them the merest islets, with each its crown of palms. These were all uninhabited. One that we passed at some little distance is the royal burial-place of Tonga. We only made twenty-five miles yesterday, and found safe anchorage in Lefuka Harbour, six or seven miles from our port. The sound of a heavy surf breaking round us all last night was the only one to be heard.

Early this morning we dropped anchor within the inner reef; there is but a very small and narrow opening in the coral, through which we glided and dropped anchor quite close to the shore. Lefuka is a very much smaller place than Nukualofa—somewhat of the same character, but wilder, less cleared, and more luxuriant as to the vegetation. The tide does not seem to go out so far, the islands probably rising more steeply than Tongatabu, although, like it, they are quite flat. There are four principal islands in the Haapai group, divided one from the other by such shallow channels that at low water, I believe, they are fordable. Lefuka is the principal place of the four.

I landed almost directly we arrived, with Stodart and a big box of Bibles, which we managed to get out of the boat and trundle up the sand above high-water mark with no small difficulty. The Bibles must all have been "family" ones, the box was so heavy. Leaving Stodart to find the missionary and tell him of this, I started off as usual up the beach. Close by the place where we landed, and some little way out in the water, was a curious pen made of rough stakes driven into the sand and wattled together. I could not think at first what it was for, but learnt afterwards that it was where the chief of the place, being an epicure and aldermanic, keeps a stock of live turtles. There is no broom road here, but below the coco-nut trees, which come close to the shore, there runs a charming shady path, with the young palms growing under the taller ones, and meeting overhead in a lovely series of arches. After walking about for some time and becoming very thirsty, and thinking besides how well it would sound to say, "I was thirsty, so I climbed a palm to get a nut," I endeavoured to climb one, and never in all my life had such a task before. The first time or two I ignominiously failed, but dashing my hat upon the ground, I rushed at the tree and swarmed up it in true English schoolboy style. I was proud of that nut when I had at last clutched and clawed it off the tree, although, to tell the truth, the palm was not a particularly tall one, I having looked for the very smallest I could find that had any nuts on it. I came down in a terrible state of heat, dirt, and perspiration, but rejoicing, and had almost as much difficulty in opening my treasure as I had in gaining it, the green husk is so very tough and hard; but at last, after gouging away at it for some time with my big knife, I made a hole through it, and thoroughly enjoyed the clear cool drink after all this trouble. The drinking of much coco-nut water by those unaccustomed to it has a very singular effect on some of the organs, which I would not credit until many witnesses overcame my scepticism. Medical men do not seem aware of the fact. I consider that on the whole I have had a decidedly hard morning, as, not satisfied with my coconut experience, I climbed another great tree after the beautiful bright red seeds of a creeper that grew up it. I found a good many of them, and a native passing, and seeing what I was searching for, very quickly found me a great many more without going up the tree at all, by just moving away the topmost layer of leaves, under which a great many were lying only waiting for the wet weather to begin to quickly germinate.

In the evening I went off again by myself—it is so lovely here at night-time, for the crescent moon shines bright and strong. So delightful was the coolness of the evening that I continued my walk up the beach for an hour or so: it is pleasant walking, for the sand is hard and firm; and falling in with two natives,—I somehow always manage to fall in with natives,—went with them to their village at the end of the great sweep of the bay, and at their invitation went for *kava* to their house. What I could see of the village was charming, —all of brown native houses; and there I was by my two friends introduced to a large party seated outside a house, round a little wood-fire that they burn to light their cigarettes at. I was given a seat of honour on a mat just under the overhanging eaves facing the circle. It is very strange how soon the dogs, that are always in plenty about a native village, know that a *Papalagi* is approaching; no sooner had I set step in the place than all the dogs in the town were barking madly, and they disturbed the slumbering pigs, who, with their little ones, ran squealing about, and the whole place was in an uproar. The native dog will not make friends with you like an English one does, I believe they are of a different breed from ours altogether. There is a great dearth of *kava* in all Tonga just now, and there was none to be found in the village, so they make another and very pleasant drink as a substitute for it. They open about a dozen coco-nuts, and empty the contents into a large *kava* bowl; into this they squeeze the juice of six or seven green oranges, nearly ripe, and then, to give a little pungent flavour, they take a few red capsicum pods, and wrapping them in a bit of *tappa* they press out some few spots of the juice into the mixture. This drink is very good, and we had a couple of bowls before I left, when the numbers of the party had greatly increased, for, according to Tongan custom, anyone can come to an affair of this sort without invitation, and the report of my presence had spread in the village.

My walk back along the beach was a delightful one: I could have stayed out all night, so cool was it after the great heat of the day, although there was but a very slight air moving. The mass of the forest, which comes right down to the shore, looks dense and black, save where it is fringed with the palms on the edge of the sand; outside, the surf is beating ceaselessly on the reef, and great sheets of spray rise and catch the moonlight; but inside, the sea is glassy, and the fair full light of the moon makes it shine like burnished silver, except at the shore, where the water breaks in mimic waves. Most exquisite perfumes come from some of the night-blooming flowers, to which the heavy moths are flying, almost all of which flowers are white or pale coloured. One large white scentless flower I found at the very edge of the bush, that had a distinctly saline secretion at the end of its tube instead of honey; at first I thought it might be an accidentally carried spot of sea spray, but I found that all were the same. Occasionally I would be startled by a large shadow gliding suddenly across the sand in front of me, and looking up I would see a flying fox silently flitting between me and the moon. These foxes are very characteristic of Tonga: one sees them every night when the sun has quite gone. They are a very large species of bat with huge wings, two feet or more across, and a coat of soft brown fur. By day they are to be seen hanging head downwards from some tree like an unholy fruit.

When I reached the place where we had left the boat when we landed to-night, I found that none of the men had returned, and I, not knowing how long they would be, nor indeed what time it was, began to search for a canoe in which I could paddle myself over to the schooner. Finding none, I determined, rather foolishly,—for, after all, sharks are sharks, and not pleasant fellows to meet in the water,—to swim across, so, pulling off my clothes, I stowed them away in the stern of the boat, taking the precaution to put my sleeve-links and my pocket knife, the old black-handled one that G—— gave me years ago, which has stuck so faithfully to me, into my hat and on to my head. Off I swam; the water was delicious, but when I arrived at the ship-side I could find no rope, though I swam round her, and suddenly feeling what I thought was the smooth body of a shark (it was probably a banana stump), I gave a yell which brought Johnny quickly running to the side, who promptly heaved me a rope, by which I hauled myself on board in a great state of alarm. When the boat came off an hour or so after I had gone to sleep, Gilbert, who shared the quarterdeck with me, woke me up to give him a bath, and told me that my trousers and shirt were gone, but that my boots were left, at which latter fact I was much rejoiced, for boots are the same as friends,—none so good as old ones. Much joy I wished them of the trousers, which were new, I believe, in the year of our Lord 1865, or thereabouts.

Next morning, having had my swim, and still being airily dressed,—island fashion, in a towel,—I was asked by Billy Mustard in a most mysterious manner, with many winks and strange sniffs, to draw the portrait of Isafé, a sort of custom-house officer, who comes aboard to see that we are not smuggling all sorts of things ashore that we ought not to do. I, with the great natural acuteness that so distinguishes me, at once perceived that they wanted this gentleman's attention fixed away from the proceedings in the loading of the boat. Feeling the smuggling propensities of my ancestors rising strongly in me, and having the interest of the schooner deeply at heart, I requested him most blandly to sit to me, and the innocent savage succumbed to the wiles of the white man. I placed him with his back to the boat, and signifying that he was to sit quite still and look at me, I began to draw him diligently, hearing all the time, and seeing, when I looked up, the contraband goods softly going over the side. The portrait is not in the least like the good-looking original, but it answered the purpose it was wanted for just as well as though it had been excellent. I then finished my toilette, and ate my breakfast with a clear and happy conscience. I take almost as much interest in the success of the venture as though the cargo were my own, and have managed one small sale of potatoes with great skill, showing, I am told, a true mercantile spirit in the transaction,—the reason being that in my ignorance I represented the goods to be of much better quality than they probably were.

On the shore, just opposite the schooner, is a strange, large, well-built native building—a canoe shed; it is very long and much loftier than one would think necessary for the purpose. The roof has rounded sides, which approach quite close to the ground, and across the opening at the ends is a rough sort of open palisade-work, the use of which I cannot see. Into this shed the Lefuka people haul their canoes to protect them from the sun, and there is generally some brown fellow inside at work upon the canoes, either making or repairing one.

Crossing the island to-day, I found the windward side of quite a different character from this. There are little cliffs of coral rock there, ten or twelve feet high, which take the place of the strip of sand on the leeward side. It is very astonishing to find plants growing, and flourishing too, on these bare lime rocks, which seem without a vestige of soil even in the crevices; but there they are,—in every cranny some green living thing. Out towards the reef a whole crowd of women were fishing with small nets, which they throw over the little shoals of fish that swim about in the shallows, and very graceful are their attitudes as they fling them. There is a very wonderful surf here booming on the windward reef, beating up such sheets of spray that the other island, seen through them, seems veiled in mist; where the waves beat wildest there thrives the coral polype best. In a natural bath in the coral rock I had a most luxurious bathe, the water being warm and delightful. One does not need towels to dry oneself, as a few minutes' exposure to the sun most effectively does the work. Returning along a native road I climbed a small palm to get myself a nut (see how calmly I speak of it), and found under the fibrous matting, round one of the leaf stems, two good sized crabs, with large shells on their backs. I was surprised at this, as I thought the tree-climbing crab was a special species, and not one of the hermit sort that is so frequent on these shores. Speaking of the matting round the tops of the coco-palms reminds me that I have not written of it. Round every one of the large leaf-branches is wrapped a coarse sort of matting of fibre, so strangely like woven cloth as to deceive me at first. There it is with weft and woof, as though meshed by man.

The sensitive plant grows here in the bush in great quantities; in places there are beds of it that quite cover the ground; it is a very fragile and beautiful looking thing; and it certainly does look strange to see one's track plainly marked by the shrivelled-up leaves at every footfall. The very vibration of the ground is enough to start the movement, and one leaf that you touch, contracting, strikes another, and seems to spread a very contagion of fear for some way round. I think there are many of the delicate leguminous shrubs and creepers here that are partially sensitive, contracting their leaflets in a very slight but perceptible degree.

I have ridden a little whilst I have been in Haapai, but it is not very enjoyable, the animals being really almost too miserable to bestride. These islands strike me as being more beautiful than Tongatabu, but all the people here say, "Ah, wait till you get to Vavau!"—which they tell me is the loveliest island in the South Pacific. The natives here are really gloriously idle; cotton grows all about the place, and of a good quality too, but they are naturally so well provided for that they will not trouble to earn money that they do not require by picking it. A great part of the money that they do get, it seems to me, is given to the missionary to spread the glorious tidings of the gospel to less enlightened isles. This is carried on to what strikes me as being a very pernicious extent. The feelings of these poor creatures are worked upon inordinately, and they are excited to a high pitch by sermons and exhortations, and they very often seriously hamper themselves by borrowing money to give to the mission. The amount each person subscribes is cried out in church, so that not only does the right hand know what the left hand giveth, but everybody else besides, which is of course a great inducement to generous giving. One could understand their enthusiasm if they were, by their subscriptions, sending off their own missionaries to wilder parts; but it is not so—they only get fresh ones sent over.

In the evening, when the sun had set in a crimson blaze of glory behind Kao, which looks an almost perfect pyramid from here, I went on shore with Stodart, who knows the chief of the island, who lives in Lefuka. He is an *egui*, a noble of higher rank than the king, being descended, according to old Tongan mythology, from the first gods who came from Bolutu. They still possess the greatest influence over the people, and exact the greatest respect. Some people think that this Haapai chief will be king of Tonga on the death of the present sovereign, who now is very old. His wife, an enormous woman, is a daughter of the king. In the native-built house of this chief is a hideous old gilt sofa with frayed crimson satin coverings, on which it seems no one ever sits: I know we preferred the floor in the usual manner, and had the honour of being asked to use part of the chief's own mat. Tongan men always sit cross-legged, but the women never: they have their legs tucked away on one side, and they have a trick, which is almost universal, of rapidly shaking one foot, raised from the ground slightly by the other ankle, all the time they sit. There is another habit, which is general in this part of the Pacific, of expressing admiration and pleasure by a strange clicking, like that we use to make a horse go faster. Their manner of doing this is really most expressive, the rapidity or slowness of the noise conveying every shade of opinion most admirably. At the same time they slightly nod the head.

Tubou's daughter, although so gigantic, is a pleasant and chatty woman; all the king's children are very huge, and the royal way she sent her handmaids flying was a sight to be seen. We did not take our leave till late, as fresh cigarettes were rolled by the attendant girls and handed us almost before the last was out; yet, late as it was, when we turned out we still found many people about, strolling in the cool evening. We met some young Tongan men we knew, who wanted us to stay ashore and make a night of it, but both of us were too tired to do so on this occasion. They led us by the hand to the beach, for the night was dark, and we did not well know the road through the palms, and regretfully called their *ofas* to us as we pulled out to the *Caledonia.*

Before the whole of Tonga became Christian it was here and in Vavau that the present king lived. The missionaries, getting themselves into trouble in Tongatabu by desecrating the temples of the Tongans, and checking all their pleasures and customs, by making the then king, a half-imbecile old man, *tabu* them, sent for Taufaahau, as George Tubou was then called. He went sailing down to Tongatabu to their assistance, evidently with the intention of extending his dominions by placing Tongatabu under his control, the missionaries and he mutually serving each other by carrying on the war. Captain Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition, was there at the time, and says: "My hopes, however, of producing a peace and reconciliation among them began to decline, for it was evident King George and his advisers, and indeed the whole Christian party, seemed to be desirous of continuing the war, either to force the heathens to become Christians, or to carry it on to extermination, which the numbers of their warriors made them believe they had the power to effect." Truly a Christian feeling. The feelings of "the heathen" are readily to be understood, for they had always been looked up to, not only by the Haapai and Vavau groups, but by Keppel and Wallis Islands as well, as superior, being inhabitants of "Sacred Tonga;" and to have a new and distasteful religion thrust upon them by an army of inferior Haapai and Vavau men could not have been pleasant. Captain Wilkes goes on to say that after the invading party had gone out to fight, when they had agreed to come to a conference, and had acted generally treacherously—"Thus ended my hopes of effecting the desired reconciliation between the two parties. The heathen are represented by the Christian party and missionaries as a set of cruel savages, great liars, treacherous, and evil disposed, and this character seems to be given to them only because they will not listen to the preaching . . . *I must here record that in all that met our observation the impression was that the heathen were well disposed and kind, and were desirous to put an end to the difficulties.*" It is satisfactory to learn, although it all occurred so long ago, that at last, after the United States Expedition left Tonga, and although finally the poor heathen was forced to give up his religion, his customs, and almost his nationality, he became the assailing party, and drove out the upstart George of Vavau, and packed him and his missionary allies, with all their religious bugbears, off to Haapai. I sincerely hope they had a good old heathen time of it whilst they did hold possession of their own.

The day before we left Lefuka I started out in the early morning for one of my usual long rambles, and to show how easy it is to lose oneself in these places, where there seem to be no particular landmarks, and where the same luxuriance of bush appears on every side, I write this:—I proceeded up the beach, past the large canoe-shed, where a Tongan was patiently chipping away at one of their "dug-out" canoes, by the little path that runs along the shore just in the shade of the bush, intending to visit the windward side of the island that I had been to a day or two before, where I hoped to find some of those huge conch shells that they use here as a sort of trumpet. Knowing the general direction of the place I wished to reach, I turned boldy to the right, and kept marching along the narrow tracks that the natives make, turning two or three times, but always, as I thought, in the right direction. I seemed a long time arriving, but at last, hearing the sound of the sea, I pushed through the bush and found myself on the shore; but where were the rocks, and where the reef and the booming surf? I could not tell where I was in the least, and did not find out, until I had walked a long distance, that I was on the same side of the island I had started from, and had to stalk back in the blazing heat to the schooner, as we thought we might leave at midday.

There are absolutely no springs of water on many of these islands, and inhabited islands too, for the coco-nuts give an unfailing quantity of drink, but besides this supply the natives very cleverly avail themselves of the peculiarities of the palms to catch and store the rains. Nearly all the palm stems are curved, and some of them which are very much so are selected, and in the base, which is frequently very thick, they form just in the hollow a great hole that will hold six or eight gallons, according to the size of the tree. The rain collects on the great leaves of the palm and runs down little channels they make on the trunk into the receptacle; this, when filled, they cover over thickly with leaves, and the water keeps fresh and sweet a very long time, and seemingly no injury is done to the tree.

As I repass the great canoe-shed, I see several men at work upon one of the canoes that look so out of proportion with the building, but I learn it was erected in the palmy days of the island when very large double canoes were used. [I came across this excellent description of one of these great canoes in an old book of voyages the other day:—"The king visited me this day with a number of their chiefs and people in a large canoe, and made a fine appearance on approaching the ship; it was the largest we saw during the voyage; it was one hundred feet in length, and of the double kind, which consists of two canoes of different size joined together by a deck thrown across them both; on this deck a small house is constructed, which serves for a cabin to keep off the weather; above the house was a small platform eight feet square, with a railing on each side; the mast, which is about thirty feet long, is supported by guys, having a long yard attached to it, with its mat sail of huge dimensions furled. The canoe of these chiefs was seen advancing slowly over the calm sea by the efforts of its scullers, and was filled with men keeping perfect time and making excellent music." This shows that the shed, to hold one of these great canoes, must be very large.]

We did not sail to-day after all, as the wind fell so much that we thought we should not be able to get through the little opening in the reef, and it would not be pleasant to rub up against the coral for a tide or two; we have struck once, and the peculiar "graunching" sensation is anything but agreeable. So we have amused ourselves very happily where we are, it being part of the charm of the place that you can always find some one on shore as idle as yourself and as open for amusement. I took Gilbert for a stroll, a gentle one, as he has been completely knocked up lately, and for the last few weeks we have been anxious about him; he keeps just as cheerful as ever, and his laugh is the merriest of the party; he is great at "nap" and invincible at cribbage, and has this afternoon been entering with the utmost neatness in a little book the odds he has laid upon his living until the schooner gets back to New Zealand. The skipper recommends all sorts of nostrums, which, I believe, Gilbert would take out of pure good nature to please him, and so doing would certainly ensure his losing his bets, if I did not countermand them with an air of authority as being a shade less ignorant of the subject than the skipper. I am no Esculapius myself, but I feel convinced that no man could derive benefit for hæmorrhage from the lungs by taking frequent doses of sulphate of potash.

We ended the day by swimming in the evening with the crowd of dusky fellows round the schooner; they are marvellous swimmers, and nearly all day long the water is alive with dozens of little children, who boldly launch themselves out into the waves—the quite tiny ones in the charge of the elder boys, who look after them tenderly and well. The men have all sorts of games which they play in the water, and in which

I tried to join, and in which I was much laughed at by the small boys, as I never could catch them and was always being caught myself. Three of the lads had an old canoe, which they paddled out into deep water, and swayed it from side to side till it slowly shipped water and sank, they shrieking all the time with pretended fear; this done, their great object was to bale all the water out again whilst swimming round it, and then proceed *da capo.* Some of the distances a Tongan will swim are almost incredible; there is one tale told that is universally accepted as true, of a man named Tohu, who left Haapai for Vavau with many others in a canoe, and in company with a second canoe, which was driven back by a storm that rose, and was safely beached at Ofalanga, one of the Haapai group. The first canoe, with Tohu on board, proceeded on its way for many hours, when Tohu, taking in the sail of the canoe, the wind and sea being then very high, fell overboard. As it would have been risking the lives of all to have tried to save him, he was given up as lost, and the canoe proceeded on its way. This was about two hours before sunset, and Vavau in sight. Tohu turned his face towards Haapai, and began swimming to it; knowing that the wind was in the north, he directed his course by feeling it blowing on his ears. So he continued swimming, resting himself at times by floating on the water, till the moon rose, by which he steered all night till dawn, when he found that he was close to land. Having thus almost escaped death by drowning, the wearied man nearly fell a prey to a huge shark, which, however, he managed to elude by reaching the coral of the reef. Resting there a little time, he again struck out and reached the shore in safety, though he fell exhausted and senseless on the sand.

This island proved to be Ofalanga, where the second canoe had been driven for safety, the crew of which found him unconscious on the shore, and brought him back to life. He shortly recovered his strength, and, the storm abating, they put to sea and returned to Haapai, where he found his friends occupied with the usual funeral ceremonies—his own canoe having reached home before him, and reporting him drowned. Captain Wilkes speaks of this as being perfectly well authenticated, and as having occurred only just before he was there.

To-morrow morning at daybreak we leave Haapai: of course I am sorry to leave—who would not be in a place so beautiful as this, and where one has received nothing but kindness?

CHAPTER V.

VAVAU.

All yesterday we were sailing here from Haapai; although we sighted the high land of Vavau in the evening, the breeze fell so light that we could not get in. But this morning, as the sudden tropic sun uprose swift and strong above the sea line, changing the faint azure and pale rose of the dawn to the bright gold and fierce light of perfect day, we sailed in amongst the rocky islets that guard the entrance to the loveliest harbour in the world, the harbour of Vavau. Quite unlike the other islands of the group, which are mostly of purely coral formation, and which seem to float on the calm surface of the sea, with their rim of golden sand and crown of graceful palms just rising above it, Vavau is bold, rugged, and volcanic, and is clothed from summit to the shore with one glorious mass of varying verdure. The harbour runs deep inland, with precipitous cliffs on either side, in which the constant action of the sea has worn great caves, in which the waves beat with a hollow sound. The sea was so smooth this morning as we entered the harbour—I shall never forget it—that the mountains and trees, with every parasite that matted them together in one wild luxuriance, were reflected in its glassy depths. The scented air was so light that our little schooner's sails hung flapping useless against the masts, occasionally filling out as some slight puff of wind came landwards from the sea. The sun was mounting royally in the sky, and the day was growing hotter every moment; birds of rich plumage flashed across the little gold-lined bays, and the mellow call of some bird to its mate floated to us from the bush. The air was rich and languorous with the perfumes of the shore; we scarcely seemed to move, yet the wooded heights and palm-fringed beach glided dream-like past us. Every one on board was silent in the heat, no one moved, and the very helmsman seemed asleep; the light fair haze that lingered some short time about the beach was cleared away long before, and the tropic day, with its ardour and light, was with us in all its strength. Here and there amongst the trees a native house would stand, with perhaps a thin line of blue smoke from its fire rising unwaveringly; and little brown and naked children would run joyous to the shore to see us pass.

Towards mid-day we had rounded the last point of land that hid the little town of Nieafu from us, and we dropped anchor in deep water some short way from shore. We were soon surrounded with canoes that the natives paddled up to us, laden with golden fruit, and many of their sturdy paddlers scrambled on board. I am again struck with the magnificent physique, handsome features, and noble bearing of this people, with whom the average Englishman would not compare advantageously; and, again, their manners strike me as being as superior as their persons. Soon after we had dropped anchor a boat pulled out to us with an Englishman in her, who, coming aboard, and hearing that I was "the passenger," addressed me with so frank a smile, and took my hand so warmly to welcome me to the island, that my heart went out to him at once. He asked me to visit him ashore, and, as long as the schooner stayed in Vavau, to make his house my home; I was glad enough to stay with so pleasant a fellow, and quickly had my bag of necessaries packed, and, stepping with him into his boat, was swiftly pulled ashore.

Nieafu is a lovely little town, almost buried from sight amongst great groves of orange trees, that are here no mere shrubs but fine trees, covered with the glossy foliage and loaded now with fruit. The house that Berrill led me to is wooden, cool, and shady, and is built upon a little height that overlooks the sea. It is sheltered from the sun by tall orange trees growing thick about it—above which rise, waving high their feathery branches, the slender stems of the coco-palms. Bushes of crimson hybiscus planted round the house make glowing spots of colour amidst the shade, and white gardenias, with whose perfume the air is heavy. Seemingly a paradise, but one where disease has managed to creep in and strike at the best, as it so often does. Berrill himself, I fear, is stricken; his constant cough tells me a tale that he seems not to notice; it is strange that so fine a man, whose breast is broad and deep, and whose noble physique would seem to offer no loophole for attack, should be succumbing to consumption; of the sadness of it I cannot speak, he is such a splendid fellow, high-souled and generous, loved by every one that knows him, and almost worshipped by the natives.

Stodart came and hunted me up in the afternoon, and we together went out exploring, and have come to the unanimous conclusion that this is the most exquisitely lovely place in the whole of God's great earth. Words are absolutely inadequate to tell of its beauty of land, or sea, or sky; everything is gorgeous, rich, and wonderful. I seem to possess for the first time in my life an absolute and perfect satisfaction of my sense of colour. We passed through Nieafu, which is a long, pretty, straggling place, slowly ascending all the time along the edge of the cliff, gaining every moment fresh glimpses of the windings of the harbour amongst the rich green hills, and of the numerous little islets dotted on its surface. The path of soft green turf we followed was shaded with orange trees, of whose fruit we must have eaten bushels, and no one to miss what we took.

It seems strange to walk up and down hills again after the last few islands of flat coral, and the extra exertion is scarcely agreeable, so great is the heat. I always seem to find dozens of fresh and surprising things every walk I take: one that struck me to-day very specially was the admirable manner in which a bush, whose flowers were yellow, small, and inconspicuous, managed to attract the visits of insects so indispensable for the fertilisation of the ovaries. The leaves of this bush were a fair bright green, excepting just round the flower head, where they were spotlessly white, of precisely the same shape, size, and veination, but white. Perhaps these were the bracts of the flower enormously enlarged and coloured, as in *Poinsettia.* (I am told since that this is probably *Mussænda.*) I saw these white patches, which were most conspicuous, from a good distance, and thinking them to be a flower I had not yet found I went to gather it, and found it to be what I have described, which shows how admirably it answers its intended purpose. Another tree, with deep coloured and singularly glossy leaves, had what at first I thought to be a spray of lovely crimson flowers, but which, upon my climbing up a steep bank to examine them, proved to be a branch of young leaves, evidently coloured thus for some purpose, as they were produced in a different manner from the other shoots, being packed away in a sort of bud-case, from which they fell in a kind of chain when it was opened, and I could find nothing of the sort on the others.

As the evening began to close in I returned to Berrill's house, where, in a shady room, with curious Robinson Crusoe sort of furniture, he and I dined together. We had some very strange but pleasant dishes, served by a horrible-looking savage lately from the Line Islands. There is a species of very mild slavery existing here in the Pacific; ships go to the islands to the west, New Britain, New Ireland, the New Hebrides, and the Solomans, and also to those just at the equator, the Hervey and other groups, or, as they are called here, "the Line Islands." There they engage men, it does not matter how savage, for a certain term of years at, one may be very sure, a very low rate of wages. These men are brought to the more civilised islands, where they are made to work upon the plantations of the white man. It is to the advantage of the white to serve these fellows well and keep them in good condition, to get the most work out of them that is possible in the time; now all these vessels that transport the men—labour ships they are called—are looked after by Government-appointed agents, who do all that they can to prevent kidnapping and barbarous treatment after shipping. Still kidnapping—"black-birding" as it is called—goes on to some extent. These savages at the end of their term receive their wages in "trade," as it is technically called—that is to say, they have goods given to them to the value of the amount they were engaged for; in this, in old times, these poor fellows were generally terribly robbed, having all sorts of rubbish given to them as equivalent for the money they had earned; but this, too, has been subjected to the supervision of Government overseers. At the end of the three years for which they generally engage themselves, without knowing either what the time means or what the work is to be, they are returned to their native homes. I believe hardly any of them will engage again after their first experience, for such work as they have to do in the plantations—continuous, monotonous, and hard—is very different from even a hard day's work at home. The shortness of the term fixed by the Government is much complained of by the planters, as they have only time to train these wild fellows into something like useful form when they are taken from them and returned to their homes. I am told that instead of becoming in any way civilised, as a rule they return with delight to their old customs and manners, and wallow in savagery, for to tell the truth they are a terrible lot that live much west of here, and without the comparative civilisation that seems native in these and other eastward islands.

Until quite recent years the barbarisms of these labour ships were notorious, and sometimes they are still perpetrated; traders would entice the inhabitants of an island on board their vessels and kidnap the whole party, scuttling their canoes and firing on such as resisted; the savage, with savage reasoning, attacking the next *Papalagi* ship that came to his group, in revenge, and so the thing went on.

Just before I left New Zealand a large schooner came into the harbour that had returned from the

Soloman Islands. How she managed to get back at all was a mystery, for all her crew had been killed but one lad and the skipper. These two had gone ashore in the dingey to the island where they were lying, and during their absence the ship had been surprised, and every one of the crew, nine in number, massacred, the captain's son amongst them. I fear it was a case of the sins of the father being visited on the child. The cabin, and indeed the whole ship, was swimming in blood, and spattered with the brains of the murdered men; when the skipper returned in the dingey, hailing his silent ship, he found it thus, and ransacked from bows to stern. I went down to this ship to try for a passage in her back to the Solomans, but the skipper refused to take me on the plea of its danger, he having, I fear and expect, laid plans for revenge. We were sitting in the little cabin, which still showed signs of the awful struggle that had taken place in it; the woodwork hacked and cut, and the curtains torn away from the rods, the cushions cut in strips, and the lockers all burst open. The door of the little pantry was standing ajar, and an ominous black stain showed where the cook had fallen. The skipper's wife, a dowdy person with eyes red with weeping, and her cheeks shiny with tears, spoke to me as we three sat in the little cabin, "Oh sir, ain't it sad for me!—what am I to do? Here am I, the mother of four as fine lads as iver was seen, two on 'em killed by those bloody savages, one drowned at sea, and now my youngest, my Charlie, has to go with his father." Here the poor woman burst forth again into passionate weeping, trying to choke her sobs, and mopping her eyes with the damp screwed-up ball of handkerchief in her hand. This first attempt failing, I took the

Caledonia, and have made a happier if less exciting cruise.

Now, all this long digression is *à propos* of Berrill's Line Island cook, Dick, a wild-looking dog that lives behind this house. There are several of these fellows about the place—one an oldish man, who some years ago murdered his wife, whereupon her mourning relatives set upon him, almost hacked him to pieces, and put one eye out; how he managed to live is a mystery, for he is one mass of awful scars. This good gentleman, an exception to the general rule, has stayed in Vavau a second term of years, as he is afraid to go home just yet, but will do so when he considers the animosity of his divers brothers and cousins-in-law has blown over. Good-night! I am off for a long night's sleep on a roomy mat and on a steady floor, and hope to enjoy it after so long a time in my cramping little bunk and uneasy cabin.

To-day I have passed a rather fatiguing time, having been walking about the island since morning, and to-night, as a wind-up, I have had one of the most exciting episodes that has ever occurred to me. Shortly after dinner, when Berrill and I had been joined in the verandah by a fat German, who has a store here in Nieafu, we heard the most demoniacal yells and war-shrieks proceeding from the rear of the house, and upon rushing round to see what it was all about, we found that Dick had stolen a bottle of Berrill's brandy, and having taken a good part of it was mad drunk and running *amock.* When we arrived on the scene he had a huge club in his hand, and was commencing to smash up every piece of crockery that he could find, and as dinner was just over nearly all poor Berrill's stock was out being washed. When this had fallen a prey to his devastating club, the smashing and crashing inciting him to further onslaughts, he attacked with fury every hut, tank, and utensil about the place, and all fell before him.

When in this condition a murdering and destroying devil seems to possess them; no life is safe, for they will murder any and all that they can get at for the mere sake of slaughter.

His pretty wife rushed out of their hut as he savagely ran at her, and escaped, but a little deaf and dumb boy was left in it. Berrill ran out into the large enclosure in which the building stood with only a thin cane in his hand, but the brute tried to brain him with his club, and drive him back into the house. I rushed out after Berrill, fearing for him, he being so far from strong; and all the time the fat German, safe in the house, kept calling to us, and increased the clamour with the instructions which he shouted to us, "Tie 'im vis a r-r-r-rope!" also to "Get ze 'andcoffs!" but never a hand stirred he to help us, and the agility he displayed in making himself scarce when there was an alarm of this raving demon coming into the house would not have disgraced a man of far slenderer proportions, and made Berrill and me roar with laughter in all the danger. One moment, when Dick's back was turned, Berrill most pluckily ran into his house, where the child had been wailing inarticulately, snatched him out, and handed him over to me, and I took him to some native women, for there were crowds of natives at the gates of the palisade, who fled like the wind whenever Dick turned that way. The instant after we left Dick's hut in he dashed for a moment, appearing the next, shrieking like a maniac, as he was, with a great axe in his hand. Nobody dared approach him then, and the work of destruction recommenced; every bucket, pail, or tub that he could get at he hacked into pieces, dashing the water about and yelling like ten thousand fiends.

It was a wild scene, with a weird wood-fire in one corner of the yard, into which now and again the madman dashed, scattering the sparks right and left, and never feeling the burns, and the lovely moonlight streaming down through the thick fringe of orange trees and coco-palms that grows all round the house. Berrill and I were flitting about the enclosure most of the time, he trying to stun Dick with lumps of coral and different things, but only succeeding in exhausting himself. At last he determined to shoot him in some not very dangerous part, but the caps were bad, and they only irritated Dick more than ever by their snapping. (I by this time was almost as mad as Dick; never before had I acted in so exciting a scene, for our lives were in constant danger from his axe). For two hours this went on, during which time he had managed to clear the palisade, and we could hear his yells as he went up the hill, which would give timely warning, we thought, to all to save themselves and get out of his way; but he returned at last, to our surprise, to the yard, where some sturdy Tongans had collected. One of these, a short but immensely muscular man, who is a champion wrestler in Vavau, sprang on to him from behind, and knocked him down, keeping him there, till assistance came, by kneeling on his throat. I ran for a rope, Berrill telling me where to find one—he, poor fellow, being almost exhausted with the danger and excitement of the night, and finding this, the Tongans bound him, fiercely tying him hand and foot. I wanted them to fasten his wrists to his ankles, but I could not make myself understood, and I thought this precaution was really unnecessary, so secure he seemed. Then we left him to cool, on his back and apparently helpless; the German, who, in the bravest manner, appeared on the scene from somewhere on the other side of the pales directly Dick was thus prostrate, prodding him derisively with his toe, and exclaiming, as though he had done it all, "Ah ha, Miztere Dick, ve 'ave you now!"

After we had returned to the house and our tobacco, and the German to a little strong waters to put himself straight after his exertions, we heard for about three quarters of an hour howls and groans and derisive songs from the bound one, whom we thought all secure, when suddenly we heard something dashed into the room, and a cry in Tongan from Dick, who seemed to be calm and sensible now. "Here is your rope, Missa Bélo," and the fellow was away. At the very first sound of his voice, and simultaneously with the entrance of the rope into the room, we heard a shriek from the German, and saw him vanish through the verandah on the other side and disappear into the darkness. We rushed out after Dick, and Berrill was able to hit him once, as he was scaling the palisades, with a lump of loose coral, which he hurled with all his force at him; but the effort was too much for him, and he staggered and would have fallen had I not caught him, his breast heaving, and he being quite unable for a time to speak.

What has become of Dick we know not and care not, as the killing and destructive fit seems to have worn off him now. We—the place being quiet again and I having written this—have sat in the verandah talking of many things half the cool night through. How soon one gets to know another at such times as these, and I to-night, seeing deep into this man's profound but simple soul, know that I can trust him entirely, and love him without fear.

[His was a strange nature—alas, that I should be speaking of him in that sad past tense!—half-formed of necessity, for he had come to these islands when quite a boy; ignorant in some degree of many things that a man of his age in a civilised country would know, and yet wise in many from the self-same cause. Self-reliant and thorough his life had made him, yet the sweetness of his nature had prevented him from becoming obstinate or self-opinionated. He was generally gaiety itself, and yet beneath this fund of mirth lay a deep mine of poetry and feeling, which was reached but seldom, in quiet night-talks or solitary forest rides. Animated, loving and loveable, he had not wrapped himself in the usual conventional cloak of reserve, and one saw the sterling qualities of the man in his quickest look or slightest action. Firm, yet gentle and courteous to all, he had gained the enthusiastic love of the Tongans, and it was one of the pleasantest sights of my visit to this my best-loved of islands, to see the way men, women, and children ran out as we passed through the native villages to greet "Missa Bélo," as they had named him.

Let me tell you what my friend was like, if I can manage, which I doubt, to make you see him as he was. Through a mist, as of tears, I see his dear face now. He was a magnificently made man, square-shouldered, flat-backed, and with a chest broad, deep, and arched; his head was well placed upon his firm muscular neck, and in the poise of it, and indeed of his whole body, with the strength and lightness of his movements, consisted the greatest attraction of the handsomest man I ever saw. The noble curve of his cheek and chin was unhidden by any growth of beard, though a small moustache shaded his short upper lip; and two ridiculous dimples appeared in his sunburnt cheeks whenever he smiled, with an effect that was mirth itself. His eyes were those wonderful eyes, of colour almost indescribable, gray or blue—I never could tell which—and fringed with long dark lashes, and from them his honest glance flashed out with pleasant recognition or steady scorn, or gleamed with merriment with his laughter.

It seems strange for me to be writing this, yet I could not let his memory pass away, like the scent of a flower that is dead, for the want of a few written lines. A fleeting monument this, perhaps, but, like the rose leaves gathered and dried by a loving hand, it may preserve for some short time amongst his friends the memory of a beautiful life that, like the flower whose fragrance fills our winter rooms, was gathered in the heyday of its bloom.]

What a happy time I am spending here in Vavau I cannot tell; each day we rise with the sun, and, wearing a *vala* and a thin shirt, sally forth into the glory of the morning, and pass through the native village to the cliff, which we descend, often meeting a merry file of girls ascending from the sea. There is no sandy shore here, and we have to bathe from the rocks, the deliciousness of the water I cannot describe—it is warmed by day, and then the night comes and gives a pleasant freshness to it, and it is so clear and unruffled that you can see the bottom in a dozen fathoms. There is a sort of shallow cavern at the base of the cliff, where at low tide the water is almost fresh, and in this we take a final splash before we come out. Strolling back, we gather and eat the most delightful oranges, which we select and knock off from the trees. This morning, when we came back to the house from the sea, I found a native waiting to see me who had a mysterious parcel that he would give to no one but myself. This proved to be the very identical jacket that had been stolen from the boat at Lefuka in Haapai. It seems that one of the chiefs I knew there, hearing that I had been robbed, ordered that every chest in the whole island should be examined, and that he insisted upon having the jacket returned; and as a chief is still a very great person indeed, the jacket was returned. He sent it after me to Vavau, the canoe that brought it arriving last night, and the man that had the jacket in charge, going to the schooner to find "the tall, fair *Papalagi*," was sent on here to Missa Bélo's, where he found me. The jacket was certainly not worth all this trouble, but I consider the transaction very creditable to the powers that be in Haapai.

After breakfast, which was cooked and served by the one-eyed murderer, as Dick has not been heard of since the other day when he ran away, we started off through Nieafu, Berrill trying to find me a guide who can speak a little English, as he cannot come himself, to take me up a mountain from whence the view was said to be very fine. He found one at last, who was a charming companion, and most astonishingly intelligent; he made the most of his English, and I of my Tongan. Some people, they tell me, learn very soon, and some can never acquire the accent. It requires an acute ear, as every vowel has to be pronounced distinctly, and sometimes in a word three *a's* follow each other, which makes the language difficult; the greatest attention, too, must be paid to the inflection of the voice, as on that and the accent the many different meanings one word often has depend. The road to this mountain was, it is perhaps needless to say, through the bush, which, as we left the narrow path, became wilder and more tangled. Afi, my guide, went first, breaking through creepers, and sweeping away the large spiders and coarse yellow cobwebs that were spun between most of the trees with his fine woven mat, which he took off for that purpose.

I must here make another little digression—I like little digressions—and remark how painful and horrible seems to me the behaviour of many white people when they are in countries such as this, where the inhabitants are said to be of an inferior race. It has struck me much in India, but even more here, where we have not even that shadow of a right to it that conquest seems to give. The supercilious, patronising, and confoundedly impertinent manners that a white man generally assumes are not only horrible to me but incomprehensible. Do they thus expect to gain the love or respect of the people? It is just the reverse; and I believe it has been chiefly my feeling of affection and fellowship with these Polynesians that has taken me so well all through the islands.

The mountain that I have been climbing during the above eloquent passage is not a particularly high one, but the ascent is very steep, the last part of it being one great mass of volcanic rock, rising almost perpendicularly, but still covered with trees that grow in the many interstices. So thick was the bush all the way up that no view could be obtained,—indeed, the sunlight hardly filtered through until the very summit was reached, but then it was magnificent in the extreme. I climbed an old dead tree to see it better, and below me the whole fertile island, with its intricate series of lagoons and passages, was laid out with almost every detail visible in the bright sunshine. All

Vavau is green, exquisitely green, the mountain heights here and there showing the gray of the rock; and all the smaller islands dotted about this greater one are covered with the same glorious vegetation. The sea on which they lie is of different colours, according to the varying depths and different bottoms, but so brilliant are its azures,—here as pale as turquoise, there as dark as sapphire,—that no description can convey the glory of the truth. The foreground was all of great trees and rocks, and beneath, seemingly almost sheer from where I sat in my tree, the coco-palms raised their plumes above the darker bush. I never saw anything to equal it; no view I ever saw is half so lovely. I had been told that Vavau was one of the most beautiful of the Pacific Islands, but I do not say that—I contend that it is by far the loveliest, and challenge any other to equal it.

It is strange how these islanders give some characteristic name to almost every spot. For instance, we should never think of giving three or four different names to the top of one mountain, yet they do so. The place where I climbed the tree was *Matagatoa* (the "g" pronounced as "ng" always), and another side, where I obtained a glorious view of the passage we came in by, was *Matagafefaci.* I noticed how much keener than ours the sight of these Tongans is; for, although I can distinguish objects at a great distance, I was unable to discover the canoes that Afi saw right out at sea, and which he tried to point out to me; two I could just decern, but others farther out I quite failed to see.

After I had spent some time on the summit I asked Afi whether we could go down the other side from which we had come up, but he said, "*Iki lava,*" "No, no, indeed." There was, he said, a passage between the rocks down which the natives sometimes went, but where no *Papalagi* had ever been, and he said he had promised Missa Bélo that I should come to no harm, and that certainly I could not go. However, he showed the place, and I said down I should go whether he did or not; if a native could go, I was sure I could. It is not generally that I indulge in this ridiculous sort of bravado, but when there is a chance of going somewhere where nobody else has ever been, or doing something that no one else has ever done, there is a sort of attraction about it which, although very foolish, is very strong. So down, I said, I should go. Afi immediately seated himself, and remarked that it was all very well for me, for if I broke my neck it was all over for me, but that he should never dare show Missa Bélo his face again, and that off he should go to the woods and never come back, and so on, trying to move me.

It is a very strange sort of chasm; a split seems to have taken place in the rock, walls of which rise perfectly straight on either side only a few feet apart, and the descent is awfully steep; but by going very slowly and carefully, and pressing to the sides my hands and arms, by which sometimes one has to swing, I managed pretty well. Towards the bottom, where the rocks became a little broken, great thick natural ropes of creepers hung across, and with the aid of these I swung down several places that, without them, would otherwise have stopped me, and I am sure I never could have climbed back. Afi came down behind me, beseeching me with great earnestness, and very queer English, to take care. Towards the bottom of this wild cliff I found a very lovely fern, different from any I ever saw elsewhere, and I had to put myself, much to the surprise of my faithful guide, into the most astonishing attitude, jamming myself tight with my back against one wall and my feet against the other, that I might gather some of the fronds, which I took safely to the bottom, though rather mangled. (Which fronds were afterwards carefully laid in paper, and pressed between two cheeses at Berrill's store, as being the heaviest and flattest things I could lay my hands on; and there, unfortunately, they were left.) I arrived at the bottom safe and entire, excepting only my hands and elbows, several pieces of which were left on divers ragged points of rock in the descent. I was in a terrible state of heat when I did get down this passage, but Afi very soon found some coco-nuts, from which I drank before we descended the rest of the mountain. I sat for some little time looking at the chasm, which is called by-the-by *Makamahihi*, thinking what an idiot I was to come down such a break-neck place, with no reward for my pains but the knowledge that I had been a greater fool than others of my nation who have been in the island. We had a very charming walk home, for my guide was very entertaining; but oh, Afi, Afi, I fear your conversation is not improving!

We arrived again in Nieafu in the afternoon, the rest of which I have spent most delightfully with Berrill in his store, learning much of the place and the people. It must be a terrible thing for a man of Berrill's tastes to be so completely isolated, for there is hardly a white man in the place with whom he can much care to associate. He, as most assuredly should I, prefers the natives, for they are certainly gentlefolks, which is more than can be said for the Europeans.

Besides which he is so much loved by the people, and is, too, a man of consideration amongst them, being a chief in his own right, having been adopted many years ago into one of the great Tongan aristocratic families. I could see this; for natives are coming in all day long to the store, and their manners, affectionate yet respectful, show it. It is interesting to see them select the most suitable colours for their *valas;* black has been, for some unknown reason, very fashionable amongst them lately, but is now going out a little. Very many of the girls wear wreaths and garlands woven with the greatest taste, and these they present to you with great grace and some fun; one charming creature gave me a sort of necklace from her neck, woven of her own dusky locks. (I have it now, romantic thought, crammed in a pill-box!) At these stores copra is bought for oil making, where it is packed away for transmission to England, and for this dried coco-nut kernel, which the men and women are bringing in all day long in baskets, they receive so many cents the pound, which they immediately expend in goods, sometimes at the store where they have sold their copra, but sometimes at the opposition one if they are offended in any way. Young men and maidens come in together, carrying the heavy basket between them, and the two then have long conversations as to how they shall expend the receipts.

They are a romantic people, as they should be to carry out the ideal aspect of the place. Berrill has told me a pretty story to-day—how that many years ago a chief in Vavau with his people planned an insurrection against their governor, who was so terrible a tyrant that their lives were miserable beneath his rule. This plot was treacherously revealed to the governor, who ordered the chief and all his family to be taken out to sea in a scuttled canoe and there left to sink. Among the number thus condemned was a beautiful young girl, who would have been drowned with the rest had not a young chief in Vavau determined to rescue her, he having secretly loved her long. This young man had some time before been out at sea fishing for turtle off the island of Hoonga, which lies a little way to the south of Vavau, after one of which he dived, and, following it through a passage of rock, rose into a great cave that rises forty or fifty feet above the level of the water, the only entrance to which is six or seven feet below the surface. To this safe retreat, known only to himself, the young chief determined to lead the girl, and, making his purpose of rescue known to her, she managed to escape to the woods, where they hid till night-time, when he led her to a lonely beach, where he had a canoe lying. Into this they stepped and paddled off to Hoonga, and he related his intention of hiding her there until they could together escape to Fiji. No doubt he felt sure that she would go with him, for gratitude had quickly turned to love, and she was as willing to go as he to take her. Reaching the great hollow rock, he dived, and she following closely rose into the sheltering cavern, where were necessaries that he had brought there at different times. In the early morning he left his love and returned to Vavau, that no suspicions might arise, but when again the friendly night fell he hurried away to his retreat, taking mats and food and everything that was wanted. This went on for a long time, their only sorrow being that at daylight they must always part, until the lover had prepared a great canoe and loaded it with provisions, and told his people that he and they would go away to Fiji, and thus escape the tyrant that ruled them in Vavau. They agreed, but urged him to take a Tongan wife; he said that he would find one on the way; they, not understanding him, at his command put silently to sea. When close to the rock at Hoonga he stopped them and told them that now he would find a wife, and dived from the canoe. Imagine their surprise when he had been down a long time, and they had thought him drowned, to see him rise, and not alone, for with him was a beauteous sea maiden. The canoe arrived safely in Fiji, where they lived, perfectly happily I hope, until in a few years the tyrant of Vavau died, when they all returned to their own land and their own people. Is not that a charming little story of love and devotion, and their reward?

Berrill told me all about this cavern, which is large and lofty, and the roof all carved and fretted with rich work of stalactites. The light is reflected from the sea bottom through the passage. I did not go to Hoonga, and even though I had, I am quite convinced I never could have entered the cave, not being such a merman as these Tongans are. The passage is jagged and rough, and in going in all that you have to guide you is the light that catches the heels of your guide; of course coming out it is easier.

Before I leave Vavau I must write of one more day I passed there—I almost think the happiest I ever spent. We arranged last night to go riding to-day all across the island, so this morning we were in the sea as the sun rose out of it, determined not to be late. I can never help writing of the exquisite balmy freshness of these early mornings, when still the grass and flowers are wet with dew, although I know how utterly

I fail in conveying any idea of their inexpressible beauty; the air is sweet and cool; flowers and birds and everything seem to awaken together to fresh life and fresh beauty; and one seems to breathe a spirit of happiness with each breath that is commensurate with the loveliness everywhere around. The distance is veiled with a light silvery haze that hides—one knows not what of glory, and the mountain tops and the far off isles are blue and mystic. But this one phase of its beauty is fleeting; wait only till the sun has gained one half-hour of power, and everything, though lovely still, is changed.

Shortly after an early breakfast Berrill's two horses were brought up, and we saddled them ourselves, as it is a risky thing to leave the divers bits of rope and string, that often take the place of straps, to anyone else. We were joined by Stodart from the schooner, and some boy that he knows here, and we mounted and were away. Directly I begin to write anything about this exquisite island I feel my enthusiasm rise, and I have most strongly to repress it, as I know not where I should stop if once I let it get the better of me. The ride to-day could not well be surpassed; we started through the pretty native town of brown houses and entered upon a broad path, bordered as usual with stately palms. Every now and then you see some of the trees with a rough piece of mat tied round the trunks, which shows that they are tabooed for some reason, and no one may gather the nuts. After a man dies I believe it is a general thing to taboo his trees for a time, perhaps that he may have food the first year in Bolutu, whilst his crop is growing there.

Wherever the turf is worn away the road is seen to be of a deep rich red, for the soil is volcanic, and this forms a charming contrast with the bright and varying green all round. Yams, *talo,* and bananas are planted, and these, with the other fruits that this prolific soil and lovely climate produce in teeming profusion, are enough to feed the whole population. Fowl and pigeon are common enough on the land, and fish is abundant in the sea; can one be astonished, therefore, that this people are idle, and little inclined to labour for luxuries they do not require? As we rode along these green glades our cavalcade looked quite picturesque,—all the men in white clothes, broad shady hats, and bright coloured scarves round the waist; everybody here wears this sort of *cummerbund,* for, being lightly clad, it is advisable to have something on to prevent the sudden and dangerous chills that one would otherwise take.

Berrill and I rode together, and the two others were cantering on in front or often lingering behind, as innumerable accidents happened to them in the way of buckles and straps becoming unfastened, whips dropping, hats blowing off, and so on. When going at a good pace you have constantly to stoop down almost to the level of your horse, or you would be unable to pass under the low arching leaves of the young coco-palms; a blow from one of their solid centre ribs would knock you from your saddle. We passed through several quiet-looking villages, with the houses grouped charmingly beneath large trees and sheltering in their shade, with great groves of orange trees planted all about, and grand trees of the banyan tribe growing above them. For two hours we rode thus along these lovely paths, sometimes up and down hills so steep that ordinary horses would scarcely have ventured on them; one of these seems fixed in my memory in the manner that some scenes are. It is a steep decline, very moist and muddy, for it is so sheltered by the trees that scarce a sun ray can reach the ground, save here and there in a few patches of intense brilliancy. The trees on either side the pathway are great dark-leaved glossy shaddocks, and from the gloom hang down the grand orbs of their fruit; in the moist ground most delicate and filmy ferns thrive, and strange and gracious growths; and there in the sunlight, where the avenue is broken, is Berrill turning round, one hand on his horse's back, calling me to come on. Riding thus we reached a place where a white man lives, and here we rested in a little mat-lined room, and tried to get cool, and here too we regaled ourselves on a great pile of most delicious oranges that the native women about the place sent in. These Vavau oranges are delightful; they are a dark rich green in colour, and as the skin, which is rather thick, contains a very acrid secretion, the women take a knife, and, different from us, remove all the outside skin by peeling *away* from themselves, instead of towards themselves as we do. This leaves the orange with only the white covering, the top of which they cut away, and you have a sort of bag full of the most delicious juice.

From this place we walked to the *Liku,* as the eastward part of the island is called, our little host himself acting as guide for the mile that lay between his house and the shore. We were ascending slightly all the way, and emerged from the bush where the light was dimmed by the thick growth of the trees, into the full light of day, on to a great cliff that rose a couple of hundred feet above the sounding sea.

The great cliff that towers above the beach sweeps in a grand curve boldly to the north and south, the far distance being hidden in a mist of heat and reef-broken spray. The cliff is of a white and dazzling rock, save where in places it is covered with the beautiful vegetation that clings to every cranny and lives on every ledge; at the foot of this lies a broad margin of golden sand covered with huge stones and boulders, detached from the heights above, and great rocks fantastically shaped, sometimes arched, through which one catches strange glimpses of the sea; generally round the feet of these rocks are clear pools, left by the tide in the hollows its waves have made in the sand. Beyond this golden bar lies a stretch of shallow sea, of tints as varied and as bright as pearl, then a line of white heaving surf dashing upon the barrier of the reef, and then, beyond it all, the broad blue expanse of the open Pacific. My friend and I had scrambled somewhat higher than the rest, mutually wishing to be apart from them; where we stood, facing seawards, in the tall herbage, was an old deserted Tongan burial-place, surrounded, as they invariably are, with great sad *casuarina* trees, their sweeping boughs and tassel-like foliage, which sheltered the tombs, seeming to close us in. I always think these old native grave-yards are very beautiful; there is an evident care about them, which speaks of the regard for the dead still felt by the living, that mutely touches one. They are sanded and kept clear of wild weeds, and all the tombs are beautified and marked with a layer of small black stones, bright shells, and coral. In some islands of the group, where no stones are found, the mourners of the lately dead repair to the volcanoes, Kao or Tofao, where they, amidst the ashes on its shore, and sometimes amongst the very smoke that rises from the living fires at the summit, seek these pebbles for their graves.

From the height of the cliff on which we stood a sort of narrow pathway creeps zigzag to the shore, and down this I said I should go. Berrill, poor old boy, was too done up to come; I left him — it almost seemed an omen—resting amidst the graves, and the others would not risk the descent, so down I went alone. The water in the sunny shallows was so hot that one hardly would believe that anything could live in it, and yet every little pool was swarming with life; a little farther out I found the deeper water refreshing and almost cool. I waded out wearing nothing but a broad brimmed hat, which floated on the surface when I dived beneath it to visit for a time the home of the corals. How bright they are one scarce would credit; some are dazzling white, some have their branches tipped with brilliant blue, and others are yellow and purple and red; then there are madrepores, and a thousand gorgeous zoophytes, that make the water glow with every tint and every hue of terrestrial flowers, all these last living and waving their slender arms in the clear warm water. Then there are gay fish, lustrous with seeming gold and bright enamel, and I would give anything to be able to describe them, but describe them I cannot. Returning to the land, with my feet a little sore from walking on the coral, I dressed myself,—a thing of little difficulty here, only two thin garments to put on,—in the shadow of a great white rock, and, scrambling up the cliffs, I found Berrill waiting for me, the others having gone on ahead; he and I returned alone.

[I shall never forget that last walk we had together; every tree almost is impressed upon my memory by something that he told me of its virtues or its uses. It was a drowsy afternoon, and everything lay basking in the radiance of the light and the fulness of the heat; only the grasshopper "chirred"—all else was silent; and great lazy butterflies floated by, their beauty and their slowness both their safeguards. No cloudlet marred the blue perfection of the sky; no breeze there was to stir the lightest leaf upon the trees; all nature seemed to sleep, and we alone to dream.]

Before we reached the houses we heard the *too-too* of the *tappa* makers, and entering the open place of the village saw eight or ten women at one great tree trunk, each with her strip of white cloth before her, all beating away upon them in perfect time. They had boys at either end, who were vigorously beating the trunk in a sort of cross time, making a queer resonant music. A huge piece of the finished *gnatoo* was being painted by a woman with the rich patterns with which they decorate it, in the deep browns and black of their native dyes. By the side of these native women, a little way off, the young men were playing a game the name of which I forget, which consists, as far as I could discover, in throwing, in turns, a small disc of coco-nut shell down a long level mat, each side trying to knock the discs of the other off the mat. After watching both the work and the play for some little time, we returned to where we had tethered our horses, and found that our host had prepared some refreshment for us, of which the coffee that we drank was native grown. Very good I found everything but the sentiments of the man himself; he looks upon the natives as created—he said so—especially for the benefit and behoof of us noble white men; they are to be used by us in every way as servants and as purchasers of our rubbishy goods.

We are to make money by them, and then, their mission here being ended, "the Almighty will sweep off from the face of the earth these wretched savages, and we shall assume their inheritance." No white man, he went on to say, can possibly be wrong in a dispute with them, and no Tongan ever right in a dispute with us. Both Berrill and I waxed very wroth at this, rather an exhausting process with the thermometer at 90° in the shade. I fear almost that my indignation got the better of my coherence when I told him what I thought on the subject. Just think of a low blackguard like this (oranges and coffee notwithstanding, I will say it), living upon a people as he does, sponging upon them for everything he has, selling them goods at three times their probable value, thrusting himself into their beautiful country, and enjoying all its advantages, daring to speak in this manner. I wish I had given him a dollar when I left his house—I should then feel no qualms in attacking him; as it is, I will say nothing more about him.

From there we rode off again to a charming village, Lé Matua by name—which being interpreted means, I believe, Whale's Tooth—to see some native friends of Berrill, who expected our visit. The road to it is but a narrow pathway, along which we rode in single file, through the bush as usual; the trees are covered with magnificent creepers falling from the boughs in splendid festoons of green; they are just beginning to flower again, and shortly will be one mass of bloom. I rode slowly with Berrill, who was out of breath with one or two quick spins that we had had; the other two had gone ahead, but we caught them up in a mile or two, as they, not being great horsemen, had been stopped by the fence at the entrance to the village. We jumped it, but the sorry hacks of the boys had to scramble over it as best they might. We found the *fale* of Berrill's friends all swept and garnished ready to receive us, and at the entrance some boys took our horses from us and tethered them safely at a distance.

The women were weaving wreaths and *cessis* of leaves, flowers, and scented seeds, for our decoration; they have very great taste in arranging flowers. I wish I could have preserved a lovely wreath of white single gardenias and purple seeds that one of the girls made and hung round me. The floor was littered with bright blossoms, which the women swept aside for us to sit beside them. Knowing that we were coming, our hosts had sent out for the prettiest girls in the place to come to entertain us, and it was one of the brightest home scenes I ever witnessed to see these lovely girls weave their wreaths and present them to us. Some of them, the weaving finished, came and sat close by to fan us, or to make their little cigarettes for those that wished; others prepared a bowl of delicious orange *kava*, while the mistress of the house went out to the oven to prepare the feast. How lovely some of these girls are I fear I cannot tell, or how sweet their manners and their liquid words.

> "Dusky like night, but night with all her stars.
> . . . . . .
> With eyes that were a language and a spell,
> A form like Aphrodite's in her shell."

The master of the house, an old gray man, talked much with Berrill, who says that he has always found him, all the years he had been in Tonga, a trusty and a faithful friend. He is, he says, a man of great understanding and of noble thoughts, a keen intellect, and a kindly heart. His old eyes are growing dim now, and are much inflamed, and he asked me if I could give him anything to do them good. I prescribed a lotion of borax, which Berrill said he would get if in any way possible, though he feared there was none in the island.

This old man had both his little fingers missing from his hands, and, asking how it occurred, Berrill told me of the following curious custom. Years ago, when the old gods of Tonga still received credence, and when the chiefs themselves were almost considered as such, it was the custom, if a great man were ill, for his relatives to offer up, as a sort of voluntary sacrifice to the gods, one or more joints of their little fingers. This custom was called *tootoo nima,* the meaning of *tootoo* being to cut, and *nima* number five. The old men say that the operation was not very painful; a sharp stone was placed beneath the finger with its edge just where the division was wanted, and a heavy blow being given with another stone, the thing was done. The very roughness of the operation stopped much loss of blood, and the stump soon healed. It was generally done to children. In case of the sickness, in former times, of very great persons, this was not considered sufficient to mollify the enraged gods, and children were sacrificed by strangling for a propitiation. It must be remembered that all ills in this life were considered as punishments sent by the gods for evil actions; they were not then debased enough to have invented an eternal future one, and it was thought by these poor savages that these innocent lives offered up might be an atonement for their sins.

While we had been talking the banquet was being cooked, and when ready, the women entered with fresh green banana leaves, which they spread upon the floor, and smaller pieces were handed to each of us for plates. Yams and *taro* were the chief vegetables, and with the fowls they served baked sweet bananas, a strange but very good mixture. The family did not join us, the young boys waiting on us, and the pretty girls continuing to fan us all the time to keep away the flies; and when we had finished, a wooden bowl of pure water was handed round for us to wash our hands in, a necessary sequence to a Polynesian feast.

Before we left, the chief lady of the house presented me with a most beautifully made comb of her own manufacture as a sort of souvenir. The Tongan women have always been celebrated for their works of art; they have always been held in greater respect than with most savage races, and were never expected to work as hard as the men; they therefore had always leisure time for such productions. These combs are sometimes a foot long, and are formed of long teeth made from the mid-rib of the coco-palm leaf, woven together with hair or fine thread in beautiful designs. I hope that I shall be able to return here from Samoa; if I do I shall certainly accept the invitation that these charming people gave me to visit them, and which Berrill says they really mean.

It was beginning to be evening when we mounted to return—a most lovely evening, and the view we had of the island, for Lé Matua stands high and very open, was beautiful in the extreme. All the inhabitants turned out to call their *ofas* after us, and many of them flung their wreaths and *cessis* to us as we passed. How delighted they were—I was pleased to see it—when Berrill cleared the fence at the village entrance with a bound, and neither my horse nor the others would face it. They like everything that Missa Bélo does to be best. We had a lovely ride back to Nieafu in the evening's cool; indeed we did not get in until long after the short twilight had faded and the glorious starlight night was upon us. How we galloped along the dim paths, stooping low to escape the overhanging boughs that rustled as we passed!

When we two came into Nieafu, Stodart and his friend being in advance and going off together, we found the native town in places bright with firelight; there had been a great shark hunt, and now the people were feasting on the flesh. They charm the sharks with a strange wild song, which they sing in chorus from their canoes, and the fish, hearing, ascends and is caught. A missionary some short time since remonstrated with them for this practising of wicked witchcraft, which he denounced as being useless, as well as savouring of the devil; whereupon his audience said that if he would go with them some time, they would convince him of the power of their charm. So out they paddled him silently, and no shark was seen, until at last they chanted altogether their song, and almost at once the black fin showed.

The end of our ride found me quite fresh, but my friend is terribly exhausted with the day's exertions; he came in bathed in perspiration, so after dinner, which neither of us wanted, I made him lie still in a hammock, while I sat by him in the verandah. We have talked much and solemnly this last night of meeting, and only an hour or so ago Berrill was saying, with a sad little smile, that he was one of those, he thought, whom the gods love best. I tried to laugh it off, and said it was not true, but his hollow cough gives me the lie. The night is still, not a breeze to rustle the lightest spray of the dense foliage around us; the moon is at its full, and every leaf of the tall palm grove is sharply shown against the luminous sky. Through the black tree trunks here and there we can look down upon the moonlit sea, where, motionless, lies—a black speck on its silver—a solitary canoe and fisherman; nothing moves save for an instant perhaps, when a noiseless flying fox flits athwart the sky, and we too have grown silent in accord with all around us. Suddenly from the shadow in front of the house rises the weird pathetic music of the native *fango-fango,* breaking softly on the silence of the night. Short and sad are the airs they play, in plaintive keys, with strange odd intervals; and the music dies away so softly, as the one deep breath of the player grows scant, that one scarce can tell when perfect silence takes the place of sound; as each sweet phrase draws to its gentle close, one almost holds one's breath to catch its last faint accents.

It was a Tongan poet who came this perfect night to serenade his friend. I think I never heard anything that charmed me more than this token—a slight but very touching one—of their regard for him. When the music ended I ran out to the front, where, amongst the oleanders, I found the white-draped figure of the musician. Such a splendid fellow, one of the finest Tongans I have seen, with regular features, lustrous eyes, and a magnificent muscular figure; he is one of their very finest performers, and is poet and musician in one; his broad deep chest is admirably suited for playing upon the *kofi,* for the entire air is completed in one breath. The *fango-fango,* as the nose-flute is called, is formed of one piece of bamboo, stopped at either end with the natural joints; they are of varying size—this one was about sixteen inches long and two in diameter; there are four holes along the top and one underneath. They blow, taking a very deep breath, into the end hole with one nostril, tightly closing the other with one finger, and all the notes seemed to me to be formed by the strength of the blowing, as the fingering is not intricate.

Berrill's serenader is a thorough musician, producing wonderful effects by plugging different holes with bits of *tappa*. He had a companion with him, and I brought both of them into the verandah, where Berrill gave the musician two little Jew's harps, whose shrill tones he changed to mellowness by wrapping a thread round the tongue of each, and the music that he produced from those miserable things was marvellous. The tunes of course were native, and very beautiful, I thought. He could play two harps at once, holding one to his mouth, which he played with a finger, and the other one held in his teeth, which he played with his tongue, and the effect was astounding. Afterwards he and his friend played a duet, snapping their fingers as a sort of rude accompaniment, the chief musician introducing a strange variation by playing the instrument with his tongue; and placing his hollowed hands over his mouth, he slowly opened and closed them, which made the sound to swell and then to die away, as though it were miles distant. I have asked the musician what I can send him from Samoa, and Berrill tells me that the one thing for which his soul pines is a large brass Jew's harp, which he cannot get in Vavau. I have promised to get it him if I can possibly find one in Samoa.

It was almost midnight when they went away, and now the house is quiet as I sit writing in my room; all the others are asleep. Across the harbour the moon is sinking behind the night-dark hills, yet there are still some serenaders lingering, lover-poets, with their soft-tuned *kofis*, making sweet music to their loves; and I am full of regret that to-morrow I must leave this enchanted isle. Never have I loved a place so well, never have I met with greater kindness, and never have I found a truer friend than here. No people that I have ever lived amongst have I found so kindly, hospitable, and good as these simple Tongan folk. How strange and dreamlike in after times, when I am home, will seem this sojourn here. Shall I always remember, I wonder, this beauty now around me, or will its scenes gradually and by degrees fade completely from my memory? I trust not, but hope that it

"· . . . Still will keep
A quiet bower for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

Good-night, good-night; I am so weary, completely tired out, that I cannot write more; besides it will soon be day, and I have arrived at the poetry-quoting stage, which is a sign that it is time for me to go to my mat and fall asleep.

Next morning at sunrise we were aboard the schooner; I have walked my last on Tongan soil, as we are sailing straight for Samoa, the Navigator Islands. How sorry I am I cannot say; all that I hope is that I can manage to return.

Berrill accompanied us some way down the harbour, and we landed him at last on a narrow strip of sand beneath a grove of palms. He stood there in the early morning sunshine waving his hand and calling *Ofa, ofa,* "Farewell, love," until a tall and rocky headland that we rounded hid him from our sight.

[This picture of him, clad in white, standing there, straw hat in hand, his bright face smiling, and the breeze just lifting the short curls of his hair, is the last my memory has of him. I never saw him again. I had afterwards one or two sad letters from him, the last to tell me that he had completely broken down in health, and that he wrote to say "Good-bye." And then one Sunday night after I had returned, when the windows of the great church had turned that deep deep blue they gain as the night sets in, and when gloom had fallen in the aisles amongst the lofty arches, I heard that he was dead. I was standing in the emptied porchway looking out into the quiet sky, where, "in that green light that lingers in the west," the thin silver rim of the crescent moon was floating, and thinking of the glorious night that was falling in those islands so many weary leagues away. In the dim chancel the organist was playing the glorious music of the *Stabat Mater* on the grand and sweet-toned organ, as a friend of Berrill's family, who had searched me out, came up and told me the whole sad story — how he had at last with frightful rapidity grown worse, and had determined to leave Vavau in search of medical aid; but the disease made such rapid strides that he was unable to find it; and one hot night at sea, attended only by his faithful Tongan friend and nurse, he passed quietly away to where disease is not. They told me that the sea received him—not all of him, not the him I loved—only his beautiful body: his lovelier part I shall meet again and know, I trust, "when the sea gives up her dead."]

CHAPTER VI.

SAMOA.

SINCE my last entry we have had a lively time on board the schooner, as we have been nine entire days in reaching Samoa, instead of three at most, as we ought to have been. The day we left Nieafu was such a calm that we only just cleared the harbour, and all the next night we scarcely made any progress. This was very annoying, as we might as well have stayed in Vavau as have sailed only to lie just off the group for a day or two. The dreaded day that was foretold for the hurricane passed off in perfect calm, with only a thunderstorm at night, which I found an uncomfortable proceeding, as I was completely wet through before I knew that I was awake. For two days we had these wonderfully heavy storms of rain, which are the most trying things that can happen during a cruise in so small a schooner as this, for there is no accommodation in the cabin, and it is miserable to be on deck. Had the crew known that I had "bones" aboard, they would have put all this contrary weather down to their evil influence, and would have insisted upon their being thrown overboard, as a sort of dried-up Jonah. The skipper foreseeing this, and being a man of sense, had told me to smuggle them on board; so I packed the Tongan scull that Berrill gave me at parting—cheerful gift—in a large box of oranges from my favourite tree, and the other rattling fragments in smaller packages, and brought them safe and unobserved to the cabin.

Remember this—be guided by "one that knows," and let any one who may be going for a cruise in the Pacific be warned against taking in coral as ballast. We took in a quantity at Nieafu—more is the pity; the lucifer-match smell of it is bad enough, but the countless millions of cold and clammy flies that you get with it are a thousand times worse. They are indescribably disgusting—dozens of them on you at once, and no escape possible. From daybreak to sunset they are on the rampage, whole battalions of them doing their morning drill upon your hands and face when you awake, and all day long you have half a dozen at each eye and ear and nostril till you are almost frantic. I, being of a poetic and inventive mind, have improvised a species of cage, or crinoline, which I have covered with bright green muslin from the ship's stores, taken out most probably for the heart's delight and adornment of some dusky maiden; and beneath this bower I engauzed and enshrouded myself, hoping thus to escape. Oh deluded youth! remember man is born to disappointment. I generally found myself worse off than before, as usually some treacherous or Judas-flies managed to get in with me, and I never could get them out.

Most days we had good fun with shark fishing, and caught many of those very simple-minded fish. They really deserved to be caught for being foolish enough to swallow such very—even to ordinary piscine intellect, which we are told is none of the highest—palpable hooks as we ensnared them with. One morning we had five or six following us, and caught two at once; if we had hooked a third I firmly believe the schooner would have been pulled the other way, or at least brought to a standstill. The lazy way they swim through the water would lead you to think they cannot go fast, but let them only see a bit of pork and their speed as they dart at it is really astonishing. It is very easy to get bait; all we have to do is to move the wash-hand basin from the harness cask, which is lashed to the steps at the break of the poop, and, holding our noses firmly, make a dive for a piece of meat. Billy Mustard, the mate, being of a dyspeptic and soured nature, not liking to see us enjoying ourselves in this innocent manner, informed the skipper that we were consuming the ship's provisions at a terrible rate, and was told for his pains not to be a fool, and to go to blazes. (This is a feeble transcript of the forcible original.)

A truly great mind is alway fertile of resources of amusement, so one afternoon, having nothing else to do, I determined to go "forrad" and have my hair cut, as ever since I have been in the tropics it has grown at thirty Mrs.-S.-A.-Allen-power. I placed myself under the hands of Tom, who is reported to be very good at the shears. The chief charm of the performance lay in its excitement, for as we were rolling heavily there was a very good chance of having one's ear clipped off. I seated myself on an overturned bucket, just behind the galley, and hung on to a rope to keep myself upright; Tom was behind me armed with a huge pair of scissors that the cook has produced from somewhere, and every time that the roll of the schooner sent me backwards Tom made a peck at me with his shears and snipped a lump of hair off. I received a good many prods and stabs in the back of my neck during the proceedings; but in time, about an hour and a half, most of my hair was off and lying on the deck around me, except such of it as had gone down the neck of my shirt. Derisive cheers and laughter greeted me when I came aft. Gilbert, offering consolation, says it is not so *very* bad, but a trifle capricious—as indeed I feel it is.

We passed Boscawen and Keppel Islands one day; the former is a large volcano, which looks just like Kao, only it is not so large. Now that is what I call a clear and explicit description, and one which I hope is understood. Boscawen has no inhabitants, but Keppel has a few. In former days they owed allegiance to Tonga, but in these degenerate times I do not know whose they call themselves, and I do not suppose it matters much. On the masthead one night a fire-ball appeared, which disturbed even the skipper, it is such a dread portent; two, they say, are, on the contrary, very lucky. How I do bless these sailors' superstitions. For one or two nights lately, when I have been sleeping on deck, I have been roused by Johnny or Tom or Charley, who, leaving the wheel for a moment, come and poke me in the ribs to wake me up, and say, "You're sleeping full in the moonlight, and your face 'ull be all crooked if you don't mind;" which they so firmly believe that they will not be satisfied till I have moved my rug into the shadow; and then, probably when we are on the other tack, it all happens over again. On one occasion Johnny bore down on me and woke me by saying, "You wouldn't believe me, and now you've done it this time; your face is all drawed of a side." I must have been going through some marvellous contortions in my slumber, for my sweet smile—I feel assured that I smiled, though it was the second time that he had aroused me that night—was perfectly straight when I spoke to him.

For three whole days the land was in sight, and we could not get in—such a continuance of head winds, contrary currents, and perverse swells I never came across. It is annoying. I can understand and pity poor Vanderdecken, who, some years ago, used very strong language on a somewhat similar occasion. I had written a farewell letter, and was just preparing a Guinness's-Dublin-Stout bottle in which to send it home, when the wind veered slightly and gave me fresh hopes. All last night was sweet with the scent of the flowers off the land. I have read about perfumed breezes in books, but always considered the statement a purely poetic license; but the land breezes about Samoa seem to verify the statement. I thought I could recognise the scent of the *pandanus*, which grows so frequently on these shores, across the nine or ten miles of sea; but although these perfumed breezes were so delicious, they were keeping us from land.

This morning, heaven be praised, when I came on deck I found the wind was favourable, and at about ten o'clock we were lying safely anchored off Apia, the principal town of Upolu, one of the two largest of the Samoan islands,—such a beautiful place, quite unlike any other that I have been in; it consists of really great mountains that rise to a height of more than 4000 feet; they lie a long way back from the sea, one green hill rising behind another until the great central mountains are reached. All are forest-covered, and everywhere the growth is luxuriant, save in some few precipitous places where the gray rock is exposed, rugged and grand. Far away up amongst the hills falls a thin silver thread, which they tell me is a great cascade, and this forms the rapid little river that runs into the sea some short way up the beach, and which is in great demand for the water-ing of ships. I shall try to reach the waterfall, but I am told that it is a long way off. Apia looks from the sea a much larger place than I expected or hoped to find it; there are one or two churches, and a row of houses and buildings, all placed amongst the trees; there is, too, some shipping lying here, and a couple of gunboats to protect the European interests in the island.

Directly we were anchored in the harbour we were boarded by a whole crowd of natives and of white men too, the latter all clamouring for provisions, of which, I am sorry to say for Gilbert's sake, we have but little left. It is a very risky business bringing a cargo of goods to these places, because another trader may have come here just before you and stocked the market, when all you have left to do is to take your goods much further afield, or sell them at very reduced prices.

Stodart has been telling me for some days of a Samoan here in Apia, named Leapai, who from all accounts must be a very delightful person. This said man came on board one of the very first, having paddled out to meet us in his little canoe. He is a magnificent looking fellow, over six feet in height, with a handsome face and charming expression, and seemed truly pleased to see Stodart again, as well he might. He invited him, and me too, to go to his house this evening. Besides being such a splendid specimen of a Samoan, he speaks English well, and I foresee much curious and interesting talk with him. He tells us that the civil war is still raging between the Old Party and the King Party, as the different factions are called, and that there seems as little chance of settlement of it now as ever there was.

After much talk with many people, Samoans and whites, I have at last arrived at what I believe is a correct knowledge of their differences, and this is it in short. For very many generations all Samoa was governed by one dynasty, the Tupooa family, and under them the country throve, until unfortunately Samoa was invaded by the Tongans, who were seemingly gaining ground, till there arose a great Samoan chief who conquered them and drove them back. The descendants of this man, who claimed and exercised a partial sovereignty, are the present chiefs of the so-called King Party, and between them and the adherents of the Old Royal Party war has raged for forty or fifty years. There is a constant fighting going on in Savaii, the largest island of the group, which is far wilder than any of the others, but whether the cause of war there is the same as it is here I cannot find out. There is, I think, a true love of fighting inherent in the Samoan nature, and to indulge this taste the war is kept up. I do not mean to say that Samoans are as a rule exceedingly brave or fond of risking their lives in warfare; but the desire of gaining a head, to do which is the chief ambition of a young Samoan's life, is so great, and the thoughts of strutting before the admiring women as a great warrior is so delightful, that sooner than not have the chance of so doing they will fight. There seems to be almost a morbid desire for notoriety, if not fame, among the men of this people, and it is this feeling that has prompted them in times past to commit many atrocious and cruel acts, and this is still a great influence amongst them. A number of the Old Party will sally out and perhaps surprise a town or village of the King's Party, and, rushing in upon the sleeping place, will seize and hack off the heads of as many men as they can slay, and run off through the night to where their canoes lie on the beach. The women are always spared. Paddling back to their camp or fortress, these heads will be presented to their chief, and every man that has one of these gory trophies is elevated to the rank of a hero, and is belauded and admired as such. The heads, if numerous, are placed in a heap in the *malai* or central square of the village, with that of the greatest chief put at the top. After some time for preparation, the aggrieved King Party will descend upon the Old Party's town for revenge, and so the thing goes on. Fortunately for the perpetuity of the race these raids are not frequent, and the head of some old man that they surround, or of some lad whom they surprise, is often all that they gain. The women, having relations and lovers on both sides, pass freely from one party to the other, and as they manage to convey intelligence of any threatened attack, the enemy is generally prepared, or, if not prepared, then absent. The great aim of any victorious party is to destroy the village of the conquered one, and to hew down their coco-palms and bread-fruit trees, thus leaving them no means of support. I did not, as may be supposed, gain all this information from Leapai there and then, but afterwards in Apia from many people.

Here, I am sorry to say, my voyage in the *Caledonia* ends, for my passage was only taken to Samoa, so this morning I took my baggage ashore and moved to an ugly wooden erection that faces the sea, and that they call an hotel. It is partly built out over the water, which is an advantage, as one generally gets a cool breeze in the verandah. I am sorry to leave the old schooner—I see her now in the moonlight as I write, riding lightly on the water—after so very many weeks spent happily upon her. Fortunately I am not landed quite solitary in this place, for Gilbert has come ashore with me, and I shall doubtless often see Stodart, though I expect it will be the same here as elsewhere—I shall be with the natives as much as possible and shun all people of my own colour.

The Samoans are as fine a race as the Tongans, if not finer, and are very much the same colour and physique. The men are amiable and cheerful-looking, and the women certainly are very pretty, and most pleasant to talk to. The language is unfortunately not the same as Tongan, so my stock of that language is not of much service to me, although some of the words are very much alike. It is soft and liquid, as are all the Polynesian languages. The men are most splendidly tattoed, from below the knee up the whole thigh as high as the navel, with very beautiful designs, and the back is most elegantly ornamented. The dark blue of the tattoo on their rich brown skin looks strikingly well,—indeed, any man without it looks somehow naked, whereas a tattoed Samoan with nothing on looks really as though he were clothed. King George of Tonga has strictly prohibited it amongst his people,—why, I don't know; but still some Tongans come up to Samoa to undergo the operation, which is considered to add so much to their beauty. The men wear their hair in the most extraordinary fashions, sometimes very long and done up in large knots at the side or back or top of the head; others are completely shaved, except for a sort of ridge two inches high down the centre; and others with perhaps just a tuft in front only. The women mostly have their hair cut rather short, and it stands erect in a sort of halo round their heads; it is curly and very elastic to the touch, and in it they generally place some bright and beautiful flower. It is not the women only who wear flowers: I saw many young men with crimson hybiscus stuck jauntily behind the ear, as one sometimes sees the men in Venice wear a flower. I noticed many, too, with single petals of flowers stuck on their cheeks. I do not know whether this queer decoration is a regular custom, or whether they were put on for some special occasion or game. I am glad to see here this universal love of flowers: the women nearly all have wreaths somewhere about them—round their necks or waists, or anywhere they can put them. Like the Tongan women they wear a petticoat to the knees, and besides this a missionary-imposed garment, called a *tiputa*, that is made of a strip of cloth, with a hole in the centre for the head to go through, so that the ends hang down in front and behind, forming a sort of sleeveless jacket open at the sides. A good many of the women and children paint their faces with any bright colour that they can get; this, it must be said, does not improve their appearance.

I have not actually *done* very much since I arrived here this morning,—that, perhaps, is hardly very necessary when one finds oneself in a new country with everything fresh around one; but I did go to call on the British Consul here, Mr. Hicks Graves, soon after I landed, and found him a very pleasant man,—of the kind that one would never expect to find in a place like this, and where, although he most certainly does the work well and conscientiously, yet he seems so terribly out of place; not caring to associate with the whites of Apia, he has, perforce, to live a very solitary life. One can think how glad he is when a visitor comes to the island with whom he can talk of home and home-doings. It was very hot, and he asked me to go with him and have a swim. I was glad of the chance, and we walked through the town all along the beach to the little river I spoke of before. The bathing-place lies away in the bush, which is very beautiful and of quite a different character from others that I have seen. The whole island is so hot and moist that everything grows with the greatest luxuriance and vigour; the forest trees are very grand, and are matted together with most graceful creepers. Everywhere are the loveliest ferns; some there are that cover thick the ground, others that clothe the tree-trunks with soft green leafage; some ferns that are trees themselves, and are covered in their turn with graceful creeping clinging ferns, of smaller and more fragile growth. The river is not broad, but is deep and strong, although it and the silvery thread of cascade I spoke of as gleaming among the mountains are one and the same; the waters, that fret in their impatient youth and dash themselves from their native mountains, glide here, in the shade of the bush, peacefully at last through the ferny reaches to the sounding sea. What a glorious swim it was!—the water cold and soft, and, above all, fresh. Some little way up the stream it glides down a picturesque waterfall, between two walls of rock on which grow ferns and mosses and beautiful arborescent plants, from whose boughs trail masses of parasites and creepers, and an orange tree with ripe golden fruit overhangs the fall just where it caught a gleam of hot sunshine, and gave a bright touch of colour amidst the tree ferns that grow tall and thick just there. Swimming up to the waterfall, one can dive from a rock in the midst of it and be carried swiftly down by the current till stranded on a little shingly bank some way farther down.

We walked back to Apia along a glorious bush-track, and every moment I saw something that I had not seen in the other islands. The butterflies are not all the same; there are here some exquisite blue ones; and the birds too are different. There is one gorgeous little creature, called the *Tolai,* whose breast is pure crimson and its wings jet black, and it gleams and flashes amongst the bananas with most beautiful effect. I cannot help speaking again of the banana, it is so very lovely, its leaves so grand and graceful, and with that charming translucent property that the leaves of our own beech-trees have in early summer in the sunshine. Think how beautiful this little honey-eater, the *Tolai,* is when flashing here and there in the soft green light of the banana groves! We were overtaken by two strapping Samoan lads who had been pigeon-catching in the mountains, whose birds we examined, and the consul purchased some for cooking. The plumage of some of these is very fine—green and crimson, and with a wondrous metallic sheen on the head and neck; they are excellent eating, and are so gloriously plump that if you shoot one at the top of a tree and he falls to the ground, he will split himself out of pure lusciousness and good feeling.

In the evening I and the fellows from the schooner went out to see some of the curious whites that have settled here. With all due respect to those very few whom I can respect, they are a queer lot. I visited, however, one house where I was received very heartily; the family has been established in Apia as traders a long time, and knows something of the people in an uninterested and superficial sort of way. Here there was a piano, with a good many notes in tune, and at this we sang songs with howling choruses, and I played all the liveliest and tuniest "pieces" that I know, and then a bit of Schumann for my own delectation, for it was a pleasure to feel even this piano's notes beneath one's hands again. This last performance was thought very strange by the daughter of the house, who played the piano herself in a Samoan sort of way. I said that it was a sample of the new school of music, and she remarked that once, when she paid her visit to Sydney, she had then heard "some very strange music indeed, by a man with such a funny name. Let me see, what did they call him? Oh, I know;" then very slowly, "it was Felix Mendelsshon Barthol*dee*." And such is fame. I told her that I too had heard music by the same composer, and played her some, which she said was "pretty." The lady of the house, a kind woman too, regaled us with cates and a delicious pine from the garden before we left.

Although it was late when we started for the hotel, Apia was still wide awake and stirring about the hotel and dancing-places. I must confess it is a lively place. It has earned, and I almost think deserves, the name of "The hell of the Pacific." All the scum of Australia once floated to Fiji, but since it has been annexed to England, and a comparative state of law and order introduced, it has become little suited to men of a certain stamp, and they have in consequence migrated here; so that I fear communication with the whites, notwithstanding the efforts of the missionaries, has certainly on the whole been detrimental to Samoan morality.

Stodart was telling me to-night, as we walked homewards along the beach, that the last time he was here five heads had been brought to the king's house just outside Apia, and that, strolling that way, he had seen and been sickened by the sight. News has arrived here to-night of a head that has just been brought in, of a poor old man who was surrounded and slain, but doubtless the exploit has made some hero's fame.

One of the very first days that I was in Samoa I determined to visit the fortress of the King Party, which lies some way out of Apia. There is a wonderful attraction about the sound of "the seat of war," and as I had never had the chance of visiting one before, I determined upon seizing this small opportunity. There is, too, something much more interesting in a war of this kind, where individual courage and prowess are important factors in the fray, and where it is not a case of so many men killing so many more from such a distance that they can hardly see one another, and men that perhaps do not know at all what they are fighting about.

I started directly after an early breakfast, with a native boy as guide for the first part of the way. He was a very communicative but not very interesting companion, for although he told me much it was all in an unknown tongue, and therefore completely thrown away upon me; but as he smiled and laughed a good deal, and I did the same, we got along very well, although the proceeding was rather idiotic. We walked up the beach a short distance past the consulate, where the little houses of Apia end; there we turned off into a small jungle, very moist and intensely hot, and passing through this we found ourselves in a dismal mangrove swamp. This I had to cross.

I do not think many people understand what a mangrove swamp is. It is a low lying sort of estuary into which at high tide the water sweeps; from this the mangroves lift themselves on ropy-looking roots; the bushes do not grow very high, but the foliage is thick and beautifully green. When the tide is out the ground is all mud,—black, evil-smelling mud; to-day when we arrived there the mud was left exposed to the sun, except in places where there were sluggish dirty streams of water flowing slowly. Here I had to roll my spotless trousers up to my thighs, and, taking off my shoes and stockings, boldly wade in; my boy, tucking up his *lava-lava,* plunged almost to his middle in the warm, oozy, nasty mud. The swamp is really very interesting to cross, as it swarms with little crabs of all the most brilliant colours, bright red, blue, yellow, and variegated too; they are most extraordinary looking fellows, as they have one of their front claws enormously large, so huge is it in proportion to the rest of the body that it gives them quite a lob-sided appearance; this claw they use for almost every purpose. The ground, in places, was quite bright with this gay crowd, and it was funny to see the way in which they disappeared down their little holes when they heard our approach. In the small pools left by the tide were shoals of little fish, which, as we splashed through the water, jumped along its surface on to the dry mud, and using their two side fins as legs, walked very quickly amongst the roots of the mangroves, and so vanished. I saw hundreds do this, and I must say that it surprised me to see fish thus voluntarily leave their natural element and betake themselves to the land.

I found the best way to get through the swamp was to walk in one of the streams of water, as their beds were generally shingly and firmer than other parts of it. Half way across we met a party of natives loaded with burdens, who very politely stepped out of the tepid water into the yielding mud at the sides that we might pass. When I was across this dismal place, which is, I suppose, about a mile wide, my boy turned back; he being one of the Old Party's adherents dared not accompany me any farther towards the King Party's camp whither I was bound. He returned to Apia after pointing out the path I was to take through the bush; and I, having washed my legs clean of the black mud that they were covered with, and having put on my boots, started off alone. Just where the land became solid again I found two or three little houses, and in a pool a whole party of girls and children disporting themselves. Was not there a fluttering of garments and much laughing when I came upon the scene? I found the track into the bush that I was to take, and along this I boldly struck; it was very slippery and muddy, and there were frequently trees lying across it, as a sort of rough and ready barricade, which were tiresome to climb over.

I found a native village buried in the bush when I had walked a mile or two—a charming place it was, clean and pleasant, and sweet with flowers. The Samoan houses are different from the Tongan ones in some respects, being much more open, as it is far hotter here than in Tonga, and they always have a sort of floor of loose pebbles, which extends beyond the house all round it for some way, where it is edged with larger stones. These houses are clean and pretty, and generally cool, as plenty of air can come in, but no sun, as the roof comes down within three and a half feet of the ground at the eaves. There are always mats upon the floor, and a fresh one is pulled down from the rafters, which are used as a sort of store-place, when a visitor comes in. Curtains of *tappa* are generally hanging up in these houses, giving a very furnished and comfortable appearance to them, and screens can be placed at night-time between the short posts that support the roof, to keep out wind and insects. A few wooden pillows and a chest complete the ordinary furniture of a Samoan house. Their cooking is always done out of doors, a fire inside would be such a discomfort. As I walked through this village I received many invitations to go into the different houses, and one I accepted. I found the people very pleasant and hospitable, like the Tongans; they instantly produce refreshments, such as they have, cold cooked green bananas, *dalo*, or coco-nuts. The master of the house, or the one I took to be such, for there were several full-grown tattoed men in it, asked me my name, and told me his and his friends', and also asked me to come to his *fale* again on my way back from Faleula, the fort, which I promised to do; but when, in the late afternoon, I was there again, the houses being so exactly similar, I could not tell which was the one of my friend of the morning.

It must not be imagined from the above sentence that they speak English, or I Samoan. I know little of their tongue and they know none of mine, but pantomime steps in, and I find that if I try to make myself as much like them in thought as possible, I quickly understand a great deal. When my name is asked I always give it as "Alfledi," as they cannot pronounce the letter r, and all their words must end with a vowel. The little children are very quaint and pretty, quite naked, and with their heads shaved close, with the exception of one long lock or tuft, like the Tongans. The mothers are the barbers, and it is astonishing how clean they can manage to shave with perhaps only a shark's tooth set in a stick. In these islands, where steel is still a rarity, the men are shaved by means of two shells, one pressed against the bristles and the edge of the other rubbed against it. This shaves admirably, although one would hardly think it. I do not know whether I have mentioned this before; it must be remembered how tired I am every night when I write this, and excuse made if I have. Just as in Tonga, the children here have enormous stomachs,—I suppose from eating so much farinaceous food,—but they become proportionate again when about five years old. One never sees babies here swathed up in bandages as they are at home, and this, perhaps, is one reason why their stomachs are so large when little, and perhaps why they are so shapely when they are grown up.

I enquired my way to Faleula here, and one of the young men put me on the right path, which lies through very dense and shady bush. The trees are grand in the extreme, and I found many beautiful ferns, and upon the branches of old trees and in the forks of the trunks there were many very large specimens of the bird's-nest fern, *Asplenium nidus,* the largest I ever saw, as the shining fronds of some of these great cup-shaped plants were seven feet long. It is a very glorious object. In some places were large orange trees all covered with fruit, and there I sat myself down, and consumed at my leisure as much of the fruit as I wanted, which, as the day was intensely hot, was no small quantity. Living here is like being in a constant vapour bath; I never felt anything like it, and I think it is not to be much wondered at that the white population is sensual, idle, and luxurious; it would be hard to be otherwise in a climate like this. Many men succumb to what is called "mat fever,"—that is to say, they are afflicted with such idleness that they cannot be induced to leave their mats, or do anything.

I had walked for a long time,—the distance I put down as six miles, but perhaps it was not quite that far, as distances always seem so much ~~greater~~ than ~~they really are~~ when the place is new and most things about are novel,—when I came upon a large plantation of coco-palms, thousands of which grow together in this place, and through their crowded stems I saw the fort of Faleula for which I had been searching. It stands on a well-wooded point of land running out to sea, and in amongst the trees are the many brown buildings of the place. From where I stood the view was a very charming one, as, although I was in deep shadow, all the fort was bathed in sunshine, and between me and it a bay of bright blue water lay, on which floated the huge double-prowed canoes of the warriors. The shore is very rocky, with great boulders scattered on it, and is fringed with a line of palms. The town of Faleula, which means, I believe, Red House, is surrounded by a great stone wall, on which again are piled dead trees, to act as a fortification; at different places along this wall little protected platforms are built, where ten or twelve men can stand to fire upon an enemy. This has a very savage appearance; but what gives the greatest wildness and character to the place are the five little detached fortresses that lie between the shore and the reef, to protect the face of the place from attacks made upon it by the canoes of the Old Party, whose chief territory, the Aana district, lies farther up the coast. These five little houses are built upon piles driven into the sea bottom, and are raised in this way a good deal above the highest tide; they are built of heavy timbers, and are roofed with the usual thick thatch. Poles and posts are driven into the water about them for canoes to be lashed to, and for other purposes; and from projecting bamboos on the roof fluttered little pennons of *tappa*, white in the sunshine.

The Old Party cannot very well bring their great canoes down outside the reef, or perhaps there is no entrance just there, and they used always to come down on the smooth water inside until their enemies built out these little forts, which must stretch out nearly half a mile from shore, and so put a stop to it.

I entered the fortification without any difficulty, only seeing one man at the opening in the wall of loose heavy stones, and he ran off when I approached, perhaps to give information of my arrival. I walked along a well trodden path until I came to the houses. The place is about two miles round, roughly speaking, and it is all wild bush, just as outside, except at the point of land that runs out to sea, where many buildings are collected, and also at occasional places round the walls, where are other houses near the platforms I spoke of, upon which the besieged can stand and fire upon the besiegers. I caused much astonishment by marching through the place until I arrived at the largest house, which happened to be the chief's, where I entered. Here I found two charming old men, both of whom spoke English, one of them quite intelligibly. They at once asked me to sit down with them, which I as quickly did, and seeing that I was hot, for by this time my light drapery clung about me in the most approved Greek style, they gave me a coco-nut to drink, and then, from the oven in the ground, which they opened, they produced fish and roast bananas, and a delicious dish of native invention, named *faa-usi*, which is a sort of little brown pudding, made of arrowroot, coco-nuts, and sugar-cane juice mixed together, wrapped in a leaf, and baked brown in the hot ashes. It was excellent.

I sat there for about an hour resting myself in the shady house, talking to these old men, as I could do very well, and looking at all the treasures the place contained. They have racks of splendid firearms, and one or two superb rifles of very recent invention, for which they must have paid prodigious prices; then there were rows of canoe paddles, woven fans, fly-whisks, bales of *tappa*, and rolled up were many very fine mats. These mats are their chiefest treasure, some of which they consider beyond all price. When a tribe goes to war the first thing to be done is to place the mats in safety, and, if it is beaten, mats are the first thing to be taken by the conquerors. Some of these *togas* are very old and dirty; age but enhances their value; some still extant are said to date from 200 years ago. Mats form a principal portion of the property that is given with every bride, and the bridal mats of some of the old families are of inestimable value.

In this house all sorts of things were being done, such as plating sinnet from the coco-fibre, and making thick ropes from this sinnet. The gray-moustached warrior that talks English looks for all the world like a retired cavalry officer, but for the fact that he wears nothing but a very little blue *lava-lava*, and a great deal of very beautiful tattoo. He entertained me with an account of the war, somewhat compressed, to be sure, as it has been continuing for more than forty years, and tried vainly to make me understand the exact differences between the two parties. He tells me that they are daily expecting an attack from the Old Party, who have an equally large fort about twelve miles away. This information was gained from some women who have recently came in from the Old Party's camp, and who, of course, immediately gave all the news they had picked up there.

The courteous old chief much regretted that all the canoes were away from Faleula, except the great war-canoes, of which there were a good many on the beach, for he would not be able to send me across to see the little forts between the land and the reef. The war-canoes vary in size, but will hold from fifty to a hundred men, and are most skilfully constructed, all the parts being tied together with ropes on the inside, and fitted with such exquisite nicety that it is difficult to tell where the planks are joined. The tall prows are decorated with peculiar polished white cowrie shells, which are stuck all over them, and look like glistening china. This, the King Party, has also bought a small rakish-looking schooner, which lies just off Faleula, and of this they are immoderately proud. My friend talked of it as "the Samoan war schooner" with as much unction as he would have spoken of a fleet of ironclads.

When I was quite rested I had a young man told off to me to act as guide through the fort, through the whole of which I was led, to my intense interest. It appears that 3000 men can be housed here well, not to mention the women and children, who are nearly always with them; so the place is large. It did not seem to be provisioned for any siege, but I hardly think that a long beleaguerment is their tactics; everything seems done by surprises and sudden assaults. On the outskirts of the place they have built wooden towers, facing seawards, where many men can be safely placed, protected from the fire from the canoes, which are fully exposed to them. One of these that was being finished I mounted with some little difficulty, as it is not at all an easy thing to do with one's boots on. This visit was quite a novelty to the builders, as they very rarely see a white man amongst them; for, although the distance from Apia is not great, the Europeans will not exert themselves to go so far for so little purpose. Most of these builders wore only *lava-lavas* of a kind of leafy grass, and I think that both men and women look their best when dressed in this way, with flowers in their well-kept hair. These wooden towers must give the Faleula people a great advantage over their enemies, as they can fire straight on to any canoe that could manage to get near the place, with only a very small chance of being hit in return, as there are only a few chinks in the stout timbers on each side. I stayed up that airy perch some little time, and made myself agreeable with plugs of *Papalagi* tobacco, which they much appreciate, and of which I always carry a stock in long hard-pressed sticks.

It took me a long time to make a complete examination of the place, which may be considered strong against the attack of savages who do not care to risk too rashly their lives, but it would not stand five minutes against a determined rush. I was very charmed with the sharpshooters' little boxes, which they build right up amongst the branches of the great trees, and I scrambled up to one by means of a sort of ladder, and was nearly frightened out of my wits by one of the bamboo supports breaking when I was close to the top, which little accident caused infinite amusement to a small crowd of young men at the bottom. When I had visited this queer little defence I descended to *terra firma* again, and made an attempt to sketch it, which created no small amount of wonder amongst them,—an effect that I much expect the drawing would have upon most people, though from a different reason. When I had been all round the place, which strikes me as being much too large for its purpose, I returned to the chief's house, where I sat a short time before I started home. One of these men gave me a very beautiful bit of Samoan work before I left, and they asked me to visit them again. I told them where I was to be found in Apia, and said that if they were going there they must come to see me, which they promised they would do.

The walk home was very much longer than the one out; as I found, when I came to the mud flats I crossed in the morning, that the tide was in, and the swamp absolutely impassable, so I had to find my road home by land—a very long way, but I was more than repaid for my trouble by the interest of the walk. I passed through several villages, in one of which I rested, as I felt rather tired, and as I saw a house, with four or five pretty girls in it, who I thought would receive me well. They were weaving wreaths of the flowers which lay in scattered heaps upon the floor, and making strings of newly-opened buds and scented seeds and berries, selecting some of which they decorated my hat with crimson hybiscus, and a sort of fringe of leaves of palest green. They most certainly have an eye for colour. All the time I sat with them, trying to talk, an elderly lady, who was present, made remarks about me which were received with peals of laughter. I did not mind, since it made them show their pretty dimples; and, besides, I retaliated by talking aloud about them in English, which none of them understood, so I had the best of it I consider, as they would doubtless be burning with curiosity to know what I was saying. The Samoans used to believe in an island, supposed to be somewhere north of Fiji, that was inhabited solely by immortal women. Their occupations were held to be much the same as those of the Samoan mortal women of nowadays,—*tappa* making, basket weaving, and wreath twisting. If a canoe of men was wrecked upon this island they were received with the utmost kindness,—indeed, they were only too kind. One Fijian canoe was believed to have been there, and returned with full particulars.

I had to cross many little rivers which came tearing down seawards from the hills, and one I found that rushed out of the ground, before my eyes, a full-grown stream. I am told that a good many of the Samoan rivers are subterranean for part of their course. At one stream I found some women bathing, and at the next a string of girls who had come to fill the large coco-nut shells, which are much used for carrying water; and I met two little lads who gave me some queer fruit to eat that I did not like at all, and whose names I do not know; so that I did not have at all a dull or lonely walk. I also had the pleasure of meeting a Samoan and his wife as I was strolling along, beginning to feel very tired, who commenced a sort of barter with me, which I thought so funny that I let him have his own way, although I had to wipe my face on my shirt sleeve the rest of the way home in consequence. He had a fly-whisk in his hand, which he offered to me, at the same time taking hold of my white pocket-handkerchief, which was in my hand for the purpose of occasionally wiping my face. By signs and nods and pointings, he made me understand that he meant a "swap," which I at once agreed to; so we parted mutually content, I walking off with the whisk, and he handing the handkerchief to his wife. They are very much attached to a white handkerchief, which, I suppose, they cut up into Sunday gowns.

When I had walked till I was quite tired, and it was almost sunset, I found myself in a village, on the edge of what I thought was a large river which barred my farther progress; but here again I was lucky, for I discovered an old lady who, for the sum of sixpence—a small fortune—received me into her *frêle esquif* and paddled me off. I was much astonished, for instead of landing me amongst the trees on the other side, as I expected to be, the old woman paddled straight in amongst them, and I found it was part of the great swamp that I had crossed in the morning. The trees were quite a good size, with strangely convoluted boughs, and very odd and beautiful they looked, rising out of quite deep water which stretched on all sides as far as I could see between the trunks. The natives had evidently formed a sort of passage amongst these thick trees to allow the canoes to pass. On the trunks well up above the water, I saw strange orchid-looking growths. After travelling thus up these watery avenues for a long way, I was landed on *terra firma* (rather *infirma*, by-the-by), about half a mile from Apia, and here I bade farewell to my conductress, who paddled off home again as I turned to walk to the town

I found an invitation waiting me to dine with the consul, so after a bath, very necessary after the heat and dirt of the mangrove swamp, I went there and have passed a very pleasant evening. He has told me many things of the place and of its customs,—amongst others, that there are three different languages spoken by every one in Samoa; the first a strictly court language spoken by the king and the highest chiefs, the second by the lesser nobles and warriors, and the third by the common people.

CHAPTER VII.

SAMOA—(*continued*).

NEXT day I felt a little stiff after my long walk to Faleula, so I determined to stay about Apia and see something of the natives. Just before I started out I received a visit from one of the old chiefs I had seen at the fort; he had paddled over in a canoe, and came to show me whereabouts in Apia his home was. It was a capital house a long way up the beach, and there I found his wife and other women, his son and his grandchildren, all within for the heat of the day. Some of the women of the house were plaiting the lovely flexible fans that they make here—heart-shaped mostly, but all very beautiful; some of them are all open work, the meaning of which I could not at first see, as they were not nearly so good for fanning as those completely filled up, but Péa told me that the open ones were for killing the mosquitoes; the current of air made by the ordinary fan drives the insect away and he escapes, but the open ones let the air through, and the ribs generally catch and kill the fly. They make very quaint and charming baskets here too, which they use for many purposes.

Péa's son and some of the elder grandchildren were occupied in feeding two beautiful tame pigeons that they had hanging in wicker cages in the house; these birds are very bright with purple and green and crimson, and the neck glows with iridescent colours. They are used in the great Samoan sport of pigeon-catching, a very different performance, I am glad to say, for the credit of the savage, from our so-called sport of pigeon-shooting at home. This used to be the great amusement of Samoans at certain seasons, the young men and maidens going off to the bush for days on these occasions, making a delightful picnic, and everybody having a glorious time of it; but it was considered immoral, like everything else pleasant, and it was put down in its old form, and though it still exists, it is not half such a happy Arcadian thing as it used to be. The men build themselves houses of green branches, outside which they fasten these beautiful decoy pigeons, which soon entice others to alight on the self-same bough, when the unwary ones are speedily knocked over.

I very much enjoyed my visit to this old man's house, as he told me many things that I wanted to know. It appears that infanticide was never practised even to the same small extent as in Tonga, but that the destroying of children before birth, to a very great extent was and still is very common. I learned too that marriages never take place between near relatives, as obtains in many places; and that so strong a feeling of propriety exists amongst them, that if a man's sister should happen to be present he abstains from saying a word that might in any way suggest the least indelicacy, although he would not have had the least hesitation in speaking most lewdly before any other women, and although his sister herself may be exceedingly libertine.

As I was passing through the village I stopped and entered the house of one of the native missionaries, meaning to have a little transaction with the daughter of the house for some fans. Whilst I was there she and a very ugly older woman went through the most extraordinary performance, pantomimic and gesticulatory, for my amusement, and which involved the most astonishing contortions of the face that I ever saw. I roared with laughter, it was so really funny, and this set both the women off, and we were quite a merry little party. I must add that although the young lady's father was a man of good repute for piety and propriety of behaviour, I cannot say much for the way he had brought up his daughter. But she is a very pretty girl, and that may have something to do with the levity of her manners. The reverend gentleman being away we made merry in his absence, and had a little feast made up amongst us, and enjoyed ourselves mightily.

When I returned to the town I found that a quarrel had occurred between the German consul and the captain of H.G.M. gunboat in the harbour. It seems that somebody or other had caused to be locked up a party of dancing girls that some of the German sailors were attached to, and who forthwith burst open the doors of the prison and set the fair ones free. Somebody interfered with them, and somebody else's jaw was broken, and all the town is in a great state of uproar about it. I heard the whole affair going on last night, but as Apia is such an infernal place, I regret to say I took no notice of it, so I was not in the riot. However, there has been a great fuss about it, and off goes H.G.M. gunboat in high dudgeon. I managed to send a few hasty lines to New Zealand and England,—when they will arrive is another matter.

I am not at all a scientific naturalist, but all the same I must tell of a very curious occurrence that takes place here every year, and only once for a period of two days. About the end of October a dense mass of sea-worms rises from the bottom to the surface of the water, inside the reef. They are of all lengths up to three feet, and are dark-coloured and soft; these wriggling beasts are considered by the Samoans as the very greatest possible delicacy; and when the season for the rising of the *Palolo*, as they are called, arrives, every native man, woman, and child turns out for the fishing, scooping the slimy treasure up in every conceivable manner. The *Palolo* time their appearance so accurately that they are always expected, and as they stay on the surface for only a very few hours, from about 4 A.M. till the sun is up, the fishers have to make the most of their opportunity, and the fun that goes on then, and the general state of excitement amongst the population, are something prodigious. They are a strictly local annelid, only appearing in certain favoured spots in Samoa, and I believe also in Tonga at somewhere about the same time. I did not see nor taste any of this dish, and should think from all accounts that it is likely to remain *caviare* to the general public.

I do not know whether the *Palolo* has anything to do with the following legend, which altogether forestalls Dr. Darwin's claim to having originated the theory which bears his name. The Samoans say that man was created thus:—Tangaloa, the chief god of the Samoans, sent his daughter Turi down to the earth to look for a home; she could only find bare rock in all the waste of water, and returned and told Tangaloa this. He thereupon gave her a wild vine to plant on the rock, which for a certain time flourished and then died away. Turi was annoyed at this, but her father told her to dig it up, which she did, and found that all the withered leaves had turned to worms, and these worms afterwards, in some inscrutable and unexplained manner, became men and women. From this rock, where first men were created, the Samoans believe they came. It almost seems that they preserve in this legend of a migration evidence of an early real voyage. But I cannot enter into that subject, for it is so late that even Apia has all gone to sleep.

I have passed, I consider, a very pleasant time to-day, and have learned a good deal about the natives from themselves, and of their manners and customs, though all that I have heard I fear I cannot write down. I suppose some of the customs of which I have been told are now antiquated and out of date just about here; for instance, such as this one:—If two Samoans of the same family died of the same disease, the survivors—thinking, I suppose, that they all might be carried off—used to open the body of the latest dead, and if they found any parts of it inflamed or congested they were taken out and burnt, so as to destroy the disease. The bodies of their dead were always buried with the head to the rising sun and the feet to the west; but the great ceremonies attending a funeral are obsolete now in most parts of Christianised Upolu, though in wilder Savaii they are still, I believe, extant.

I have just come in from the consulate, where I have been passing the evening; with the consul I went out to see the king, whose dwelling is some little way out of Apia. This is the monarch that the foreign powers recognise as chief. It was rather late when we arrived at this place, which is a congregation of native houses, with a larger one for the king, and to my great regret his Majesty had retired to his mat. [I am the more sorry for this, as after my return to New Zealand I was offered a post by Sir Arthur Gordon, the High Commissioner of the South Pacific, which would have necessitated my residence in Samoa, and which would have brought me into intimate relations with the king. Feeling deeply the compliment paid me by his Excellency, I had, for family reasons, to decline this appointment, which had many attractions for me. I regret not having seen the king, whose adviser, and friend I hope, I should have been. I was of course quite ignorant of all this at the time.]

The scene as the consul and I returned to Apia was a very beautiful and strange one, for the night is very dark, and the whole sea inside the reef is alight with the torches used by the natives for their fishing. They go out after dark to spear fish, and each canoe has a huge flaming torch in the prow that blazes so royally that you see in its ruddy glare the dusky figures of those that are nearest the shore moving about in the canoes and darting their long three-pronged spears at the fish. As I look out now across the verandah the whole sea before me is bright with torches: it almost seems as though another town were over yonder, lighted for some festival.

One day, after I had been some time in Apia, I thought I would devote to walking to some of the plantations, where I hoped to be able to find some specimens of old stone axes and adzes; so out I started early in the morning for the expedition. My road at first lay along the beach, which is dark-coloured, almost black in fact, and very different from the yellow light sandy shores of the purely coral islands. There are a good many little rivers that I had to cross, and each time I did so I cursed in my heart my foolish clothing, for at every stream I had, at any rate, to partly undress, whereas a Samoan would simply have lifted up his *lava-lava* and walked through. In a shower of rain too they take no hurt, as their oiled skins fend off the wet, and in a few minutes they are as dry again as possible; this last advantage struck me forcibly, as it came on to rain rather heavily and I had to shelter in a native house. Continuing my walk for some miles along the beach, I came to a lovely little bay, where I turned inland, after passing a crowd of natives carrying the roof of a house to some new site; these fine roofs are always made movable at will, that they may not be lost if a man wishes to leave his house.

The scenery of that part of the island is very beautiful, wilder and more tropical than almost any other I have seen. The shore, to begin with the foreground, is of sand, all shaded with coco-palms, that bend and curve in every direction; and between them the hybiscus, with its mass of primrose blossom, grows to a largish tree. Many other flowering shrubs thrive close to the sand, and over all the *ipomea* trails its graceful wreaths. Then comes a stretch of calm still sea, blue as turquoise, through which the coral rocks show, for it is now low tide; at the edge of this a line or two of breakers, in some places rising to a great height in sheets of white spray, where they dash themselves on the wall of the outside reef. All the darker water of the open bay is ruffled with waves, and across there, the opposite shore—in some places dim with mist, and fringed, as is this, with its line of palms—rises gradually from low hills, fold upon fold, to grand beautiful mountains, luxuriantly green and tree-covered to their very summits. Down their sides float light clouds, for the day has been wet, which are rapidly melting away in the fierce glare of the now unclouded sun, which shines down on everything with a heat and brilliancy of light I cannot describe. The whole bush is steaming when I leave the shore, and there comes no breath of air; heavy perfumes greet me as I pass some trees, mostly with inconspicuous pale flowers, and all life but insect life is still. Here and there in the rich undergrowth are clumps of pine-apple, which just now are flowering, and the rich shaded crimson of the blossom, with its tuft of pale bluish-green, makes a beautiful contrast with the dark green about it. Every now and then the narrow path I follow is dotted with golden limes or oranges, and looking up I see the glossy-leafed tree with its load of fruit above me.

After following this path for some way I came into land a little cultivated,—that is to say, the bush has been cleared, and the cotton bushes and coco-palms planted there are struggling for existence with the vigorous second growth. The path, which now became wider, was lined with bananas and plantains, and here and there a handsome bread-fruit, all the way to the manager's house, which was cool and shady. and grateful after the blaze and glare of the outside light and heat. I was very kindly received by the manager, who much regretted that no stone implements had ever been found on his domain; he told me that I should probably obtain some from the next copra plantation, if I would walk to it. After a little rest I marched off through the cotton bushes, which are always planted with cocos, so that by the time the former is worn out and useless the palm will be in full bearing. I enjoyed the walk, although it was so hot a one, for the forest about me was more lovely than any I have ever seen before; and ferns or flowers, or bright and gorgeous insects, beguiled every step of the way. It is strange in this intensely hot weather to feel the icy coldness of your throat if you lift your hand to it. I suppose it is caused by the very quick evaporation that is taking place there. Descending one steep hill I came upon a clear and swift river, all overarched and shaded with grand trees, through which the sunlight fell here and there, flecking the ripples into brightness,—a perfect tropic stream, into which the rich creepers from the overhanging boughs trailed their long wreaths, and over which the crimson-breasted *tolai* flashed like a spark of living fire in the dim half light of the shadows. Some women fording it had found it as winning as I did, for there, under one of the banks, they were laughing and splashing in the water like so many dusky naiads, and fled hastily when they saw me descending.

The manager of the second plantation received me gladly, and would have feasted me royally had I allowed him to do so; he most unfortunately had lately given away the last axe that he had, and it was not likely that his "labour" would find any more during my stay in Apia, as they were not then working at the place where they generally found them, which was the site of an ancient town. I am sorry, as I have been able to obtain so few in Samoa itself.

The rest of the day I passed in and about Apia visiting some of my native friends, and also taking an evening swim in the river after the heat of the day, as seems to be the correct thing in these parts. After nightfall I went to see Leapai, one of the very finest and best natives I ever met. I had some little difficulty in finding his house, as after dark it is no easy thing for the uninitiated to find their way through a Samoan town; however, after an inquiry or two, I found my man. He has a charming wife, Papé by name, who was every bit as hospitable and pleasant as her husband, which is saying a great deal. We spent a most delightful evening, and I learned many things, as not only is Leapai an intellectual and clever man, but he speaks English well. We smoked many native cigarettes together, and had much *kava*, prepared *faka Samoa*—Samoan fashion—which is different from the Tongan method, and the drink is really much better. I have already become very fond of it. From the mere description, one might think the manner of preparing the root somewhat disgusting, but it is far from that; the delicacy with which it is done and the cleanliness of the operation takes away any such feeling.

Leapai sent out for a young and pretty girl to come to the house to get the drink ready, which she thus did:—First she cleans her mouth and teeth with fresh water, brought to her for the purpose, and then taking the *kava* root she cuts it into small pieces, and proceeds to chew it to a paste with the greatest solemnity and decorum, defeating all my efforts to make her smile. It is a business of some time, as each dry piece of root has to be thoroughly masticated before it can be mixed with the water. The *kava* is kept wonderfully dry in the process of mastication, and is put from the mouth straight to the bowl; when enough is thus chewed cold water is added, and the process then is the same as that I described in Tonga, with the difference that a girl is always here the drink-maker throughout, instead of a man as in Nukualofa and Vavau.

Leapai is magnificently tattooed, and his dress being almost nothing showed both the man and his decoration to great perfection; he was pleased with my admiration, and let me examine the tattoo, and told me the whole process, which must be a very awful one to undergo. The tattooed parts are rather thicker than the rest of their soft and satiny skin, and are of a deep indigo blue, almost black. The decoration begins below the knee, and completely covers the thighs, back and front, and reaches as high as the navel. All the designs have the same character, though they vary somewhat in detail. The back is, I consider, the most beautiful part; narrow stripes are tattooed from the spine round the sides, but all parts are connected together; none are detached, as I discovered by rolling Leapai over on to his chest this evening when I was learning all about it. He wants to take me to have a little done, which he said would look beautiful on my white skin; but I tell him it would be no good, for no one would see it in my degenerate country, where *lava-lavas* are not the mode.

The young men are tattooed at about the age of seventeen, when already they are fully grown, and several of them generally go together to the tattooer, who makes a very good living out of it. The artist or operator lives by his profession, and does nothing else; and a skilled worker receives very handsome payment. The whole operation occupies several months, as only a small portion can be tattooed in one day; the process is exquisitely painful, as may be imagined when one hears how it is done. The design, which is traced upon the skin of the young man, is all closely punctured with a bone instrument with many fine sharp teeth, almost like a comb. There are several sizes for the different parts of the pattern. The instrument is held close to the body and receives little taps from a mallet, which drives the teeth through the skin, and leaves behind the colouring matter with which the comb is charged, and which is made, I believe, of the soot of the candle-nut and water. The regularity of the design is marvellous, and the precision of the blows must be perfect, as the two halves of a design are always exactly similar.

In the course of the evening I asked Leapai whether there were any stone buildings in the island, like those that occur in Tongatabu, and to my surprise and delight he said that there were, and gave me an account of the place, sometimes turning to a friend of his who had come in during the *kava* preparation, asking him for descriptions or corroboration. The place is called *Fale-po-maa, i.e.* "house with the stone posts," and they tell me that the building is of the greatest antiquity, so old indeed that its origin is lost in the mist of ages. Leapai said that the Samoans nowadays could not think how "the people of old time" worked the stones. He gave me another name for the building, which I am sorry I forget, but he said it meant "house of the cuttlefish." He tells me that this building lies a long way from here inland, right through the bush, that there is no town near it, and that no one lives there, nor ever has done so. The shape of the house is like the ordinary oval Samoan ones, but at *Fale-po-maa* the posts are all of stone; the side posts for the roof to rest on, and the two great ones in the middle that supported the roof ridge, are all of thick and solid stone; and there are other huge stones about, of the uses of which Leapai, being nothing of an archæologist, was ignorant. There is now no roof of course, for that would have been of thatch, and has rotted ages since, The building stands not very far from the same river which flows into the sea just here; I wish it could tell me the mystery of the building whose foundation and ruin alike it has flowed by unheeding. Do not these silent ruins always seem to fill one with a sense of our smallness? Doubtless the builder of *Fale-po-maa* thought he was handing his name down to all time, and yet he is completely forgotten, and the very purpose of his stone house unknown or wrapped in a maze of superstitious legends. He must have been a powerful chief to have done a work of such magnitude with the miserable tools they possessed, and of an original mind too, to have left wood and taken to a fresh and more difficult material. It is curious that he seems to have had no idea of true building, for Leapai says the posts are all in one piece; he took the stone and set to work upon it simply as though it were a species of harder wood. As far as I can learn from Leapai and his friend, this is the only stone building in Samoa, at least in Upolu; if there were others they would know of them probably, for all these places have legends attached to them that they are sure to have heard at some time or other.

I have arranged to visit *Fale-po-maa* with Leapai to-morrow. I cannot tell whether this place had any connection with their religion, but judging from analogy I should say that it had, for the great monuments of every country have been erected for sacred purposes.

I cannot quite understand what the old Samoan religion was,—perhaps my informant himself is a little confused about it, for he has always nominally been a Christian; and practically too, if generosity, hospitality, and courtesy count as Christian virtues. As far as I can make out, besides the general religion of the whole people, each person had a sort of private god separate for himself, which he worshipped under the form of some particular bird or animal. How this god was selected I know not, but suppose it was according to some occurrence at or near the birth of the child. So interested was I in all the things I learned from my friend, for I have seen much of him and can really call him one, that it was late before I left his house, and it being quite dark when I at last rose to go, he had to lead me to the beach, where of course I knew my road. I was not committing a rudeness or doing an unusual thing by staying so late, for these Polynesians will often sit up all night long, talking and smoking, and Leapai enjoyed it as thoroughly as I, for I told him all that he wanted to know about England. I fear he must think me a terrible liar, some of the things I told him of must be so entirely beyond his imagination.

I started moderately early next day for *Fale-po-maa*, going to Leapai's house, for he was to act as guide, it being a place very difficult to find; as it was late in the morning he had gone out, thinking I was not coming. However, Papé, his wife, put me in the hands of a charming little boy, Tsofá by name, who undertook to find him for me, so off I and the child walked into the bush. At first the little lad was rather alarmed at his big *Papalagi* companion, but we very soon became better acquainted, and he was as jolly and lively as possible, pointing out to me all sorts of birds and telling me their names, which I forgot as soon as heard. At last we found Leapai working in his *taro* plantation, which is a patch of cultivated ground right away in the depth of the bush. I think I have written before of the *taro* cultivation; the natives select a damp and low spot, and, clearing it, turn a little stream onto it through an artfully constructed series of little terraces and canals, and so manage to keep the whole of it under water. It is thus that the *taro* grows best, and the great glossy arum leaves of the plant make a handsome show.

Leapai was very unhappy at being out when I went to see him, but he thought I had understood, which I had not, that I must join him quite early in the morning, for the journey takes so long that it would otherwise have been useless for me to have attempted it, as I should without fail have been benighted in the bush. He took me to a native town to see what his friends said about it there, and they quite agreed that I could only do it by starting at sunrise, when I might hope to be back by sundown.

I am bitterly disappointed, but have nevertheless enjoyed my day very much with Leapai. The native town he took me to lay a long way back from his plantation, on the way to the mountains, and is built on the top of a hill, in what would be, as Leapai pointed out, almost an impregnable position. These Samoans are always thinking of fighting, and my companion was saying what he should do, and what he should wish, if only the Old Party effected an incursion into this part of the country. Leapai is a petty chief, and as such spends a great deal of his time at Faleula, where he is attended by a retinue of four or five brothers and cousins, who, in a feudal sort of manner, follow the head of the family. It is the one great grief of his life that he failed to gain "a head" during one of the attacks upon the Old Party in which he was engaged. He was just upon the point of thus achieving fame and renown, having his enemy singled out and covered, when a shot came and shivered the lock of his gun in his hands, the pieces cutting him rather badly. He laments much the gun, but still more so the "head."

After resting and cooling for some time in the native town, which at this time of the day was almost deserted, we returned towards Apia by another and more beautiful bush track, by the side of the clear river, the Sigasiga, which is broken every now and then by little waterfalls and rapids, which gurgle and dash themselves over the rocks in the most distractingly cool manner. Ferns and glorious greenery of all sorts grow thick by the sides of the path, and here and there a fleck of bright colour is given by the wild scarlet ginger flowers. We visited another of Leapai's plantations—he is a man of some property—and there again we rested at the house of a friend of his, where I caused so much astonishment by appearing with Leapai that a woman sitting there nearly choked to death the child she was nursing, by cramming a much too large lump of *taro* into its mouth without looking at it. Leapai had to give an account of me and say what I had come for, and so on; and much I should have liked to know what he did say, for I expect it was a queer sort of statement, to judge from the astonished looks of his auditors. He has great enjoyment, I think, in acting as showman—a sort of Barnum-like pleasure in "trotting me out." We had refreshments here in the shape of coco-nuts and *masi;* the nuts are the largest I have seen, and must have held quite a quart of delicious liquid; how they did come crashing down from the palm when the elder brother of the gasping baby, who climbed it, bowled them over! *Masi* is what most people would consider a very disagreeable food, the smell of it is so bad—

so very bad. In times of plenty a great number of bread-fruits are collected, which are cut in slices and buried in the ground in pits properly prepared and lined with mats or branches; there the fruit ferments and is left for many months before it is fit to eat. If kept dry it can be preserved for a long period, and in times of famine it is often upon this food that the Samoans rely. The taste of it is not at all bad; if only you avoid smelling it whilst eating it is rather pleasant.

Refreshments being over, and our *faä fetai* said, on we went again; not, however, very far, as we found a delightful place for a swim in the river, which was too charming for us idle Samoans to resist. How I envied Leapai, who had only to slip off his *lava-lava* and jump into the water, whilst I was still tugging at my shoe strings. What a glorious bathe we had, and how splendidly this fellow could swim; water seems almost as much his natural element as earth. The distances he could swim under water were astonishing, as were many of his feats; he showed me many tricks, which I attempted with much floundering and splashing, and failed to do. My swimming powers certainly looked very small by the side of his. One thing that he did, that I could not quite accomplish, was to strike the water with hollowed hands, crossing them at the wrists just as they touched the surface, which made the water sound sonorously, almost as though a bell were struck.

A bowl of *kava* was very grateful when we at length reached Leapai's house again; it is more cooling than any drink I know, and less of it quenches the thirst than of any other liquid. After its consumption Leapai and Papé presented me with some very beautiful gifts; large pieces of *siapo*, as *tappa* is called here, charmingly decorated; fine fans, fishing lines, and I know not what else of delightful things; indeed, they offered me almost everything in the house. When I was there again at night-time, after resting during the heat of the day, and made a small return presentation, I found that all the most unlikely and apparently useless things were most appreciated, such, for instance, as the knife with button-hook, corkscrew, and stone extractor, for none of which he could have any use, and a little gold toothpick, for which most certainly he had not the slightest necessity.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAMOA—(*continued*).

ONE day after I had been in Samoa some time, I arranged with a young Englishman here, named Hay, and the lad who had come up with us from Tonga, to take a boat and go for a day or two to the Old Party's camp in the Aana district. We had to take two Samoan women with us to act as interpreters and introducers, as all the men about Apia belong to the opposite faction, the King Party, and therefore dare not accompany us; but the women, as I said before, can pass from one camp to the other without hindrance; in fact, Pua-elo, one of the two that accompanies us, comes from the very place we were going to, and is a person of no small importance here.

I am very unwell, being threatened with dysentery, and ought not to have started, but having arranged everything I could not give up the expedition. We took some few necessaries with us, amongst which was a Union Jack, to show our nationality, that the forts might not fire upon us as we passed, as otherwise they would have done. We left early this morning and had a fair breeze, so that we bowled merrily along, and being outside the reef all the way we had it quite smooth, although the surf was breaking heavily, at times, not a hundred yards away. Lying bare upon the reef are the remains of several large wrecks that have taken place here, one quite recently, and very melancholy and grim they look, standing high upon the coral.

When we arrived opposite the fort at Faleula we had to unfurl our banner, which I waved in an idiotic manner, feeling uncommonly like *The Young Pirate, The Boy Bandit,* or one of the youthful heroes in the penny *British Schoolboy.* They say that this proceeding is very necessary, as the warriors have several times fired from the fort at European boats, mistaking them for Samoan. We sailed between the little forts I spoke of before, that are built out seawards on piles over the water, but we went by too quickly to see very much of them; they seem to be strongly built of heavy timbers, as though they were meant to resist any attack that might be made upon them. The long poles projecting from the roof with tiny flags of *tappa* on them, and the posts driven into the sea-bottom, to which are attached several long slim canoes, give the place a very savage appearance. The fort of Faleula itself seemed very lively; just after we had passed they were firing on an Old Party canoe that had ventured too near. No one was hurt—we saw them paddle off. The Samoans get so excited that they generally fire before what they aim at gets well into range.

About six miles out of Apia we called at Malua, where there is one of the oldest established missionary stations in the group. We found Dr. Turner there, the much-loved and respected man who for forty years has devoted himself to missionary labours; he is a very agreeable and clever man, and, as may be thought, most interesting to talk to. He and his bright wife seem thoroughly happy in their work. The doctor, hearing I was ill, gave me medicine, and good advice as to what I might eat and from what I should abstain, for the missionary is often general-utility man, and gives advice and consolation, medical as well as theological. There is established at Malua, under Dr. Turner's direction, a college for Samoans, where they are taught some useful knowledge, and a great deal that I should think is very useless. We left after a brief visit, and then turned our back upon all civilisation, and left everything that was not savage behind us. The women are good pilots and showed us just where to steer, for in many places there are only very narrow passages for the boat between the shoals of coral rock.

We arrived at Fasitoöuta, our destination, at about mid-day, and were received by a whole crowd of natives on the beach in their usual hospitable manner, rushing into the water to help us to haul our boat high and dry ashore. It was to Pua-elo's house that we went when we had emptied the boat of all our belongings and many willing hands had aided us in carrying them from the sands. The house is a very large and beautiful specimen of Samoan skill, and is thoroughly comfortable. I must confess that I am rather at sea as to their social laws, and also their laws of property; for instance, this house I am in seems to belong to Pua-elo, and yet it is inhabited by at least thirty people, all of whom seem to be on perfectly friendly terms. A wonderful system of practical communism obtains here; if a native gets money, or anything else, he straightway divides it amongst his brothers, and cousins, and uncles, and sisters, and so on, and the idle ones, knowing this, will not work. The missionaries say that as long as this system continues the people will not advance, which perhaps after all is a consummation *not* devoutly to be wished for, as there is not sufficient inducement for a man to set to work to cultivate more cotton or maize than is necessary for his own immediate requirements.

This house is divided into two by a stiff screen, in a very unusual manner, the meaning of which, at first, I could not understand; but I afterwards learned that Tamacessi, who is recognised as king by the Old Party, is living here, this house having been set aside for him during his stay at Fasitoöuta. A Samoan house is not overcrowded with furniture; in fact there seems to be nothing but the mats on the floor, the screens for closing the openings between the posts at night-time, the low wooden pillows, and plenty of *tappa* for coverings and mosquito curtains, and last, but not least, the great wooden *kava* bowl. It is somewhat strange that a people so far advanced towards a certain civilisation should never have arrived at the making of pottery,—even the rudest kind is wanting here; coco-nut shells and wooden bowls seem to be always used instead.

Before we left Apia we heard that the Old Party was about to instal their king with great ceremony today, but upon enquiring, through Pua-elo, we learned that it was put off for some little time until an important meeting of chiefs has taken place. The Old Party is numerically stronger than the other, so I am told, but the foreign powers recognise, as far as they care anything about it, the King Party as supreme. My sympathies, I must say, go with the Old Party, who are strongly conservative, and wish to keep their country to themselves, and their customs unaltered. Directly that Tamacessi is crowned, or whatever they do as an equivalent for that ceremony, they mean the war to become very active again.

As we were sitting in the shade waiting for the oven to be opened, a party of warriors came in from the bush in full war dress; they had been out reconnoitring, and seeing if by any lucky chance they could get a "head." Unfortunately they have not succeeded; had they brought some, I could have been thrilling, with every gory detail, quite in war correspondent style; they have had very good luck during the last few days, and the place is still much excited over their captures. They are a splendid body of men, of grand appearance, and with forms beautiful enough for artists' models; they made a fine show as they came marching in one behind the other. All their faces were blackened and painted, so that one could hardly recognise their features; this is the reason, I believe, it is done,—that the enemy may not know with whom he is fighting. They had but very little clothing on, as it would be so very inconvenient in the thick growth of the bush, but all are tattooed and wear their best ornaments, and besides these each of the party has a piece of red material twisted in his long and well kept hair to distinguish him from the King Party, which wears, like Prince Charlie, a white cockade. Some such badge is necessary in a civil war, to prevent members of the same faction from slaying each other. Savages they certainly looked, with leaves and grasses woven about them, but savages that I have become very much attached to for their sterling qualities and courteous ways. One of them, who is a big chief and Pua-elo's uncle, came into the house we are in, and soon settled down very peaceably to mending one of their pliable woven fans, which he afterwards gave to me, and which I am now using. It is a very useful, and indeed necessary, article in a Samoan house, where the flies are such an insufferable nuisance.

We had an excellent meal from the oven, of all sorts of queer native dishes, in return for which we gave them some of our, to them, equally strange food; and then, after a little sleep, somebody fanning the flies away all the time, we strolled out to get a bathe in a pool of fresh water, the position of which was described to us. As we walked through the town we saw what a terrible amount of damage was done a few months ago when the King Party made a descent upon this place and effected a landing. Many of the finest trees are standing only as stumps; the bread-fruit trees are chopped down; and the tops of the cocos being hacked off, they stand now, drearily enough, like so many telegraph posts. When one party for a time gets the upper hand, the first thing to be done, after they have secured whatever property they can, is to cut down the trees and destroy the plantations of their enemy; this has been effectually done at Fasitoöuta, but a bountiful nature is quickly flinging a cloak of green over the nakedness of the place, and in a few years it will be as beautiful as ever. Poor Pua-elo was bemoaning the loss of a grove of fine palms that was her property, the whole of which has been cut down.

We found the little freshwater pool that we had been directed to, but it was so evil-smelling a place, and so muddy and stirred up by previous bathers, that we preferred a dip in the sea, which was only a stone's throw away, although it was very shallow for a long way out. Before we returned to the town I made a little sketch of the place; which fact, in truth, was not worth mentioning except for the very ridiculous result it nearly caused some time after. Nobody objected to my doing it, or had reason for so doing, but it brought about a very funny episode.

Coming back we found a band of boys playing *totoga*—rod-throwing—which, simple as it seems, is really a very difficult art. The rods are long and very light, having the bark peeled from them, and are thrown along the ground and made to travel thus an astonishing distance, considering their little weight. Of course I tried to throw; and also, of course, I could not do it half as well as these little lads, although I put three times the amount of strength into it. When I endeavoured to copy them exactly and throw as they did along the ground, my rod would stick in it and remain there, ignominious and quivering.

I do so love the children,—they are such delightful little imps, half frightened of you, and yet anxious to be spoken to; the very little ones who have never seen a *Papalagi* before keep at a discreet distance, and rush away terrified if you chance to move in their direction. Both boys and girls act as nurses to their still younger brothers and sisters, and it is a pleasant sight to see the way one naked little lad will pick up another still smaller and carry him on his hip. I have made friends with a dozen or so of the children, and had them swarming about me to examine the wonders of my pockets and my possessions generally. Their brown skin seems to glow in the sun, and they feel quite hot to the touch, and yet the heat does not seem to inconvenience them in the least. The two men who came here with me went into the house to sleep, being too *vavai* (hem, idle!) to play with the children; so I alone had my hair and ears and hat decorated with flowers by these jolly little urchins, some of whom only muster up courage enough to rush at me with a flower and thrust it into my hand and dart away again. In trying to talk with these little boys and girls I learn a good many words, as they are all anxious to tell me the name of anything. It seems a mystery to them that I cannot understand all they say to me, and I fear they think me a poor sort of creature in consequence.

Attended by my suite of little maids and pages, I went onto the beach and watched, sitting on the remains of an old carved canoe, a number of men playing at a game like the Tongan *tolu.* This game consists of two parties of men, five or six on a side, who throw heavy spears so that they shall stick in the top of a stump of wood about five feet high; which stump in this case consisted of the trunk of one of the coco-palms hacked down by the King Party a year ago. The side which in three throws gets the most spears into the stump wins. They became very excited over this game, just like a band of jolly boys, especially towards the end of it, when the last one or two men try to knock out the spears of their opponents, and when success or non-success is hailed with shouts and laughter from one side or the other.

Whilst watching this interesting game a great booming drumming noise was sounded down the shore some little way, in the most populous part of the place, where most of the warriors live; this was to call the scattered ones to the evening games, which take place in the large central square round which the houses are thickly built. We all walked down for the first time to that part of the town to see the sports, and there went into the large house of a certain chief, Sağapolu by name, who is the "talking man" of the place. These fellows are distinguished by the immense heads of hair they grow, which hangs down their backs in soft and silky manes, not at all harsh or coarse, as I expected, and also by carrying a long stick on which they lean when talking, and a fly-whisk in the other hand, or frequently over their shoulder. These are the speakers sent by every town to any of the great meetings to represent the voice of the place, and it is they who entertain distinguished guests and travellers. Sag̃apolu is a remarkably fine man, with regular clear-cut features, a grand figure, and a great mass of yellow hair, which looks strange with his dark skin. Naturally their hair is dark, but, as in Tonga, they make it light with lime; it is always kept in beautiful order, and washed with the juice of a *moli Samoa,* a sort of small shaddock that has spherical cellules in the pulp instead of the usual oval ones. They take two of the fruit and beat them together until they are soft, and, tearing one of them in halves, they rub the fruit on the head, when the juice of it forms a delicious sort of lather, which makes the hair soft as silk and pleasantly scented.

This man Sag̃apolu made me sit next him, and I was as agreeable as possible with my limited knowledge of Samoan; we watched the men in the large, level, beaten square play several sorts of games. One was throwing oranges, which they could do to a great distance. Oranges that fall unripe from the trees, when dried a little, make excellent balls, which can be broken only with great difficulty; these they throw in a very queer way; taking a little run, they throw the orange from behind the back and over the shoulder. The men divide into two parties, one at each end of the long public place, and one throws a certain amount of oranges, which are returned by the others. I suppose Sag̃apolu saw that I was amused with all this, for after he had with great ceremony, through Pua-elo, who acted as interpreter, asked me whether I would take him as a friend, he ordered some of the men to form a little *siva* or dance, which they forthwith did, and with which I was so delighted that Sag̃apolu told Pua-elo to ask whether I should like a big one to-night, and when I said that I certainly should, he said that if I would come down to his house after dark there should be one got up for us.

It was already dusk, and Pua-elo, thinking of the fate of her oven, went on in advance, asking us to come home soon to supper. When the little dance was ended, Sag̃apolu, thinking that his new friend could not find his way home, led me thither by the hand and then left us. The oven to-night was a very grand one, fowls, ducks, yams, taro, little bright scarlet fish, *faii*, and *palusami;* the two last are excellent dishes made of coco-nuts and different things. *Faii* is the pudding that I had at Faleula, but *palusami* is very different, being made of green taro leaves, coco-nut water, and salt.

When it had become quite dark we returned to Sag̃apolu's house, where, after we had had the inevitable bowl of *kava,* he ordered large fires of coco-nut husks and shells to be made outside the house, which was not large enough for the dance. We sat just under the eaves, all the men cross-legged, which is a comfortable enough position if you can get a post at your back, but not at all without; it is considered incorrect for women to sit so, and they have both feet put on one side. Up came the music, which consisted of a singer and a chorus of about fifty men, who seated themselves opposite us in a large semicircle and commenced their song. The music is very strange, with queer intervals, and the words are, I should think, extemporaneous, for I know that they introduced us into the song; at certain periods the chorus all clap their hands with the greatest precision as to time, and some of them have two half coconut shells, which they also beat together. Then came the dancers bounding into view and commenced their work; there were only five or six of them, and the dance at first was rather slow and dull, but they soon warmed to it, and it then became very energetic and interesting. The whole performance was not continuous, but in parts, each one of which lasted about five minutes, and each part had a fresh air and chorus, in which the soloist and chorus sing line and line about.

Their dancing consists of a great deal of pantomime,—it might in fact almost be called acting,—and the hips, shoulders, and arms are often much moved without the dancer stirring from the one place; the hands and arms are particularly graceful all through. In each part there seems a *premier danseur*, whose movements the others very closely follow, but it is not always so. They very frequently changed their costume,—that is to say, their head-dresses and ornaments, the rest of their dress consisting only of a very minute piece of *tappa*, and sometimes of a few leaves. To show as much tattoo as possible seemed the object of some of their *pas*. Every joint is supple and active and strong, and they have the freedom of movement of a trained ballet dancer. There was one effect that struck me as being singularly good; the dancers, after a long and well danced scene, went away out of the firelight into the darkness beyond, and, oiling themselves all over, came slowly marching back, so that you saw the fitful firelight just flashing on the prominences of their muscles and nothing else. This was very delightful.

There is one oldish man who is a glorious mimic, and he imitated all sorts of things splendidly, making us roar with laughter. I asked Pua-elo what was the correct thing to say, and she whispered "*Malei*," so after anything that I thought very good I thus expressed my admiration. This was very well received. One other scene I must write of,—it was so funny and caused so much amusement to the assembled onlookers. It was when the dancers appeared in *lava-lavas* of *tappa* and imitated the women, caricaturing all their little ways and movements. It was really excellent; and we stayed several hours, being most admirably entertained, and the *siva* was still in full swing when we left, and probably would not end until nearly daybreak.

Before we left for our house Sağapolu told me how sorry he was that he was so far away from his own home—he lives a long way from here up country—as he could give me no presents worth having, but that if I would only stay in Fasitoöuta a few days he would get me all sorts of delightful things down. I, in a royal sort of manner, through my interpreter, said that I did not require great presents, but that I should like to have some small thing of his that when I looked at it in my country—a long way off—I might always remember Sağapolu. I believe that it was rather the correct thing for him to offer me all these things, and equally correct for me to refuse them. After this Sağapolu conducted me home again in a manner meet for sworn friends, and I was glad enough to take to my mat after scribbling for an hour in my pocket-book all this long rigmarole that you have just read. If it is at times incoherent think only how sleepy I am as I write.

The next day was intensely hot, so hot that I hardly cared to go very much out of the house, except in the early morning, when we all went for a glorious swim in the sea and a little walk about the town, which is very much larger and more populous than I at first had thought. At about twelve I, being the only one awake, was invited to go through the partition and take *kava* with Tamacessi; through I soon went, and was seated in the circle next the great man himself. As I said before, there is a great deal of ceremony about the making and serving of the *kava*, and the etiquette of precedence in being served is very strict. Upon this occasion no formality was relaxed; everything was done in its entirety, as the drink was for so great a man. Before to-day I have always been given the bowl first, but this morning I was made to know my position by being served only after Tamacessi. Whilst I was in that part of the house a messenger came in to the king elect, and with great respect, sitting down some way off, he delivered his news. Such a cheerful-looking fellow, whom I delighted by drawing his portrait in pencil in my pocket-book, in which picture the interest of Tamacessi himself was so great as to break through the certain amount of reserve he had thought fit to wrap himself in before. This man, Tolefoa, had hair eight or nine inches long, tied tightly, close to his head, which made the wavy mass form a sort of turban.

Last night Sagāpolu asked me to visit him some time to-day, so in the afternoon, after a walk on the shore in the shade of the trees with Pua-elo and Moe, and one or two others, unattached, I started off alone, without my interpreter, and went to his house. He was not in the same building that we were in last night, which is the *Fale-tele*, or public reception and lodging-house, but some girls pointed out to me where his house was, so over I went to the other side of the square. When I arrived Sagāpolu was out, but a woman that I took to be his wife, and a dozen or so of other people in the house, did their very best to talk to me and entertain me until his return. The chief man of the party presented me with a huge lump of *kava*, which I, with thanks and expressive pantomine, returned to him, signifying that I wished he would have it prepared for drinking; so he sent out for a young girl, who came in, and, seating herself, commenced at once solemnly to chew it. By this time Sag̃apolu had returned, and seemed very pleased to see me, seating himself by me, and talking as much as ever he could.

Before he came in I made, mentally, a ridiculous mistake, on seeing upon the floor a three-pronged wooden object about nine inches long, which I took for a fork. Soon after my friend had appeared in the house he untied the string that bound his hair, which fell in a great soft shower right down his shoulders, and began—innocent little vanity!—to comb it with this "fork;" anything other than a similar instrument would be of little use, so long and thick and wavy is his hair. I am sorry to say that I had thought this great golden peruke was false until I felt it, and found that it was not so. Many of these fellows who have not good crops of their own select girls with fine heads of hair, and forbid them to cut it; when it has grown long and thick they sheer these unfortunate damsels, and, bleaching and colouring the hair, make unto themselves glorious and gigantic wigs.

After some time, when the *kava*, with all its attendant ceremonies, was finished, I said my *kofaa*—farewell!—and, leaving the house, rambled off for an hour or two in a part of the town I had not been in before. Here I visited several houses, the people all being anxious for the *Papalagi* to come and see them. Several of them produced some trifle, which they gracefully begged me to accept, and in one of these brown and shady houses I was found by Pua-elo, who came running to look for me to say that the boat was quite ready, and that we must start at once, or night would be upon us before we could get home. So I bade farewell regretfully to my friends, and walked to the beach, where I found a great crowd collected to wish us a last *kofaa,* and see us set sail.

I did not see Sağapolu amongst them, and, thinking he had forgotten all about the presents, I was rather rejoicing in the fact, as I had nothing whatever with me that I could give him in return. Never had I made a greater mistake; for as I was stepping into the boat, really sorrowful at leaving this charming and friendly people, Pua-elo said, "Oh Alfledi! wait for Sağapolu; he is coming tlough the town with a plesent fo' you to take away." So I sat myself down on the edge of a big carved canoe with Pua-elo by me, surrounded by the crowd of natives, and with all my little boy and girl friends, who were there to see the very last of the tall *Papalagi.* In a few moments up came Sağapolu, official staff in hand, and with fly-whisk on shoulder, followed by a man bearing the gifts.

With their free and royal step he approached and made a speech, to which all attentively listened; being interpreted, it was to the effect that he was far from his own home and had nothing worthy of offering me, but that, if I would accept these few poor articles he would be proud, and that Tamacessi had sent me some fans, which he hoped I would take from him. The present consisted of beautifully-printed *tappa,* tortoise-shell rings, carved combs, and lovely woven fans. I, through Pua-elo, made a few remarks, to the effect that I should ever value these as the gifts of friends, and that I should take them to my home over there, pointing west, and always keep them. I said that I had nothing with me that I could leave them in remembrance of me, but that I would send from Apia, by Pua-elo, some *Papalagi* articles that I hoped they would keep in memory of me. With this and a last *kofaa*, Sag̃apolu marched away, and I turned to the boat. It was a lovely evening; the sun was setting gorgeously behind the town as we pulled off, and the group of people and little children on the shore waving their fans and *tappa*, and calling their farewells, made up a charming picture that I hope I shall never forget. There is something of sadness in thus leaving a beautiful spot where one has received nothing but kindness from a gentle people, and knowing that you are sailing away for ever.

We left to-night, instead of to-morrow morning, hoping to catch the land breeze that generally springs up at sunset, as I was still too poorly to be of much use at the oar. We sailed along pleasantly enough for about an hour, when a squall, with startling suddenness, sprang up, and we put in hastily for the shore. The sky had become overcast and the night dark, so that we could only just see the white line of the sand of the beach, when suddenly we struck a rock, the boat heeled over and filled, and we all found ourselves in the water, and had to flounder to shore as best we could. I seized this leather pocket-book with all these invaluable notes in it, which I saw floating by me, and then all of us, laughing, found ourselves safe on land. We were in rather a miserable condition—wet through to the skin; but fortunately it was not at all cold, as we had all of us to go into the sea again to collect our different goods, and also to get our boat ashore and empty her. Pua-elo saw a light glimmering through the trees, and, looking about her, said that she knew where we were, that it was Tufulele, and that not far off was the house of a white man, who had settled there years ago, and married a Samoan wife. When we had gathered together all our floating property, we walked towards the light, and presented ourselves, in a damp and dripping condition, to the very hospitable Englishman, who received us most delightedly, and has put us all up for the night. Living in the house is a native girl, who has been stone-blind from her childhood, and it is one of the most wonderful things I ever witnessed to see the way she goes about the place and does everything for everybody, almost as though she possessed an extra sense instead of lacking one.

Next morning we were up with the sun, and got our boat ready for a start; and a couple of hours after rising we said good-bye to our host, and pulled off with the tide for Malua. I was glad to find my fans and *tappa* but little injured by the upset, as they had been tightly packed in a leaf-basket. The sea was as blue and calm and radiant this morning as though it never could be rough and squally, and the air so soft and light as though that could never rise above the softest zephyr. At Malua, where we called, we were fortunate enough to get two boys to pull us to Apia, as I was too unwell to be of any use, and there was no breeze with which to sail. These young men, being in the employ of the missionary, are supposed to be strictly neutral in political affairs, but whenever it gets the chance the Old Party kills one of them; and only last week they shot a youth who had climbed a tree to elude them, and whose head was at Fasitoöuta whilst I was there, and of which they boasted as though it were the head of a hero.

When we reached Faleula we found that one of the five little outlying forts was empty, so we entered and saw that the whole building consists of one rude room. These forts are built of rough but very strong logs, and are raised about four feet above high water, so that we had some difficulty to get from the canoe to the little doorway. In the walls are loopholes for the use of the guns that they have in plenty. The forts must be of great service to the King Party, if well guarded, which they do not appear to be. It would be almost an impossibility for the Old Party's canoes to pass between them; but I think that they are, as to-day, often left quite untenanted. The town of Faleula looked very beautiful from the shade of this little fort, through the framework of the entrance, a quaint foreground being made by the other little buildings over the water that lay between us and the land. Although four out of the seven of us were Samoans, and wore Samoan dress, I suppose the people on shore must have seen we were not enemies, as no one came after us.

We could stay no length of time at Faleula as we feared missing the tide, so I did not again visit my friends there, but came straight back here to Apia. I was very surprised to find a little crowd of excited people on the wooden landing-stage at the hotel, which sumptuous building is erected on the very edge of the sea; they ran down and received me gladly, for a native had come in this morning with a rumour that I had been sketching the fort at Aana, and the Old

Party, thinking I was spying for the King Party, had taken me prisoner on account of this, and were keeping me closely confined there in durance vile. My friends in Apia becoming very anxious about it, had collected a boat's crew, and had got a large whale boat ready and armed to come after me to Fasitoöuta if I had not returned this tide. The consul has had to go away to Savaii, or, they say, he would have been after me directly the report came in this morning. The Old Party are not too careful of what they do to those they consider spies: hence this anxiety. There was I, being pleasantly and kindly entertained at Aana, whilst this report was being believed in Apia. How grieved I am that it is not true can well be imagined. If they had refused to give me up the gunboat would have come down and bombarded the fortress, and I know not what else of delights. Woe is me! my home-coming was far more prosaic and matter-of-fact, for I had to come straight to my room, and, entering my mosquito curtains, have remained here all day.

During the remainder of my stay in Samoa I was not able to go any big excursion, or take any very long walks, as those I had done seem to have knocked me up, the heat is so moist and intense. I very much regretted that I was unable to visit Falepomaa; and I wanted much to see Abolima, which from all accounts must be one of the loveliest spots on earth. It is, they tell me, a great extinct volcano that rises from the sea, one side of which has caved in and admitted the water, so that you enter through a narrow passage and find yourself in a land-locked harbour surrounded by a lofty amphitheatre covered entirely, from the sea-level to the highest peak, with most glorious verdure. This island is one of the Samoan natural fortresses, and should be quite impregnable if defended with even moderate skill and courage. From time immemorial it has been their chief stronghold, and it is to-day fulfilling its ancient function.

But although I have been confined to Apia and its environs I find more than I can examine in all the time I have; and although there seems but very little to record, there has not been a dull hour amongst the many I have spent here.

One morning I turned out all the stores to find some large Jews' harps to send to the serenader in Vavau that played so well on that Mosaic instrument. I found some mammoth ones that I know well will rejoice his heart and make him to be envied of all men for miles around. And then one evening in sailed a large labour vessel from the Solomans, New Hebrides, and New Britain, with the wildest load of men ever collected in ship together. They were all in their native dress, or rather undress, some with an exaggeration of indecency impossible to describe. Their ornaments were unique, of gorgeous shell and pearl and tortoise-shell. The skipper of this ship had brought away hundreds of beautiful clubs and bows and arrows and other objects, and besides these some very beautiful birds, "the like o' which," to use his own expression, "had never before left th' islands."

Here is the very interesting Roman Catholic mission station and its fine plantations, which I visited one day. They are kept in an admirable manner, and it is delightful to see these tropic plants growing under cultivation, they form such glorious masses of foliage. For instance, what can be lovelier than a fine clump of bananas growing together, or a marshy piece of ground covered with the broad spear-shaped leaves of the *taro?* In this one plantation grows a very diverse list of plants and flowers, cotton, maize, bananas, sugar-cane, nutmeg, arrowroot, and tapioca—all thrive and flourish; whilst the whole place is beautified with flowers, white daturas, jasmines, bushes of a lovely orange-coloured flower, wreaths of blue clitoria, and everywhere the glorious crimson of the hybiscus glows amidst the green.

I am told here that the Roman Catholics are reducing the population, in whatever places their creed is accepted, to the same craven priest-ridden condition that their teaching always seems to tend to; and it is a point of great soreness to the Protestant missionaries, who bore the brunt of the fray, that another Church should have obtruded itself upon an island, causing endless dissensions, where the work of Christianity was being so well done, and whilst there was, and is, such an extended field of labour a little farther on still unworked. It is a pity that some arrangement could not have been made, for although some may not consider the work advisable or necessary, all will admit that if it has to be done it is foolish to have a divided camp, and two religions taught where one would do. So strong is the bitter feeling between these two branches of the same Christianity, and so unfriendly the teaching of the leaders of each towards the other, that I am assured it will be the chief cause in time to come of all warfare between the Samoans, who seem doomed to trouble of some sort, political or theological.

The last few days I have been talking much with the natives and people living here, and I find—I am not speaking thus from patriotic feeling—that everywhere among the Samoans the English are more respected and more liked than any other nation; and very many natives with whom I have been able to speak have expressed a strong wish that England would take the islands under her protection. They are very much against the idea, often promulgated, of German annexation, as they hate the Germans as a nation, and consider them both cruel and mean. Somehow or other the Germans have acquired many plantations, and claim vast tracts of land that are yet uncleared; and besides this they possess a very great proportion of the trade. What could the unfortunate Samoans do if Germany intimated that she was about to take possession of the whole group, hating though they do the very idea? It would be another case of Tahiti and the French occupation. I cannot understand how it is that England will not see the vast importance of Samoa to her, lying as it does directly in the line between New Zealand and America. And then, too, it is the often expressed wish of the natives themselves that some such protectorate should be formed.

As for the people themselves, they seem a very healthy race, and certainly their physique is far finer than that of the average European. Perhaps it is that only the strong and healthy survive childhood; but be that as it may, they certainly impress one with their fine development. I have, however, seen a good many cases of *fefe* (*elephantiasis*); some one or two of the sufferers were terrible objects, scarce able to move. Fortunately the disease is quite painless.

I regret having been unable to see a single specimen of the *Manu-mea*, the *Didunculus strigirostris*, which is the last living representative of the Dodo family. It is a dark blue pigeon, with pink legs, that is still to be found in Savaii, and in one sole part of

Upolu, to which I received an invitation to go for the purpose of shooting one, which I certainly should not have tried to do had I been able to pay the visit.

Much of my time, and all my remaining evenings, were spent with Leapai at his house, and many were the interesting talks we had over our *kava* and tobacco. Last night was my last night in Samoa, and I am quite sorry at parting with such excellent and pleasant companions, as he and his wife and one or two other Samoans have been all the time I have been here. Just before I left their house Leapai and his wife gave me a lovely fishing line, of their own manufacture, which I am always to keep and often use in my own country. Ah friends! I fear its great thick hook of bone will not be attractive at home to its prey, as it is trimmed with feathers to the taste of the Pacific fish.

All my packing is finished, as we are ordered aboard at ten o'clock this morning, and sail for Fiji. I have had to collect my garments from Gilbert and Stodart, and also to return to them those of theirs I had borrowed. [Which latter part I evidently did not do thoroughly, as I found myself only the other day endeavouring to don a stupendous collar which gashed my ears when I adjusted it, and which I found on examination to be one of Stodart's "joys."] We have lived in a sort of communistic fashion ever since we left New Zealand, Gilbert wearing my shirts and I his shoes, and somebody else with my trousers, and I with their hat, and so on; so that it has been no small labour this early morning to sort out our rather confused wardrobes.

As I write all this nonsense on the verandah of the hotel I watch the canoes passing and repassing just below, with their beautiful paddlers all tricked out in *tappa,* flowers, and smiles, bringing in their loads of oranges, nuts, and golden bunches of bananas from distant parts. It is strange to think that they will go on doing just the same to-morrow and next year, when I shall be so many thousands of miles away from all this light and warmth and beauty. There is one canoe just now, paddled by two boys and a man, which is charming to watch, for they are amusing themselves by paddling right out reefwards and then being carried into shore rapidly on the rollers. Oh why was I born a grovelling Englishman?

CHAPTER IX.

FIJI.

It was still quite early in the day when I finally said "adieu" to Samoa and all my friends there, and went on board the German barque *Carl Hoffman.* I had said good-bye to all the *Caledonia* crew, who are sailing for Savaii to take in copra, and quite miss Stodart already, whose cheerful face has never worn a frown nor looked glum the whole long time we have been together. Fortunately Gilbert is coming with me as far as Levuka, or I should feel solitary indeed. After we got aboard we stayed an hour or two waiting for a breeze; I was lying down on the deck in the shade when some one told me that a native in a canoe was enquiring for me, so I went to the side and looked over, and there below me, in his little outrigger, was the faithful Leapai, who had paddled out to see me once more and again say "good-bye." He had brought me a box of oranges from one of his own trees for my consumption on the voyage. Now, are these natives kind or not? Soon after I had seen the last of this good fellow, who gleamed like old gold bronze as he paddled off, the pilot came aboard, and as a little breeze had sprung up we weighed anchor and slowly forged out. We were as nearly as possible on the reef, as the breeze fell dead just as we were going through the passage, and the pilot and skipper were both in a state of the wildest excitement. I should not have been particularly sorry for my own sake if we had done so, as it would have been an excuse for a further stay in Samoa. Wrecks have frequently occurred there from exactly this cause, and the crews have gone comfortably ashore in the boats, and left the ship helpless on the reef. However, this was not to be our fate, as we sent out the boats, which, by incessant towing, managed to keep her off until a light air sprang up and we moved into deeper water.

I must be a veritable Jonah, all voyages protract themselves so inordinately when I am on board; here we are—nine days out from Samoa and the first islands of Fiji only just in sight, when we ought to have made the passage in half the time. The last day or two I have been fearing that my stock of books would fail me, and then I should have had a dull time of it, for besides a few German books of navigation, the only literature I can find on board is a terrible story portraying the life and adventures of a certain Jane somebody, a virtuous damsel in a coal district, written in twaddly English and "goody-goody" style. I certainly did begin this romance, but when Jane refuses the offer of marriage of an enormously wealthy man in a coach-and-six, who falls desperately in love with her for doing something silly on a pit bank, just because he was not baptized, or confirmed, or something of that kind, I thought she was too big an idiot for even this hot weather, and flung her with contumely headlong down the companion.

It has been very hot, and some of the days with hardly a breath of air stirring.

> "All in a hot and copper sky
> The bloody sun at noon,
> Right up above the mast did stand
> No bigger than the moon;"—

which is perfectly true; the sun does look ridiculously small, but it is enormously hot all the same. The tar oozes from the caulking of the deck in little bubbling patches, on which you sit when the shade of the sails has moved, and to which you, need I say it, pretty firmly adhere, somewhat to the detriment of your trousers. Those that I have been wearing—the combined result of age and friction—have holes in them about the size of a plate, and the result of reposing on one of these tarry little man-traps is singularly unpleasant. Hot though the days have been, I almost think the nights are worse, as this good ship, the *Carl Hoffman*, was originally built for trading to Siberia, and since its cruises to Archangel and thereabouts there has been no alteration in its system of ventilation. There is a little artful cupboard, in which I lie awake at night, so skilfully contrived as to exclude every breath of heaven; in this I am supposed to find "Nature's sweet restorer," but it is needless to say I do not. After enduring it for half an hour, all the time vigorously fanning myself, I fling myself in an agony of perspiration on to the cabin floor, or fold myself, like a carpenter's rule, on the little four-foot sofa, if some other fellow is not there before me, and stay there all night. Everybody says it would be madness for me to sleep on deck, so I give in for once to the popular voice. Oh, these sweet tropic nights on an Arctic vessel!

The days have passed in a wonderfully monotonous manner — hardly a fish or a bird to be seen, and nothing to break the time but the arrival of the meals. Certainly the sugary soups, raisined stews, and other odd messes then presented, do raise a little curiosity in our breasts; but that is the only emotion we experience. So dull has everything been that I have not cared to write anything in my log. If only I liked to invent little episodes, such as falling overboard and swimming about the ship an hour or two before I was picked up; or desperate struggles with savage sharks; or even an encounter with that useful Chinese pirate junk that story writers of the Eastern seas, regardless of improbable longitude, seem always to keep handy to produce when their tale grows dull,—I might make my journal thrilling; but I prefer to keep to the unemotional truth, and hope that risk and dangers will arrive when I get amongst the cannibals.

We made the Namuka passage yesterday, but had to shorten sail at night, as the skipper was naturally too anxious to risk his ship in trying to make a moonlight passage, as the navigation is made dangerous and difficult by the many shoals and reefs hereabout; and this morning at sunrise, when I came on deck, I found we were all amongst the islands. Most of them are of good-size, green, pleasant-looking, and mountainous; consequently their general appearance is not so distinctly tropical from the sea as the low lying, coco-palm covered coral islands; but for all that they are very beautiful, particularly Ovalau, the island on which the capital, Levuka, is situated. It is one of the smaller islands of Fiji, being only about twenty-eight miles in circumference; but it is very mountainous and in places precipitous, and the great gray summits of the topmost crags are often veiled with clouds. All the hills and valleys are covered with luxuriant green, and the shore, as almost everywhere in the tropics, is fringed with a deep grove of palms.

Levuka itself is a much larger place than I expected to find it; the whole beach is lined with houses, of course all of wood, but many are large and well built. At the extreme left of the bay, from the sea, is Government House, very prettily situated and comfortable looking; and all the Government offices are there too, with beautiful shrubberies of crotons and other gorgeous plants about them; and right at the other end of the bay is the hotel, Sturt's Hotel, at which I am staying. A very comfortable place it is too, with a huge and shady verandah, where people seem to sit all day and look at the natives passing up and down in front of it. I was rather disappointed to find the place so large and civilised, but I am told that I have only to go into Colo, in the mountainous interior of Viti Levu, where I can see real savage Fijians, and where I can still run an excellent chance of being eaten. This year's *Australian Handbook* says that "To-day finds six-sevenths of the Fijians professing Christianity, cannibalism has ceased since 1854, polygamy is abolished, and the idol worship of past ages has given place to the worship of the true God, and generally there is peace. Many of the converts are said to maintain a consistent walk; and in all a great revolution, in outward morals at least, has taken place even if there has not been a real change of heart. *These remarks scarcely apply, however, to the tribes of the interior of Viti Levu, who are variously estimated at from* 7000 *to* 20,000, *and have hitherto held out against any advance of civilisation into their country.*" The idea of visiting these very parts has enormous charms for me, but I do not see the slightest chance of my getting there, so many difficulties have to be overcome, and so many dangers too, that I suppose it is best for me to stay in civilised Fiji and see that.

We did not land directly we arrived, as there are very strict quarantine regulations enforced since the terrible outburst of measles that occurred here some time ago, which carried off 50,000 of the natives—an awful visitation, that could thus at one fell swoop kill a third of the whole population of the group; and strange too that a disease of such small importance to us as measles, should prove so disastrously fatal to Fijians. After getting all my luggage to the hotel, I was soon out into the town to explore it and see of what sort are the people. The Fijians strike me as being a totally different race from the Tongans or the Samoans, and, as far as appearance goes, are very much the inferior of those peoples. I am not an ethnologist, but I should describe them as approaching the African type; they are very dark, with a blackish look in the colour of their skin which is quite absent in Tongans. Their noses too are flat and broad, and their lips rather protruding; their hair is not wavy like that of my friends, but is woolly and fiercely frizzy, and they dress it out into a huge sort of mop from the back of the head, and into this they stick feathers and flowers extensively. The women have theirs cut short, or done in little, tiny, twisted bits, that hang down like pieces of thickish string, which is not a particularly beautiful fashion, as may be imagined. I have indeed hardly seen a pretty-looking Fijian woman all day, although I have been into most parts of the town. The men paint their faces to a great extent and in a very queer way, dabs and bars and stripes of red or black, but many of them with only the forehead covered with a shiny black colour. In the town the men have to wear a *sulu*, from the waist to the knees, and the women a somewhat similar one, with the addition of a little loose cotton jacket; in former times they wore scarce any clothing, but about the European settlements now-a-days they wear plenty. The chief ornament that the men affect is a great circular boar's tusk, which hangs from the neck, and has a savage and good effect, gleaming white on their broad black breasts. The method of growing these tusks is ingenious. They catch a boar when he is quite young, and knock out the teeth in the upper jaw, which in the natural course of events would wear away the tusks in the lower one, so that, as the boar grows older, the tusks get greater and greater, and more and more circular, until they are considered sufficiently curved and sufficiently large, when the rightful owner of these decorations is killed and has his teeth extracted. The nearer that the tusks approach to a circle the more beautiful they are considered. Not having as yet been amongst the natives, I cannot say anything as to their manners, hospitality, and so on, but I hope to be able to do so later.

Ovalau certainly is a most lovely island. I went in the early evening for a walk up the steep hill behind the town, and gained a very beautiful view from there of the mountains, sea, and farther islands. In one direction you can see the great mountainous island Viti Levu, "Great Fiji," where, in the interior, my friends the cannibals are; and in another direction Wakaia, a long island that lies in front of Levuka, about fourteen miles away; and then, far away to the north, you just can see the mountains of Vanna Levu, "the Great Land," that lies fifty or sixty miles away. The hills are covered everywhere with a wonderful growth, as rich and luxuriant almost as that of Samoa, although the heat here is not nearly so oppressive. Just now, too, the "Trades" have set in, which makes the weather much cooler. All about the town you see houses chained and fastened down, to keep them in their places during the hurricanes which visit the group annually, and are one of the chief drawbacks to its prosperity. They had one here some little time ago which sank I do not know how many ships in the harbour, and did great damage besides; this was the hurricane we were to have encountered going to Tonga, but which we so fortunately escaped.

I have just come in from a concert, and a very good concert too, at which the landlady of my hotel sang very beautifully, in a lovely, pure contralto voice, and have since been holding a conversation with some of the performers, all of whom were much interested in any musical news I could give them from Europe. They have formed an immense idea of Sims Reeves, and consider him a constant thorn in the side of "all them *I*-talian and foreign singers." So has ended my first day in Fiji—in not at all a Fijian manner.

The last few days I have spent in and about Levuka, whose beautiful scenery and bush give me plenty to occupy myself with. I will admit that I have passed a rather idle time, but after having been some months in the tropics, and exerting oneself a good deal in the intense heat, one's energy is not quite so great as it was, and I have been recruiting myself for the undertaking before me. I have done all the things one ought to do—gone to church, where I was seen of everybody, and to Government House, where I was seen of nobody, the governor being unfortunately ill, and to the house of a man to whom I had an introduction, where I have been inspired with the feasibility of my idea of crossing Viti Levu, and seeing those very parts and peoples that I wrote of a few days ago. There are no white people there, and no one is allowed even to enter the Colo district without a permission from the Government; this, however, I shall be able to obtain. The reason of this prohibition is that all that savage part, until quite recently, was in a state of open warfare with the whites; and although, as we have occupied the group, we must put down such risings, I cannot help feeling that my sympathies go with the mountain tribes.

Fiji was handed over to England "*for a consideration*," by Cakobau (Thakombau), who claimed the sovereignty of the whole group, and power to dispose of it as he wished. The Colo men say that they were always independent; and that, although Cakobau was king of some of the isles, and that Rewa was subject to him, he certainly had no right to sell their birthright along with his. This statement was not noticed by England, and the unfortunate mountaineers have had to be suppressed, and a Fijian village, in the lately disturbed district, has been fortified and occupied by a force of friendly Fijians and an English officer in command, to instantly quell any revolutionary risings in the interior.. As it is not considered particularly safe to travel in those parts, any one wishing to do so must receive the Government permission, and must report himself at the fort at Natuatuacoko as being there. I am immensely excited at the thought of going there, and although many have tried to dissuade me, I have determined to make the venture. Up till now I have got on admirably with these Polynesian peoples—and why not with the Fijians? They certainly are uncivilised and cannibal, but it is not as though I had done anything to offend them, and I shall take care to be as pleasant and cautious as I can, for I am told that they are a treacherous lot.

A man who was up there in the war-time, four or five years ago, tells me that you still see the towns with the human bones on the palisades, placed there as a warning to all foes after the cannibal feasts, and many other such pleasant reminders of their innocent behaviour. Now, an expedition of this sort has an irresistible attraction for me: a completely new country to be gone through; savage tribes to be seen in their original savagery; some danger, and to have to take care of oneself. Life is not valued at a high rate here. To show how little, and also to give some idea of the awe a chief is held in, I tell this:

Some years ago one of the big chiefs was out at sea in one of the great canoes they build, when by some mischance it was upset, and leader and men found themselves in the water, and unable to right the canoe; consequently they had to swim to the nearest land. This chief was one of the jolly old clubbing cannibal sort, and, not wishing to become food for the sharks himself, made his crew of forty men, or thereabouts, form a circle round him, and thus swim the mile or two that lay between them and the shore. As the sharks gradually took one man off after another, the remnant of the devoted band closed up, protecting the life of their chief to the last. Thus he safely arrived at land, but his crew was reduced to four or five, all the remainder having been picked off and eaten by the sharks. This happened only a few years ago.

Before I go on any further, I must explain the orthographical method invented by the missionaries to express Fijian words. All the vowels are pronounced in the Italian manner. B is sounded as though it had the letter M before it, thus Bau is pronounced Mbau; the letter C is equivalent to a soft TH; D is pronounced ND; G as a soft NG; and Q as NG too, as far as I can make out, but with a hard sound, on the few occasions that it is used. All the remaining letters that their sounds require are pronounced as ours. This method is rather awkward at first, but one soon becomes accustomed to it.

There is plenty of fresh water in Ovalau, and good streams flow quite close to Levuka; this is one reason why the present capital is preferred to Suva, the new one, where water will have to be brought from a great distance. The removal of the seat of government from Levuka to Suva has been decided upon as there is really no room for Levuka to extend itself; it already lines the bay almost as far as it can go in both directions, and there is no breadth of land before you get on to the mountains, of which the island chiefly consists. At one of these streams Gilbert and I went to bathe before he left for New Zealand. It forms, some little distance up one of the hills, a most lovely cascade,—the Waipo Falls,—the way to which lies through many flourishing *dalo* plantations, in which the water of the stream is partly used. Just before the falls are reached one has to cross a smooth, steep, bank of rock, that is still difficult to pass over in one's shoes, and which used to be very dangerous until Commodore Goodenough, who was afterwards killed in "the Islands," had rough stepping places hewed in its face. The water comes dashing over the rocks from a great mass of exquisite greenery, and falls into a large deep pool where it seems swallowed up, and then again from this it rushes, tumbling down a great height into another pool below. Most beautiful trees grow all about the falls, in places overhanging far the rocky sides, and glossy plants and graceful creepers cover the trunks, and festoon the face of the rock. Looking seawards, over the mass of coco-palms that seems to fill up the little valley, you see the bright coloured water, blue and green inside the reef, and then on the horizon lies a long and broken island against the pure clear sky. The "Trades" are blowing, and the climate is, just now, perfection.

Gilbert has left me and returned to Auckland, so now I am all alone, having lost my last companion; he has been very ill the last few weeks, and is anxious to get back. We had quite an exciting scene at the last. I was urging him to make haste, but he said "Boats are always late in starting," and would not be hurried. I was carrying some of his last collected *impedimenta* the half mile or so that is between the hotel and the boat, and when we were about two hundred yards from the wharf we saw the boat slowly moving out. I started off running, shouting to them to stop, but they would not do so. Poor Gilbert was in despair, his legs doubling up beneath him from weakness, and his knees quite giving way. However, we managed to tumble him into the boat I had signalled, and, flinging his bags in after him, I saw him pulled off, quite speechless, to the ship, up whose side I saw him safely hauled. This little steamer, the *Southern Cross*, sails but once a month to Auckland, and it is the only connection between Fiji and New Zealand, so that it would have been annoying for him to have missed her.

Feeling rather sad at being thus deprived of my last shipmate, I thought "Art is the great consoler," so I determined to go to the Waipo Falls, and there insult nature as well as I could by endeavouring to reproduce the scene on my block. I intended doing a very charming and finished sketch, but after I had arrived there, and comfortably settled myself to my work, a whole party of natives came down from the higher hills and settled themselves to watch and interrupt, with that glorious disregard for the value of time that they one and all possess. They were completely naked except for the tiny *maro* that passes between the legs and round the loins. Unlike the Samoans they are not tattooed at all, but have instead, by way of decoration, enormous holes in their ears, in which great chunks of wood are inserted; these places often serve as safe receptacles for the stowing away of any small portable property they may possess. These fellows came and sat down near me, and were greatly interested in my work and property, especially with one of those metal drinking cups that collapse into three or four pieces upon being pressed. I signed to one of the men to fill the cup at the stream, which he did, and, placing it suddenly on the rock by the side of me, caused it to fall to pieces and let all the water out. How all the others laughed at him! They sadly interrupted my work, however, as I in an unguarded moment showed them the portraits of some Tongans that I had in the pocket of my block, when they were one and all seized with such a desire to be also immortalised that I had to leave off my waterfall and draw them. They have certainly not nearly such handsome faces as the Samoans and Tongans, and are not so large, but their figures are very fine and muscular. They were all charmed with their likenesses, which does not say much for their knowledge of the art of portraiture.

The water comes tumbling into a very deep basin, and then again falls into another pool below; on one side of this basin there rises to a great height an almost perpendicular wall of rock. Up this two little naked boys of about eight and ten climbed, and, leaping off a ledge, came flying through the air, feet foremost, and plunged into the pool. They must have sunk to a great depth, as they were beneath the surface a long time; very plucky little lads they must be, for they seemed to think nothing of the leap, and did it several times for the fun of the thing. Several of the men were in the pool too, swimming like fish, and I, seeing that it was hopeless to try to get on with my work, undressed also and dived in—not from the great height be it understood, but from the level ground, doing it, however, with a nonchalant air, as though these childish pranks were beneath me.

I have to-day been making all my small preparations for my expedition to Colo (Tholo),—nothing very great, for I am not going *en prince*, and mean to take hardly any luggage. They tell me I must take a Fijian with me to act as guide and interpreter, as, after I land in the part of Viti Levu I am going to, I shall find no English-speaking native, and even the Fijian that they use in the interior is different from that of the coast. So I have this evening been hunting up an amiable half-caste, who says he can guide me all through the great island. I do not believe him, but as he can talk English as well as Fijian he will do. He is to meet me to-morrow morning, a little before sunrise, at the verandah of the hotel, and we are to start to Nadi (Nandi) in the cutter, the *Alarm*, directly after. Just at present the worthy fellow is very drunk, but they say he will be all right in the morning, and as there will be nothing for him to get drunk on when he is with me, he will perforce be sober.

I have to be up early in the morning for my departure, so "Good-night."

I arose before the sun to-day and finished packing the very little luggage I am taking with me. Besides the cotton trousers and thin flannel shirt that I have on, I am taking another old pair of trousers, a cotton shirt, some pocket handkerchiefs, socks, a little merino scarf, and a comb and toothbrush; that is all, besides some scissors and little things of that sort to give away, and a small flask of whiskey in case of need. These I have rolled up in an old blue colonial blanket and strapped together, making a bundle easily carried in one hand. The skipper of the *Alarm* was sleeping in the next room, and we descended together. I looked up the beach, and down the beach, and, lo! my perjured half-caste was nowhere to be seen. I was not going to wait and lose my only chance of getting to Nadi, for I am sure the skipper did not mean to lose this tide, so off I started guideless and alone. We were pulled off to the cutter (I will not descend to technicalities and describe the differences between cutters and ketches and schooners, and to confess the whole truth I do not think I could make all points absolutely clear), which was a very small craft indeed, by the side of which even the *Caledonia* would have looked large, and, weighing our anchor, were off soon after six. The crew consists of New Hebrides and Soloman Island boys, one or two of whom are wild-looking dogs, with ears gashed and noses pierced; they have only been imported a few days, and this is the first time they have been employed by whites. The mildest looking and gentlest is, upon his own confession, a man-eater. He has told the skipper to-day that all his people eat their enemies, and he innocently enough does not seem ashamed to confess to having done as all his kinsfolk do.

The skipper is a very good fellow—once a planter here. He holds rather queer opinions concerning these "boys." He said to me to-day, "Oh, damn the Fijians I say, for a nasty idle lot; but these fellers" (imported labour boys) "I do like; I like 'em as much as hosses a'most—I do *in*deed." I found them pleasant enough, and in the course of the day have taught the cannibal one, who is of a distinctly Jewish type, with fine hook nose and large nostrils (this information I "throw out" for the benefit of any one interested in the Lost Tribes Question), how to cook a potato. I had never boiled one before, but thought I could do it better than he, as he has a way of sending them to table, or rather to skylight—for it is on that that we have all our meals, as below there is only room for one at a time—all waxy-looking outside and watery within. So I took them in hand next time. We have boiled potatoes at every meal. By leaving the lid partly off the pot when they were drained, and by shaking them in the most approved manner, I obtained a deliciously-cooked potato, which we much appreciated. Israel's lost representative cannot think why I want the lid off the pot, and comes and pops it on directly my back is turned from the box, with a fire in it, that on the *Alarm* represents the galley; but he has taken to the shaking part of the business to such perfection that to-night the potatoes have come to us in fragments, and the handle is already off one pot, and the other, our sole remaining joy, is uncommonly shaky.

We left Ovalau behind us this morning soon after starting, as we had a fair breeze, and crossed over, inside the reef all the time, to the side of Viti Levu, which looks, as it is, a very large island. It is certainly very beautiful—there are such magnificent ranges of mountains in the interior; and we sailed along so near the shore that we could see everything on it, and I am a little surprised to find that houses and villages are so scarce. At sunset we selected a nice quiet little harbour, and there we let drop our anchor for the night, a pleasant, unhurried way of proceeding; and I, with several of the boys, went ashore in the boat, they to chop firewood and I to inspect the place. We had to wade some distance to the beach, as the boat stranded on the coral, and I find that of all uncomfortable materials to walk on barefoot coral is the very worst. But I was rewarded by finding all sorts of glorious things in the water; such queer creatures I never saw; it would have been a perfect heaven for a naturalist. There are bright blue star-fish, and bunches of strange zoophitic things waving their long brilliant tentacles on slender stems; all sorts of corals and madrepores, sea slugs and *bêche-de-mer*, and I know not what else. We chopped a good load of wood for the galley and returned, but night had fallen before we reached the cutter, and I had in consequence to chase my food about the skylight top in the dark, as we have no light on deck. I am scrawling this in the little cabin into which I have managed to insinuate myself, and am now just off to the deck with a Fijian mat on which I am going to sleep. It is a lovely night, and we shall have a little talk and a smoke before we go to sleep, I doubt not.

This morning we weighed anchor before sunrise, that we might avail ourselves of the land breeze that blows freshly here just after dawn. In front of us and behind us the sea was as smooth as glass, but just where we were a good wind blows from the hills, so for a little time we bowled gaily along. The early morning was quite chilly, but soon after the sun has risen well above the horizon one begins to feel his power, and by nine o'clock it was scorchingly hot, and nowhere can one possibly obtain any shade, for the shadow of the sails at first falls on the water, and then, later on, as the sun gets more and more vertical, they give none at all. All that one can do is to sit beneath a huge hat and slowly bake. It is surprising how these native fellows enjoy it; their naked bodies seem never to feel too hot, and their heads are quite unprotected by any other covering than that which nature gives. There is a young Fijian on board named Na Koli, "the dog," from whom I am learning as many Fijian words as I can cram my memory with; unfortunately he knows no word of English, which makes it more difficult.

Up till now the hills of Viti Levu have been partly covered with trees, but the bush is gradually disappearing, and now they only grow in the little valleys and gullies, where moisture lingers longest. Beyond the Nananuyata Islands, which we passed this morning, for nine months in the year no rain falls, only heavy dews, which accounts for this absence of wood.

Towards mid-day it became almost a dead calm, and we lay on the water like a log; it *was* hot then. The islands we could see seemed floating in the air, for the sea and sky were exactly one colour; and no horizon line to mark where ocean ended and heaven began, could be distinguished. A current slowly drifted us amongst these islands, and at one place we seemed to be steering straight into the shore. I could see no possible outlet until we passed a point of land, when I saw the narrow Nananuyata Passage, through which the current swept us, although all breeze was dead. There are many turtle about here—I saw them in the clear water; and the skipper tells me—Oh ye Aldermen, gnash your teeth!—that often they have so much of it that they get to hate its very name. We passed many odd little towns on the shore as we sailed slowly up the coast; the houses seem formed of enormously thick thatch, and look shady and comfortable. We sailed on until after dark to-night, as a good breeze sprang up towards evening, and we anchored, at about seven, just off the mouth of the Baa River, down which comes a gloriously cool current of air.

I have been having a great deal of very interesting talk with the skipper to-day of Fiji and Fijians. From what he tells me the knowledge they have of herbs and simples must be very excellent and extensive. They have cured him of an attack of dysentery when the best European advice he could get here, from men-of-war and other ships, had utterly failed. The old women take you in hand and bring you decoctions and infusions of leaves, which they make you drink whilst they stand by, to see that you save none of the leaves and so learn their carefully-hidden secret. If they send you medicines, the leaves they consist of are always chewed or pounded out of shape. Their knowledge of poisons is great, and was extensively used by chiefs for political purposes, they removing by this means any dreaded rival or dangerous foe. They would send their emissary to the doomed person's village, and he, with the craft that so distinguishes Fijians, and upon the possession of which they so pride themselves, would ingratiate himself with the individual whom he was to poison, although it might take months to do, and then, seizing his opportunity, would in some way administer the baleful draught. The operation of their poisons is often slow, and the results of taking them so like that of disease as frequently to raise no suspicion in the minds of the friends of the deceased. Frequently, too, the chiefs would wish to gain for their children the curious rights of *vasu*, "nephew," over distant districts, by marrying daughters of those districts' chiefs; but those children never were born if the alliance was thought to be harmful to the tribes from which the women were chosen, the women being taught the value of certain leaves, and instructed to take them should they be about to become mothers. This, strangely enough, was almost always done.

The skipper was also telling me how little value they set upon their women. Except in youth, as slaves to their desire, and when older as slaves of burden, they consider them of little worth. Not many years ago, he says that a young women could be, and very frequently was, bought for a musket, and that often in dealings with the natives they would at last throw one into the bargain as a make-weight.

In old times polygamy was the custom in these isles, and it is the most difficult thing that the missionaries have had to strive against in those parts of Fiji that they have settled in. It was considered lawful for a man to have just as many wives as he could afford to keep; betrothals were frequently arranged when the parties were quite children, one man being betrothed to many girls to extend his power and connections. It was a dire insult for a man to refuse to complete the contract when he had arrived at a marriageable age, but this was rarely done, as it did not much matter to a man if he did not care for one of his several wives. Their position was little better than that of an animal; and such was the absolute right of a man over his wife that he could kill and eat her, if he so wished, which has been not rarely done.

Such things were of frequent occurrence when the first English missionaries settled here, and I must say a good word for those early Christian workers who certainly did do a great work in a land given over to such horrors as no one who has not been here and heard the stories of eye-witnesses would believe. They fought against and conquered the deepest seated habits and customs of a savage people, and although their teachings were perhaps not all that one could have wished for in breadth and freedom, still to have made the greater part of a large and brutal population peaceful and civilised is no small thing. The story of how the wives of two of the missionaries, when their husbands were absent, bearing their very lives in their hands, forced an entrance to the house of an unfriendly chief, and, at the utmost risk of their own, saved the lives of several out of fourteen woman who were being slaughtered for the oven, makes one's heart beat quicker for the hearing, even now, years after.

Many people have totally denied the fact of cannibalism having ever existed; they should stay here for a short time in Fiji and hear some of the stories of the early settlers, and their opinion would soon alter. It appears that the Fijian loved human flesh for its own sake, and did not merely eat a slain enemy out of revenge, as some people have thought; although I think that very probably the absence of any animal that they could eat gave rise to the custom. The crew of every canoe or boat that was wrecked upon their shores was killed and eaten in some parts until the very last few years; and often a great man would order to be clubbed some man or woman that he considered would be good for cooking, his plea being that his "black tooth ached," and only human flesh could cure it. Such inordinate gluttons were some of these chiefs that they would reserve the whole *bakolo*, as a human body to be eaten was called, for their own eating, having the flesh slightly cooked time after time, to keep it from going putrid. As a rule a Fijian will touch nothing that has become tainted, but sooner than lose any part of a human roast they would eat it when the flesh would hardly hang together. So great was their craving for this "strange flesh," that when a man had been killed in one of their many broils and quarrels, and his relations had buried his body, the Fijians frequently have enacted the part of ghouls, and, digging the body up from the grave, have cooked it and feasted thereon. So customary was this, that the relations of a buried man who had not died from natural causes watched his grave until the body had probably become too loathsome for even a Fijian appetite.

The expression "long pig" is not a joke, nor a phrase invented by Europeans, but one frequently used by the Fijians, who looked upon a corpse as ordinary butcher's meat, and call a human body *puaka balava*, "long pig," in contradistinction to *puaka dina*, or "real pig." The flesh was never eaten raw, but was either baked whole in the ovens, or cut up and stewed in the large earthen pots that they use for cooking. Certain herbs were nearly always cooked with the flesh, either to prevent indigestion, or as a sort of savoury stuffing—I know not which. If a man was to be cooked whole, they would paint and decorate his face as though he were alive, and one of the chief persons of the place would stand by the corpse, which was placed in a sitting position, and talk in a mocking strain to it for some time, when it would be handed over to the cooks, who prepared it and placed it in the oven, filling the inside of the body with hot stones, so that he would be well cooked all through.

After a battle the victors would cook and eat many of the slain at once, but generally some of the bodies were borne home to the victors' town, where they were dragged by ropes tied to the necks through the square to the *bure,* or temple, where they were offered to the gods, and afterwards cooked and divided amongst the men, the priest always coming in for a large share. By the side of some of these old *bures* great heaps of human bones lay whitening in the sun as a sign of how many bodies had been offered to its god. The corpses of enemies were always treated with every indignity that a savage and degraded nation could invent and were not ashamed to use, and the wild orgies that generally took place upon the return of a band of warriors are absolutely indescribable. Every restraint was laid aside, and the indulgence of the most degraded passions was permitted without restraint. Sometimes even the victim was not killed, but was placed bound and alive in the oven; and their fiendish revenge, not being satisfied by the mere death of its object, tortures too horrible to describe were often inflicted,—frequently a living man having to eat part of his own body before death was allowed to end his sufferings. None that died a natural death were ever eaten, and, unless the number of the slain was very great, the common people never partook of the *bakolo;* they were allowed to pick the bones and eat the inferior parts, such as the hands and head; but if there were many bodies for the oven all shared alike. Women were not allowed to partake of the awful banquet, yet women were considered better for cooking than men, and the thighs and arms the best portions. So delicious was human flesh considered, that the highest praise that they could give to other food was to say, "It is as good as *bakolo*."

Some of the most famous of the great cannibals have eaten an enormous number of human beings, many of them in their time having consumed hundreds of bodies. Some of them used to keep a rough record of each *bakolo* that they devoured. The number of lives thus sacrificed is almost incredible. No important business could be commenced without slaying one or two human beings as a fitting inauguration. Was a canoe to be built, then a man must be slain for the laying of its keel; and, if possible, were the builder a *very* great chief, a fresh man for every new timber that was added. More were to be used at its launching, as rollers to aid its passage to the sea, and others were slain to wash its deck in blood and to furnish the feast of human flesh considered so desirable upon such occasions; and after it was afloat, still more victims were required at the first taking down of the mast.

At Bau, the residence of Cakobau, there used to be a regular display of slaughter, in a sort of arena, round which were raised stone seats for the onlookers. In this space was placed a large braining stone, which was used thus: Two strong natives seized the victim, each taking hold of an arm and leg, and lifting him from the ground they ran with him head foremost—at their utmost speed, against the stone—dashing out his brains, which was fine sport for the spectators; almost as cruel, was it not, as the gladiatorial shows of civilised Rome?

This reckless destruction of their fellow-creatures was woven in with their daily life and customs. Is it to be marvelled at that a race which was always witnessing and participating in these horrors should be ruthless and without mercy? This subject of cannibalism has a terrible sort of fascination for me, and I have been making the skipper to-night tell me all the awful things he has seen or heard of the "old" Fijians in the many years he has been here; and although he has made me shudder with some of his ghastly tales, told in a straightforward simple manner that is very convincing, yet—queer is it not?—I have enjoyed them thoroughly. I forgot to say that when eating human flesh they always use a sort of wooden fork: I have not seen one yet, and must say I do not particularly hope to do so in the wild part to which I am going. I have no wish to appear singular when I say that I should have gloried in the rush and struggle of old Fijian times—with my hand against everybody, and everybody against me—and the fierce madness of unchecked passion and rage with which they went to battle, and the clubbing of my foes, and I am sure I should have enjoyed the eating of them afterwards.

I have gone on scribbling far into the night, by the light of a solitary candle in the little cabin, which after sunset is not too hot for comfort; but now my eyes are weary, and I am beginning to feel rather eerie—awake, alone in the sleeping ship—after detailing all these horrors; so, although I have not told half I should like to have done, I must go to bed, which is to say, go up the three steps on to the deck, and then lie down and go to sleep as I am.

Next morning—this morning—the stars were still shining when we left our anchorage. The land-breeze falls so soon after sunrise that we avail ourselves of even the earliest gray of the dawn. The skipper told me last night of some very strange fish that frequent this part of the coast, and early this morning I saw several of them. They are, as far as I could judge, somewhat salmon-shaped, and they jump out of the water straight into the air to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, not at all as a fish generally rises out of the water, but coming straight up and falling again in almost the same place. What the reason of this extraordinary proceeding is I know not, nor could the skipper tell me. I only saw them this early morning just off the Baa coast.

There is a little settlement of white people at the mouth of the Baa River, and there a few years ago the skipper of the *Alarm* landed two donkeys on the island, the first that had ever been there. Hundreds of natives came to see these wonderful animals—these hairy pigs on long legs—and were crowding close round the gentle quadrupeds, when suddenly one of them lifted up his voice and brayed aloud in the very ears of the astounded Fijians; this set the other one off, and in an instant nothing was to be seen of the terrified natives but the soles of their flying feet.

This morning I have very much astonished one of the Soloman Islanders—who, by-the-by, resembles one of my cousins to such a ridiculous extent that I can never look at him without laughing—by showing him some tricks with string, which I learned at the tender age of ten at my first school. Judging from the amaze of this gentle savage at the way knots come out of twine and severed ends are joined again, I think I should make a very respectable "medicine man" in his native place; but I think I shall not go there to see, as I have no wish to satisfy the physical as well as the intellectual wants of the people. These fellows decorate themselves in a very different manner from the Samoan tattooing; instead of puncturing patterns and rubbing in a stain, they cut themselves, or each other, with a sharp piece of bamboo that cuts almost like a knife; this cutting produces a raised pattern on their chest, arms, and back—never on the face as far as I have seen them. It is strange that the scars are marked by lumps on their flesh, instead of by mere cicatrisations or hollows, as one would expect. Vaccination marks, whenever it is done, show as lumps and not as hollows; and I believe—that is to say, I am told—that small-pox raise little permanent lumps, instead of pitting them. All this is in the interest of science.

Towards night it came on to blow, and was rather rough, and I found, on descending to the cabin for a bit of string for a shoe lace, that all the lockers had burst themselves open, and our stores were strewn all over the floor; the only pot of pickles on board having, in a manner worthy of its soured and vinegary nature, dashed itself down from a giddy height of three feet six, was lying in fragments, and all its piquant contents were mingled with the dust. I struggled manfully, and held many imminently threatening jars from falling, till assistance came in the shape of the mild-eyed cannibal, who helped me to put all right. We anchored at night in Nadi Bay, and to-morrow morning I am to be landed here a few miles farther up the coast. It is a dreary and desolate prospect of a long level stretch of land, and there is a wild mass of mountains amongst which I am to go to find the true savage. Nadi is the centre of the terrible Fijian hurricanes, and is also very often visited by great tidal waves that sweep far inland. This very cutter, the *Alarm*, about eighteen months ago was lying here, when a hurricane rose, which was followed by a huge tidal wave, upon which it was carried seven hundred yards inland. They had lost the mast during the storm, and all hands were safe on shore, so when the wave retired there was no sign of the *Alarm* to be seen; but finally, by following the track made by her dragging anchor, they found her, very little injured, lying on an even keel in the midst of scrub and bushes. It took them about six months to cut a road for her and to get her slipped off and launched. "Samoce,"—Sleep well.

CHAPTER X.

FIJI—(*continued*).

THERE were only a very few miles last night between us and the part of the beach nearest the tiny settlement of Nadi, where I was to be landed, and early this morning we reached it. With the first boat-load of goods the young Fijian Na Koli and I were rowed ashore by the cousinly Soloman islander, who rejoices in a native name that, pronounced by English people, sounds exactly like "gingerbeer," so by that he is always called. The shore is flat and sandy, and is covered with shells. There are no buildings on it, as the tidal waves would sweep them all away. The sacks of flour and other goods that we landed were piled up on the beach above high-water mark, to be left there until the owners cared to come for them. One of the two or three Englishmen who live in Nadi, Mr. Harris, came down to the shore to look after letters and papers, and with him I walked the mile or so to his house, which stands on a little rising ground. He is a planter, and employs a good deal of foreign "labour." I do not know whether plantations pay in this part of Fiji. Most of the planters in other places have sunk a great deal of money and get very small returns for it.

Not five years ago the Kai Colo, the mountain people, made a descent upon Nadi, and killed and ate many of the white residents; but it seems peaceful enough now. There is, however, a white man stationed here in charge of a force of friendly natives to quell any signs of a rising. After I had rested a little in the shade of Mr. Harris's cool and roomy house, where I was most hospitably invited to stay the day and night, I walked across with Na Koli to the house of Sergeant Allen, the white man in charge of ~~the native force. Most fortunately~~ Na Koli is bound for Natuatuacoko, the place inland where I am to report myself, and when he knew that I was going there he seized upon my small bundle and has carried it all day. We went to see if there were any despatches to be sent from Nadi to Natuatuacoko, which I offered to take. At about eleven, I suppose, for I have no watch with me, I was ready to start, and was accompanied a little way by the white men, who wished me "God speed," "good luck," and "a safe journey," in an earnest and rather alarming manner. They said at parting, "You will be safe if you are careful," and I began to feel rather like Livingstone, or Eyre, or Stanley.

After crossing the clear little Nadi River, which has a large volume of water for its size, I found that I was on a good stretch of land that undulates into little hills, till the great mountains are reached about ten miles away. There was at first a good path, which made walking easy. The country reminds me somewhat of the scenery about the English lakes; the colouring is much the same, and there is, besides the great heat, not a great deal to tell you that you are in the tropics. Nadi is so dry that there is none of the luxuriant foliage or growth that is usual in these islands; the country is bare of trees except for the pandanus, and on the hillocks a sort of poor iron-wood scrub. When we had walked some little way we came to a fine-looking native town, surrounded with very large green trees, that looked strange enough in this treeless land. At the outskirts of the town there were a number of men and children engaged in catching fish with a net in a very muddy pool. All left their occupation to gaze at me. The town is very striking looking, much more so than the usual Fijian one, as the buildings are of quite a different character and much more imposing. They are large and square and very lofty; the roof, which is formed of thatch eighteen inches thick, and supported in the centre by one huge post, is at the top of a rude dome shape, but the curves sweep outwards and downwards to the low side posts, giving a very Chinese appearance to the building. The town looks clean and tidy, and all rubbish is swept away from before the houses. The largest building of the place—the chief's house—is built on a high mound, with a deep ditch or moat all round it, which is crossed by tree trunks levelled on one face, with notches left on the front surface to aid any one ascending. As we were late in leaving Nadi I did not stop here, much as I wanted to do, for I did not know how far I should have to go before night.

The beautiful clitoria grows everywhere here about the bushes, and in the little pools I passed there were many water-lilies, uncommonly like those we have at home. It became very hot as the day advanced, and a bathe in one of the two little rivers that we crossed, which flow from the mountains, was most delightful, Na Koli seeming to enjoy it as much as I. The farther we advanced the stiffer became the work, for we left the level plain and got amongst the mountains; one of them, a spur of which we crossed, was very high, and terminated in a great mass of rock, in places perfectly perpendicular. I am not yet in good climbing form, but hope in a few days to be in better condition. The view from the summit was very grand, though not at all encouraging, for before me lay the mountains, range after range, as far as I could see. This part of Viti Levu may well be called "The Mountains," for it seems to me to be nothing else. I never saw any country so strangely broken up. One cannot, as in most lands, see any order in the "lay" of the hills. Take a sheet of stiff note-paper and crumple it roughly in the hands, and that will give an idea of this country's conformation. I found a little cave at the top, which is evidently used as a resting-place by benighted natives, as the floor was covered with dried fern; into this I flung myself out of the sun and rested, while Na Koli sliced up the pineapple that Sergeant Allen had very kindly given me at Nadi. Never did I taste fruit half so delicious as that pine, just picked in the morning ripe from the plant: it was glorious. However, Na Koli intimated that we must push along, or we should not get to Wai-wai, our first resting-place, till dark, so my rest was but brief.

The natives that we began to meet up here looked very surprised at seeing a white man, and the women often frightened. As we approached them they all got out of the path and stood on one side till we had passed, as a sign of respect. The women here are shamefully used, having to carry all the burdens and do most of the work. We passed some, looking prematurely old, with very large loads, one of whom gave us some sugarcane, which is refreshing when you are a little exhausted, being food and drink as well. We climbed our last hill in the late evening, reaching Wai-wai just before sunset, and found it a good-sized town, surrounded with a bamboo fence as fortification. There are a good many houses here, and some large ones amongst them; and I, being new to this part of Fiji, did not quite know what to do, but I was presently led to the largest house of all, into which I immediately proceeded to enter.

The door of this house is very low, and is overhung by the thick thatch of the roof, and as there is no window whatever in the place, one may think that, coming in as I did from the outside glare, I could see absolutely nothing in the house. I did not know what was going to happen next, but I presently heard amidst the perfect silence of the place a little beating sound, and knowing that it was some one patting a mat for me to go and sit on, I walked towards that, and sat down by the side of a man already there. When my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, I found that, instead of being in a room almost empty, as I had thought from the silence of it, I was surrounded by thirty odd savages, all perfectly quiet, and gazing full at me. This did not disconcert me much, as it used to, for I am becoming quite accustomed to being stared at. As I could not enter into explanations of what I wanted there, I sat calmly and placidly until they brought me a cigarette; Na Koli doing all the talking in voluble whispers to a man near the door, and doubtless giving them a slight sketch of my history and parentage.

The house is a very lofty and large one, and is beautifully finished, the walls all lined with reed-work, fastened together with sinnet, of which advantage is taken to decorate them with strange designs, a different one being woven on each panel. The floor is covered with a sort of dried grass, on which mats are spread for the chief people; and at one end there is a sort of platform, or raised place, a foot higher than the level of the floor; this is made by laying a piece of timber across the house, and filling up the space with great masses of springy fern, on which again are spread many mats. This is for the chief to sleep upon. The roof is supported by a huge post of a reddish-coloured timber in the centre of the house, and by many short stout ones round the sides. To possess a centre-post larger than that of any one else is one of the ambitions of a Colo chief. The thick thatch is supported on very long bamboos that have become quite black and brightly polished with the smoke that rises constantly from the three or four wood fires that are always smouldering in these houses, more for the purpose of drying and lighting their tobacco than for warmth, although it becomes chilly at night, and the early mornings are quite cold. Being ignorant of these fireplaces, soon after I came in here I placed my large straw hat in what I thought was a convenient place, and was much surprised—for they are usually so polite a people—on seeing it snatched up at once and put away; but on looking round, they pointed and said "It is the fire," as indeed it was.

After I had been sitting some little time a woman appeared at the door and handed some dishes of food to the men for me, but did not come in herself. There was *dalo* and roast pig, all very well cooked, and served in little wooden bowls. I was glad to get this, for I was very hungry, having had nothing since the early morning. I find that I ought to have brought several things with me, but not having any one to advise me I started without anything in the way of provisions, and doubt not that I shall get on as just as well without them. They brought me no salt, but fortunately remembering the Fijian for it, and asking them, they quickly brought in a great dark lump shaped like a Dutch cheese, from which I scraped what I wanted. Making this salt is a special branch of trade carried on by the women of some of the coast tribes, who evaporate the sea water and collect the residue, and barter it for the goods made by other tribes.

The reason that the woman who brought me my food would not herself come into the house and give it me, as has generally been the case in other islands, is, that in Colo it is *tabu* for a women to enter the men's house; the men and women live quite separate, the men having houses to themselves and the women living together in others. Even after marriage the man and wife do not inhabit the same dwelling. This custom was once general in Fiji, but has in most parts died out. Up here in wild Colo, however, things go on as in old times. Years ago, when some of the early explorers made inquiries on the coast as to the inhabitants of the interior, they were told that they were giants and wore no clothes. I have not as yet seen anything to make me believe that they are above the average size, although they are a fine race of men, but I can understand how the second part of the statement arose. Before I had my supper I took a little stroll in the town, and was really surprised at the costumes I saw. Many of the men had on the scantiest *maro*, and the women were habited in even a more astonishing manner. The *liku* that their dress solely consists of is made of a sort of fringe about four inches deep, which is tied at the side, where the ends do not quite meet, just round the hips, so that it has a most comical appearance of always slipping off. Indeed the first woman that I saw dressed in this manner darted so suddenly into a house in front of me that I quite thought it was because her *liku* was coming off. The *liku* worn by the young women is always very scant, but as they grow older the depth of the fringe is somewhat increased. These Colo women are all tattooed, but the markings are hidden by the *liku;* some of them have markings, too, on the lips, as is the case with Maori women, but not so frequently as with the latter race. Although their dress is scanty they are strictly modest, as it would be considered a most shameful thing for a man to appear without a *maro* or a woman without her *liku.* To be seen absolutely naked was thought so shameful that in old times, as a last indignity, slain enemies were always exposed without the *maro* before they were cooked.

Fijians are a very inquisitive people, and I had to tell them to-night, as best I could, where I was going; but I utterly failed to make them understand, even by the most expressive pantomime, what I want here. They have again been trying to gain information from Na Koli, who does not know any more than they, and I know well he has been telling an enormous series of lies about it. This habit of lying is so engrained in a Fijian that he as often as not tells a falsehood when the truth would be just as good. None are offended if accused of it, and so habituated are they to this charming little custom that they tell their falsehoods with such an appearance of honesty and plain dealing that it is difficult to think that they are saying aught but the truth.

After I had been here an hour or so they commenced a *yaqona* (yangona) brew, accompanied as usual by a *meke,* a sort of sitting down dance, to the music of their own voices and the beating of a piece of wood with two sticks. The method of their *kava* making is something the same as that of the Samoans, only not nearly so nice. The *tabu* prevents any woman from coming into the house, so instead of having young and pretty girls to chew the root, it is cut up and handed to the young men present, who set to work upon it with great resolution, aided perhaps by the thought that they will share in the result, an incentive that is unknown to the girls. The water for the *yaqona* was brought in large bamboos that must hold a great deal, as some of them are six feet long, and the divisions at the joints are pierced somehow so that the whole bamboo is filled. It is thus that they generally carry water, and there are several bamboos now in the corner of the house that I suppose are full.

These *yaqona mekes* are very strange. The men sit cross-legged on the floor, and go through a variety of movements with the arms, head, hands, and body, all moving together with an exactness and precision that are charming. The song is often the narration of some fable, or old story, but the words seem only a vehicle for the dance, and every poem has a different *meke.* The refrain, as in Samoa and Tonga, comes in at the end of every line, and a rude sort of rhyme is noticeable as well as the excellent rhythm. I tried to join in the *meke,* but could not follow their movements fast enough, and I was always just a little bit late with the hand-clapping that so frequently is introduced. Fijians are most wonderfully observant of your face, and can always tell with the greatest tact what behaviour will be pleasant or not; and these men seeing that I should not mind, and that I laughed at my own failures, joined in very merrily, and laughed heartily at my efforts. Some of them are very savage looking. There are several "devil men" present, as I can tell by their heads of unclipped hair, and I do not feel absolutely comfortable amongst them, for, although I am told that one is perfectly safe in a man's house, all the same they are a treacherous lot, and I have many things that I know they must envy greatly. They are very much interested in seeing me write so quickly, and are now looking over at what I am doing with much amusement.

Just now I surprised them very much by taking from my pocket a piece of paper with something written on it in Fijian, and reading it aloud to them. I did not understand it at all, but they cannot know that, and it must seem a very wonderful thing that I can read and yet be able to say so little. How strange it must be to a savage people for black marks on paper to mean so much. [I find in reading, since my return, Mariner's delightful description of the Tongans, an amusing account of this very thing. He says:—"This mode of communicating sentiment was an inexplicable puzzle to Finow; he took the letter again and examined it, but it afforded him no information. He thought a little within himself, but his thought reflected no light upon the subject. At length he sent for Mr. Mariner, and desired him to write down something; the latter asked him what he would choose to have written; he replied, 'Put down me;' he accordingly wrote 'Feenow' (spelling it according to the strict English orthography). The chief then sent for another Englishman who had not been present, and commanding Mr. Mariner to turn his back, and look another way, he gave the man the paper, and desired him to tell what that was; he accordingly pronounced aloud the name of the king, upon which Finow snatched the paper from his hand, and, with astonishment, looked at it, turned it round, and examined it in all directions.

At length he exclaimed, 'This is neither like myself nor anybody else; where are my eyes, where is my head, and where are my legs? How can you possibly know it to be I?' and then, without stopping for any attempt at an explanation, he impatiently ordered Mr. Mariner to write something else, and thus employed him for three or four hours in putting down the names of different persons, places, and things, and making the other man read them. This afforded extraordinary diversion to Finow, and to all the men and women present, particularly as he now and then whispered a little love anecdote which was strictly written down and audibly read by the other, not a little to the confusion of one or other of the ladies present; but it was all taken in good humour, for curiosity and astonishment were the prevailing passions. How their names and circumstances could be communicated through so mysterious a channel was altogether past their comprehension."]

The *yaqona*, of which I have had a large *bilo*—that is to say, a coco-nut-cupful—has made me feel very comfortably sleepy, and yet I do not quite like to go to sleep, for next me is lying an ugly "devil man," with a huge head of yellow hair, which is causing him a great deal of trouble. These followers of the ancient religion do not cut their hair, but wear it in a gigantic frizzed-out mop, three or four feet in circumference. This man carries a long stick in his for the arranging of it, and for the purpose of allaying any irritation that the living occupants of the bush may set up. He is only pretending to be asleep, for I saw a bit of eye which was suddenly shut when I looked at him just now. I do not like this man for this reason: there are only a few of the usual Fijian wooden pillows in this house, one of which was given to me, and this fellow intimated a short time ago that he wanted it, evidently that his elaborately-arranged hair may not be crushed by his head lying flat. Not wishing to offend this amiable gentleman I handed him the pillow, and he now has it under his neck. I do not much regret it, as I find them uncomfortable, but it does not speak well for this man that he would take it, for the Fijian law of hospitality is, "The best for the stranger," especially when they expect to get something out of that stranger. However, I *cannot* keep awake, and the light of the fire is going out, so Good-night.

The light of the sun as it rose this morning just opposite the entrance of the house aroused me early, and I arose and found that I had not been clubbed in the night, but was all right, though rather cold. The mornings are very misty here whilst it is still early. The sun soon drives all damp away, but before it has gained its power the day is quite cold. I drew aside the covering that closes the doorway at night-time—a sort of thick curtain of loose reeds hung on a line—and stepped out to see the mountains, all veiled with mist, which the sun was gilding bright before he melted it, and already found the town astir—that is to say, the women were out sweeping the ground before their houses with a rough sort of besom of twigs. They must feel it chilly, I should think, with so little on. Before I started out they gave me some breakfast, which consisted of a basket of *dalo*, large enough to feed an elephant, and a little dish of some black snake-like creature, which I found very good. Na Koli, sitting at a respectful distance, ate up an enormous amount of the *dalo*, of which I could only manage a single piece, not being accustomed to it.

My small amount of packing was soon done, and I was ready to start by seven o'clock, after having made a small present to the man whom, of all these, I considered to be my host. I could not tell whose hospitality I had been enjoying, so I trusted to the right man getting his due, which I doubt not he will.

Vegetation began to be much more luxuriant than it was in yesterday's march, and many of the hills were well wooded. As there was a very heavy dew last night, the rank growth through which I had to walk quickly wet me to the skin. I was marching gaily along, with bold and fearless step, a little in front of Na Koli, when I was nearly frightened out of my wits by an awful roar at my feet. I sprang back alarmed, only to see a huge old pig, with a dozen little ones, rush off into deeper cover. I laughed, but it did frighten me for a moment.

Frequently on our way through the bush the discordant cry of a parrot, flying across the track we followed, would call our attention to him, and we should see for a moment a vision of gorgeous colouring, a large bird with breast and back of crimson and wings of a rich and lustrous green, which would disappear amongst the trees. The silence of the Polynesian forest is very striking. There are no animals here, and the birds are not numerous nor noisy. It is often so still that the cracking of a dead twig one treads on, and the tramp of one's own muffled footsteps, are the only sounds that break the perfect silence. There has been much rain lately, and the paths through the bush have been very bad all day and made walking difficult; on the open hills it was much better. I noticed on the bare parts in the sand washed down by the rain a good deal of bright metallic dust, some ore of iron perhaps. It has been to-day, just as the last part of yesterday's walk, one constant climb up hills only to descend again. Generally, when one higher than usual has been struggled up, it is only to see a river far below that must be crossed, and consequently the height gained with such difficulty has to be descended.

I was very much charmed in one place to meet a Fijian armed with a bow and arrows: it seemed to me that at last I had arrived in a wild land indeed. This was a fine-looking fellow, but very black, dressed in the narrow *maro* that they wear, his hair in a great bushy, light-coloured mop, and one of his ears with a hole in it large enough to put one's hand through. I asked Na Koli if he were out to kill birds; but he tells me that he is going to the river to shoot fish, and enters into a long account, probably of the method, which I do not at all understand.

In one place in the bush I found an anomalous sort of blackberry, which was just like our English one, except that the berry was bright red, and very seedy, small, and tasteless. It was strange to meet an old friend in so far away a part of the world. Shaddocks are plentiful, but are beautiful only to the eye, they have so intensely bitter a flavour, though the juice of the pink coloured pulp is refreshing when one can get nothing better. The skin is an inch and more thick, there being a coat of white pith between the pulp and the outside rind. They look very handsome growing on the dark-leaved tree. In many places the treeless hills are covered with patches of bamboo; they can always be distinguished from a distance by their lighter green. It is a lovely object, growing very tall and in a mass together. The crossing of the multitudinous stems is confused, but every curve of their long canes is graceful. It is a plant that is used for very many purposes by the Fijians, and is a regular object of exchange to places where it does not grow.

A few years ago, when every district of Fiji was generally at war with its neighbour, the people were always too frightened to walk along the valleys or lower hills, fearing a descent of their enemies on them from the heights above; hence their paths, which are for all the world like sheep tracks on a mountain side, lie along the very highest ridges of the mountains, so that no one can have them at a disadvantage. We had walked and climbed for a good many hours when we passed through the town of Nasaucoko, which is inhabited by a very wild-looking people. The men here have their hair dressed differently from what I have seen before; they let it grow very long, and then twist and curl it into long thin matted sort of spills, that hang about their head just like pieces of old hempen rope. The colour being the same aids the resemblance. But no two are alike: the dressing of the hair varies with the taste of the owner, some of them choosing an elaborate and marvellous *coiffure*, that must take a prodigious amount of time, and care also after it has been done. Nor is it alone in the dressing of their hair that they excel; they dye it many colours with great success. Sometimes one sees several colours on one head, and the different parts very definitely marked. I saw this morning one man with a large stiff curled head of hair, the crown of which was a dark claret colour, whilst all the surrounding part was a yellowish brown. Some of the men in Nasaucoko had large round ornaments hanging from their necks like breastplates, that were made of pearl shell and whale's-tooth ivory. Very many too had the circular boar's tusk that I described before; whilst nearly all wore a bracelet that fits the arm very tightly just above the elbow, below the biceps. These bracelets are made of trochus shell, which they grind down with very great labour, the bracelet being the part of the shell just round the mouth. I intended resting a little time in the town, as we had been marching steadily since the early morning, and intimated as much to Na Koli, and I understood him to say in reply, "a little farther on." Thinking he knew some one a short way out of the town I walked on; but the imbecile did not mean anything of the sort, as, when once we had left the place, as I might have guessed, there was not another house.

After another hour or two of good stiff walking, we descended to a strong clear river, the Siga-toka, which rises far away from here in Nadrau. Here we had a delightful swim, the water being so exquisitely clear and of so pleasant a temperature, and felt much refreshed, for I was by this time beginning to feel a little tired. Na Koli told me that there was another river close by which I should have to cross, so I walked over as I was, making him carry my clothes, which piece of idleness nearly cost me dear. It proved to be another branch of the Siga-toka, the river dividing and joining again below. Halfway across the stream my wretched boy dropped a very necessary article of my costume, and I saw it madly whirling away whilst he stalked calmly on. Na Koli was in front, but I yelled to him, and pointed to my garment bobbing over the ripples. He rushed to the bank, put down his bundles, and ran after my vanishing property, which he caught just as it was about to plunge into a rapid in the rocks, from which I expect it would never have emerged. I am again surprised at the volume of water coming down this river, which is both rapid and strong.

When we were on the other side my boy made a change of costume whilst I was dressing—a thing which he can do much easier than I can; so I presumed, and rightly, that we were approaching Natuatuacoko. The path suddenly improved on this side the river, and lay between plantations of yam, *dalo*, sugar-cane, and bananas, for about a mile, and then I saw the town itself. Natuatuacoko is built at the top of a steep little hill rising abruptly from the level of the river, and consists wholly of native houses, which are closely built together, and surrounded with a fortification of a deep dry ditch and a tall bamboo palisade. The position is a good and commanding one, as it is quite detached from the chain of mountains round it on all sides. The entrance, through a double gateway, is guarded by a Fijian, who acts as sentry, and there are others posted round the inside of the fence. Na Koli pointed out to me the largest house in the place, a very beautiful native one, as that of Mr. Sidney Marriott, the officer in charge, and there I presented myself to his rather astonished notice. I found him, much to my pleasure and surprise, to be, instead of the old and venerable officer I expected, a man of my own age, who seemed very pleased to see me and gave me the heartiest welcome. Of course I came here with the intention of staying the night, but no more; now Mr. Marriott says that I must certainly stay here some days to see all the wonders of this part of Viti Levu.

We had brought an English mail with us from

Levuku, which I knew he must be longing to get at, so I said I would rest whilst he read his letters, and it was quite delightful to see the way he laughed and chuckled over their contents. I have had no letter for months and months, but I know that that is just the way I do over my own. One little knows how precious a letter can be until in some distant and inaccessible place where they can reach one but at long intervals.

I was very glad to rest on the mats till dinner-time, as I was tired after my long day. At dinner, as it is, I now discover for the first time, Sunday, I met the only other Englishman in the place, an orderly officer, and the chief native officer, both of whom live in houses some little way from this. Mr. Marriott has a good-looking young chief, about eighteen years old, staying with him as a sort of companion, and also for the purpose of teaching him English and giving him a little education. He is named Nadurotalo (meaning, I believe, "House post hewn in secret"), and seems to be a pleasant and very gentlemanly native. All the Fijian aristocracy are better looking than the common people; they are larger built, and have finer and more clearly cut features.

There are eighty-five hillmen in the town, kept here to suppress any signs of insurrection among the Colo people. I do not myself quite see the advisability of keeping this fortified place, but I suppose there is some reason for it. It seems to me that one could hardly expect these fellows to be loyal to us in case of a general rising. After dinner Mr. Marriott got up a *meke* in his house, and we have had a huge bowl of *yaqona*. The movements and music of this *meke* were quite different from those I saw last night at Waï-wai, although the general effect was the same. There is an enormous number of mosquitoes up here, so I was glad enough to get beneath the curtain hung up for me; and here I am, finishing, although crushed with fatigue, these interesting remarks, like St. Paul, "with mine own hand."

It was very cold this morning when I awoke. The mist rises from the river below, and hangs over the valley until after seven. I quite enjoyed being in a good house with pleasant company again, and lay for some little time enjoying the possession of both. The noiseless Fijian who acts as Mr. Marriott's servant had placed a cup of tea close to my head, inside my curtain, without my hearing him at all, as it is a terrible breach of Fijian etiquette for any one to wake you, even though you ask to be called; or if the house were afire they would try to rouse you with little coughs, or clearing their throats, or sometimes by scratching with a finger the mat you sleep on, close by your ear, before they will touch you. Before breakfast, when Marriott had finished his morning drill, he and I ran down the hill to the river and had a glorious swim. The sun had gained its usual power by then, and I am now quite convinced that there is no spot on the earth where a bathe is so delightful as here. Just below Natuatuacoko the river has formed a deep pool in the sandstone rock, through which it slowly flows: twelve feet of water I should think, and as clear as crystal—straight into which you dive from a level rocky platform. There is too a splendid rapid just here that will carry you swiftly along in its current if you want a little excitement. The Fijians dive and swim very well, and there are generally some of them there. I think that the skin of the Fijian is not nearly so soft and smooth as that of the Samoans and Tongans; of course it is very much darker, and the reason that it is not so fine must be that they do not rub a little oil into it as do their fairer neighbours.

I had intended going straight on into the heart of Colo to-day, but Marriott most kindly urges me to stay with him some time, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I accept his invitation. He is a very interesting companion, speaking Fijian and liking his people; he is consequently much liked by them. These mountain men are a curious race: their faces as a rule are not prepossessing, and yet they still further disfigure them by blackening them in the most varied and extraordinary manner. It is a strange fashion. Sometimes half the face is blackened, and a spot put on the other cheek; sometimes it is crossed in all directions with horizontal and perpendicular bars. One man looks most absurd with all his face blackened but his nose, and others——but the variety is infinite. From all this darkness their eyes and beautifully-white teeth shine out with great effect. They are great dandies, and touch up their moustaches and eyebrows with black in the openest manner, and they pay the utmost attention to the hair, which in some cases is dyed a dusky red and in others a rich purple; but the majority have it rope coloured, or yellow, of an old gold tint. The women may paint with red and other colours, but black is strictly *tabu* to them.

This system of *tabu*, that extends throughout all Polynesia, is still in great force in Viti Levu, where priestly influence is yet existent. It is a curious system of prohibition put upon different actions and things: "This thou mayest not do," "That thou must not touch." Imposed by the chiefs and priests, it is implicitly obeyed by the lower classes although it is very frequently placed upon things that are almost necessaries of life. Any infringement of it is heavily punished—so heavily, that often for a native to break *tabu* means losing his life. One frequently sees the signs of *tabu* upon coco-palms and at *taro* plantations, so that by judicious management a man can have his crops protected in this way. There are various manners of removing *tabu*, all of which can only be done by a chief.

In the afternoon Marriott and I crossed the river some little way higher up, and visited the clean little town of Ta-wa-lika, which is built on level ground a short distance from the stream. The houses are of the usual Colo type, and are built at the sides of a large central square, down which are planted coco-palms, giving a great air of beauty to the place. It is strange to see so savage a people with some of the tastes of a refined civilisation. One naturally expects to find that they have a love of personal ornament, but it strikes one as curious that they should care to plant shrubs and flowers about their houses purely for the sake of decoration; yet such is the case. On many of the earth banks that their houses are often built upon there are bright-leaved coleus and crotons growing that give a mass of colour, which is very rich and pleasing. Ta-wa-lika is a populous place, and we saw a great many people about—the children playing just as ours do, with the one difference that they wear absolutely no clothes. The women have the same absurd thready girdle as those I saw in Wai-wai, and the men wear either a *maro* only, or a somewhat similar *liku*, which is, however, much deeper than the women's, and generally black. These *likus* of the men are made of a sort of water-weed, and are very becoming and gentlemanly. They nearly all have the lobe of the ear immensely distended, in which is inserted a block of wood seven or eight inches in circumference. They do not merely cut a hole in the ear and gradually stretch it to the ultimate large size it attains, but they cut two slits in the lobe, and expand by degrees this little band of flesh by inserting larger and larger pieces of wood, or *masi*, till it is so thin that it looks as though it must break through, as it not unfrequently does.

The town lies at the foot of a great limestone crag, which, except just at the summit, is covered with a dense wild growth; in this crag there is a series of great caves, which the Colo men have always, from time immemorial, used as a rock fortress in time of war. We took a party of boys from the town to act as guides to the caves, and to carry lights when we were there; they seemed to enjoy the expedition, and collected the great bundles of reeds and pieces of dry bamboo that were to be used as torches in a very few minutes. The ascent to the entrance of the caves is very steep, but we scrambled up to it, and found that the opening of the first cave had been built up with stones to serve as a protection from the enemy in the war with the English four years or so ago. We climbed over these and found ourselves in a large dry airy cave, with the floor still littered with the fern and dried grass that the warriors and their companions lay on when they had shut themselves up here.

In very few places in the Pacific where I have been has the art of the people ever ascended from the designing of the geometric and formal patterns that they so frequently use to the strictly pictorial. Very true it is that these geometric and linear designs are excellent in themselves, and often beautiful, but they can hardly be considered as high in the scale of art as representations of living men or things. Birds very frequently appear—much conventionalised it must be said—in the ornamental work of the Soloman Islands, and rude figures in the carvings of other Western Polynesia; but in Fiji I have never seen such work until to-day in the cave at Ta-wa-lika. There the limestone walls have been decorated by the inhabitants, in a rather original manner, with representations of canoes and men, and other objects, the nature of which we could not make out. They have chipped the design with a stone in a series of dots on to the side of the cave, and have then filled in the little cavities thus made with a light-coloured sort of clay, which shows the design well on the darker tone of the rock. These rude drawings evidently give the natives pleasure, as one or more of the boys pointed them out to us with great pride.

This cave is not a very extensive one, although it penetrates some way into the mountain; it branches into two parts, one of which, a narrow and low tunnel, leads into the adjoining cave. The large torches of reeds and bamboos that the boys held made this low part of the cave very hot, and we were glad to leave it and walk a little distance in the open air till we came to the second cavern, from which was flowing a stream of cold clear water, showing the agent that had made these great excavations. This cavern, or series of caverns, is much larger than the first we were in, and extends far into the depths of the mountain, where it branches off into many passages. When we had entered well into the darkness we heard a strange sound above us, caused by the hundreds of huge bats we disturbed; and by the fitful and smoky light of our torches we could see their dim shapes fluttering dismayed about the roof. The floor is all formed, to a great depth, of guano, which may some day be a valuable possession. The cave is not level throughout, and we had to ascend quite steep acclivities at times. Our guides, looking like demons in the firelight, flitted on with the torches easily and actively enough over the slippery surface of the floor; whilst we, in our shoes, found it difficult to keep our feet. We ascended one such place after some trouble—for it was damp, and therefore more greasy than usual—at the top of which the boys pointed out to us a hole in the rock, before which lay a large heap of stones; through this opening a strong draught of cold air rushed with a weird low sound in an unearthly manner.

Whilst our torches were flickering in the cold gust, the oldest guide told Marriott—the rest listening silently in an awesome manner—that the devil used aforetimes to come up this passage and work his evil will in the district; but that the *bete*, the priest of the old worship, enticed him back again, and blocked him down with the very stones there lying now; thus keeping him from visiting Colo. Of course the possession of such a devil was a magnificent thing for the *bete*, as it would be for any priest, who used to threaten to let him loose upon the country if everything he wanted was not provided, and in abundance too. Curious, is it not, that any people, however ignorant, could have believed in such a power?

Although the people just about Natuatuacoko, where some little English influence has been at work for a year or two, are nominally Christian, the old belief is not yet extinct. In cases of sickness and trouble the people will still send to their *bete* with gifts and propitiations. In the part I shall be travelling through when I leave Natuatuacoko, the objection to the new religion is so strong that they eat any missionary foolish enough to go there. However evident the truth of Christianity may be, it does not seem likely that a populous country can be *converted* straight away. Undoubtedly the influence of fear, or interest, often makes a whole people accept a faith that is thrust upon them; but a generation must have passed away, and a new one sprung up and been educated, before the work can be thorough. I am just as sure, too, that cannibalism is not yet a thing of the past up here, as one is lead to believe it is in the greater part of Fiji; the taste for it still exists, and the taste is gratified, I doubt not, when occasion serves. Four years ago, and probably three, it was a regular and acknowledged thing in the mountains. A white man who had strayed into this part of the country was, a few years ago, killed and eaten in Nadurotalo's native town, and it is one of Marriott's jokes to assert that Nadurotalo was himself found gnawing away at the murdered man's boots, thinking that they were a part of him.

There is, our chief guide says, a second cavern over this, into which the devil-passage leads, which is equally extensive; but as there is nothing there more than in this one, we did not go into it, as we both were wishing to get a little fresh air. Now that I am back I am rather sorry I did not go, as one always is if one neglects to visit a place, for they say no white man has been up in it, and there *might* have been something interesting. In some parts of the cavern, where the water was slowly percolating through the roof, stalactites and stalagmites were forming, and in others there were large and perfect flights of steps of the slowly-deposited carbonate of lime, over which the charged water slowly trickled, as it must have done for centuries. A beautiful cave it is, and it looked very weird in the light of the shifting torches, which illumined one moment what was shadow before, and were reflected the next in some of the many little pools of clear water, into one of which I suddenly plunged, and sat down, as I was poetically admiring the roof. It would have been a case of total immersion, but for one of the little naked lads with us, who was flitting along by my side, and heard the splash. After a long time, all our tall torches having burnt away, we emerged at last through an opening in the hillside, half filled with giant rocks and draped with creepers, through which the daylight poured, dim and green, into the cave. We found ourselves in a dense jungle of reeds and tangled plants, through which we had to force a pathway down the hill.

When we reached Ta-wa-lika again we rested for a little time in the house of *Na Buli*, as the head of a small district is called, and thanked him for the services of his people. Here I happened to sneeze, when the old gentleman most politely said "*bula*," a thing that is always done upon a similar occasion. The fact is not particularly interesting in itself, but it becomes so when one thinks how strangely similar a custom is almost universal. In the Friendly Islands, when one sneezes, they say "*ofa*," "love," and I was told that the reason of it was this:—When a man sneezes it shows that he is thinking of his wife or sweetheart, and that when a woman does so, that she is thinking of her husband; so that they only think it kind to say "*ofa*" to one on those occasions. In Samoa I found a different phrase in vogue at such times, and more interesting on account of its likeness in meaning to one in use in Europe. There they said "*soefua*" when one sneezes, the meaning of which is, as near as possible, "God bless you." In Fiji *bula* is the correct thing to say, which is, being interpreted, "Good health," very nearly the same in import as the Samoan *soefua.*

After recrossing to our side of the river we went into the garden that has been made at the foot of the hill our town is built on. Here we plucked as many bananas as we could eat, and they are so delicious when ripe from the plant that one can eat a good many. One part of the garden is filled with a collection of magnificent crotons, many of which are indigenous to Viti Levu, others have been brought as slips from many other parts of Polynesia, and they all grow here into great bushes of most glorious colours. There are dozens of varieties, with tints that vary through every tone of crimson and gold to green and primrose; I never saw such a glowing mass of colour. Then too there has been introduced the beautiful poinsettia, whose wonderful crowns of crimson seem to blaze in their intensity of colour. As I seem to have struck a botanical vein, I may as well write of a delightful sort of grass that grows in tussocks on the hills here, which has a most delicious perfume, when you crush it, of lemon-scented verbena—exactly the same. The natives make a hot drink of it, Marriott tells me, so I gathered some to try to-morrow.

One of the favourite games of the Colo men is *tiqa* (*tinka*), which is one of those difficult things that look so easy to do. The men playing form into two parties, one at each end of a very long path, beaten as level as possible; they are armed with a reed about three feet long, weighted at one end with an oval piece of hard wood, and the game consists of throwing these darts along the ground to a great distance. That side wins which sends the greatest number of reeds past a certain mark at either end of the path. Not only is it a very athletic sport, requiring great strength to excel in it, but skill also is very necessary. The players rest the dart on the end of the forefinger, and balance it so for a moment before they throw it, when it skims along the ground at a great speed, and frequently to a distance of a hundred and forty yards. Marriott is very good at this sport. I tried it, but although I nearly dislocated my shoulder with my mighty exertions, my *tiqa* would not dart along as it ought to do, but struck the ground some few yards from me and fell dead. However, with a little practice I may yet improve.

CHAPTER XI.

FIJI—(*continued*).

One morning during my stay at Natuatuacoko, after our usual water party Marriott and I decided to go to Waivesaga, where are some wonderful hot springs; so we sent for the horses that have been brought up here from the coast, which are still regarded with a mingled curiosity and awe by the natives, and rode off. They are certainly wonderful animals, going up and down steps, or climbing a wall of rock, almost like dogs. We crossed the river and passed through Ta-wa-lika, the town near which are the caves, where the whole population turned out to see men riding horses. We of course galloped, and "showed off" a little, and caracolled like two of G. P. R. James's heroes as much as we could at a short notice.

There is a stiff hill just outside Ta-wa-lika that we had to climb, but after that we had a stretch of ground, wonderfully level for Colo, for some little time, when we reached Wala, a beautifully clean little town, all planted with cocos and fan-palms; with the leaves of the latter they make the huge fans the warriors use in war-time. The old town is surrounded with a ditch and a thick fence of orange trees, though which no naked body could pass; in the branches of these it was the custom to place the bones of killed and eaten enemies, and there they were left to whiten in the sun. To enter the town you must cross a narrow bridge, and pass through a little opening that could very easily be defended by one or two men. From Wala we rode over the brown and barren hills for some miles till we came to a stream, of which one bank was so steep a rock that even Colo horses could not go up it. There is a most refreshing little waterfall just where we crossed over; and I noticed deep holes in the level shelf of rock, ground down by the grinding of a hard stone at the bottom when the stream was in spate; some of these holes were four or five feet deep, but only six or eight inches across the top. Part of the water of this stream is diverted from its original course, and runs in a little artificially-formed channel right round the side of a great hill, where it is used to irrigate large beds of *dalo*, one levelled terrace below the other, all down the valley, the water flowing over each one in turn. This is managed really cleverly, and shows a good deal of ingenuity in the management of dams and sluices. The *dalo* root is the main staple, or one of the main staples, of Fijian food; hence these huge beds of it.

After a very hot walk of a mile or two we came upon some of the men from Natuatuacoko, who were busily engaged in cutting down some tall coco-palms for building purposes. They roughly shape the logs to the required form on the spot, and then, dragging them to the river, which flows near by, they float on them down the current to the fort. All these men had their faces blacked, and so effectual is it in disguising them that I could not distinguish one of them, though by this time I know the faces of most. I suppose it was originally adopted to prevent personal grudges after a war between neighbouring tribes. They all had large turbans on of light and gauzy *masi*, coloured brown by being smoked:

these they wear not as a protection to their heads, but to keep their wonderfully dressed hair from being disarranged. After we left them I had a long swim in the river to get across a deep place, my clothes being carried by a boy who followed us, who climbed along the wall of rock with Marriott till they came to a shallower part of the river. When I had swum this reach of the river and landed on a shingly beach, I saw a Fijian and a boy tending a fire at which they were cooking something; and whilst I was waiting for Marriott and my clothes—for they took three or four times as long to come by land as I had by water—I joined these two at the fire. They nearly tumbled into it with surprise at seeing a naked Englishman suddenly behind them, without any warning; but they offered me some of their food, a little of which I took and enjoyed. When the others had joined me and I had jumped into my two garments, we walked a mile or two farther up the side of the river amongst the dense and beautiful growth that covers both its banks, along a shady path raised some height above the stream. On one of the trees I found some of the small shaddocks that are used in Samoa as a sort of soap, and told Marriott of their use. As he had never heard of them before, nothing would satisfy him but that we should use them there and then, so when we had found a good place we bathed again on purpose to try them. They make the hair very soft, silky, and pleasant.

Just where we bathed a stream of hot water flowed into the river, which rather astonished me when I first swam into the warm current, till I remembered the hot springs. We were quite close to the town of Waivesaga, and reached it a few moments after we were dressed. It is a smaller place than the towns near Natuatuacoko, and not nearly so well built and neat, nor were the people so well dressed and pleasant. We asked a man to lead us to the hot springs, which were the object of our expedition, and he, with a very lightly attired young woman and a boy, took us through the town to the stream that ran by it, up which we had to walk for some little distance before we found the first of them. It was a small spring, but the water was very hot: I could just bear my hand in it for an instant. The water has very little taste, but on the stones over which it flowed a white incrustation has been formed of a slightly saline nature, which I think may be magnesia. The girl who accompanied us called our attention to this fact, for the incrustation is but slight, by picking up one of these stones, licking it, and handing it to us to do the same. We thanked her, but—people are so fastidious—found others. It was funny to see this strangely-dressed woman solemnly putting out her tongue to taste the stone and then passing it to us. The man tells us that in the morning great clouds of steam hang over the springs, which vanish as the day grows older; this is easily understood if one remembers how cold, comparatively, the mornings are.

The second spring is about 150 or 200 yards away, and is of quite a different character. Instead of rising gently on level ground it rushes from a rock about ten feet above the stream into which it flows. It is much larger too than the first, and has a slight smell and taste of sulphuretted hydrogen, I think; its temperature is much the same, as far as I can judge with such a rough thermometer as the hand. Vegetation grows rank and luxuriant over the spring and quite close to its scalding waters.

There is a third spring on the other side of the stream, whose waters are quite tasteless and cooler, but as I did not see the actual source of it I can hardly speak of its true temperature. In Vanna Levu, the other great island of Fiji, there are much larger springs than these, whose waters rise at boiling point, and in which the natives cook their food by sinking it in baskets into the boiling water.

After examining the springs we returned to the town, and rested for a little time in the house of the chief man, and had some coco-nuts to drink from whilst we talked to the chief. This house was of the usual shape and construction, but was decorated in a very queer manner with innumerable bones stuck all about the thatch of the roof inside. There were many eel-skulls and such trophies, and I doubt not that there were some human ones among them, but it would not have done to have examined them to see. When we left this house and were walking through the place, we saw a row of very beautifully-shaped jars placed before one of the houses to dry in the sun. They were egg-shaped, and would hold five or six gallons, and, considering the method of manufacture, they were of singularly good shape; so true indeed is their outline that I thought a wheel must have been used in their moulding. They were placed in deep rings of plaited grass, as, being footless, they could not stand erect alone. When they are used for boiling *dalo,* or other food, they are placed sideways on the fire.

I was much interested in these specimens of pottery, and waited to see the making of some of them; but we could see none going on, and should have had to go away unenlightened had not two women come out of a house close by and told us that they had some food prepared for us inside. On entering the dim house I saw that they were the potters, for moist clay and jars in all states of manufacture were about; and in the ashes of the fire were similar jars, blackened by use, from which they took the *dalo* to give us. The house was very hot, for at one end of it there was a rude sort of kiln, in which jars, similar to those we had seen outside, were baking.

The potter is always a woman, such work being far beneath the attention of the men. Taking a round stone in one hand, she forms the bottom of the jar by pressing it into a lump of moist clay, which she gradually moulds to the shape of the stone with a smooth piece of wood, and, adding clay to the edge of the growing jar, she continues to mould it in the same way with the stone inside, and smoothing with the wood upon the outside. The mouths of these cooking jars are always large, so that the shoulders can be added and worked in the same way before the hand and stone are withdrawn from the interior. All the jars that were left incomplete had folds of wet *masi* laid over them to keep the edges moist. Whilst the jar is still damp the artist decorates her work with lines and dots incised on the surface of the clay, and this decoration is, I think, the most interesting part of the work. Too wise to waste much ornament on mere cooking utensils, she simply decorates them with a few lines or dots only; but upon other pieces, such as water jars and the other quaint vessels that they make, she lavishes great fancy in varying the design, and skill in application of it. No two pieces that I saw were decorated the same. There is a constant variety, although, as far as I have seen, the designs for their pottery decoration, like those for other work, are always linear and geometric, and never pictorial. When the pottery is finished it is thoroughly dried in the sunshine, next a rapid fire of grass and dried leaves further hardens them, and then a final baking is proceeded with in the kiln that was at the end of the house. Some of the pieces receive a sort of glaze when they are still hot from the last burning, by being rubbed all over with a gum that exudes from one of the trees in the bush.

When we left Waivesaga, and, crossing the river again, had walked the mile or two to where our men had been felling the palms, we found some of them had stopped to give me a piece of the heart. This is the very centre of the crown from whence the young leaves shoot, and it tastes like the most delicious nut,—crisp, short, and sweet; it is a thing that one cannot often indulge in, as to get it destroys the palm.

We were both rather tired when we arrived at the stream where we had left our horses, and were glad enough to mount them. Some thoughtful man in passing the place had gathered and given them a bundle of green fodder, which they were eating when we returned. There was a whole crowd of people gathered to look at us as we passed through Wala on our way home, the women all by their own houses, and men standing together. However becoming the narrow *liku* may be to young and beautiful figures, it is really a rather terrible sight to see the old women dressed only in it, though it is made deeper for them than for the younger ones. Crossing the river again by Ta-wali-ka we returned home, and finding Nadurotalo, went together for a final swim. He has a gathered toe, which has been bad for some days, which I have undertaken to cure with native medicines; for

I had had pointed out to me in Ovalau a plant whose leaves are very good for such things. You take the *drau-ni-kuru* and heat the large glossy leaf till a sort of oil exudes, when you apply it to the place, and leave it on for some hours. It cured the gathering shortly.

One day when Marriott and I had come into the town from the *tiqa* ground, Nadurotalo, who had been down at the river, ran into the house in the most violent state of excitement to say that a *Papalagi,* with a great black beard, was down at the river, and they could not understand what it was that he wanted, as he spoke no Fijian. Of course we hurried down, and found that it was a foreign gentleman who had been travelling for some little time in Colo, in the interests of science, I think. He was very glad to see a white face again, and hailed us with delight, not unmingled with astonishment, for he did not at all know where he was. He has spent the day here, and we have found him a very interesting talker, for he has travelled into many known and unknown countries. He seemed tired, and was glad to rest whilst Marriott and I finished our game, and had after that our evening swim with Nadurotalo in the river. Both Marriott and I generally wear the native *sulu,* with the addition of a shirt, and it is one of the pleasant parts of the costume that it does not take long to dress and undress when we take our frequent baths.

I wandered off to-day into the banana plantation in search of a stock of fruit to regale the visitor, and lost myself in the bewildering sameness of the trees, but found myself again after some little time in quite a different part from where I thought I was.

Next day Marriott and I stayed about the town, as the visitor remained with us until some time in the afternoon, when he started with two boys to carry his extensive baggage. As it was rather late in the day, and he had a long way to go to Wai-wai, where he intended staying the night, Marriott very kindly lent him a horse for the first part of his journey, and a boy to bring it back again. He is going straight to Levuka, where I shall probably see him in a month's time, when I hope to be there again, unless he has left it again for Australia. I suppose the terrors of the road have been too much for him to brave on horseback, for when we came back from the river in an hour's time we found the steed in the town, and the boy who had brought it back brought also a note, hastily scribbled on a cigarette paper, to say that as the day was so fine our friend thought that he would rather walk on to Wai-wai, which I fear he will not have reached until after dark.

[We little thought when laughing at his horsemanship that it was the last we should ever see of him, but next day we heard that the two boys who had undertaken to carry his baggage were back at Ta-wa-lika; Marriott sent for them, and learned that they had deserted him half way to his destination. The excuse they gave for so doing was that they had been frightened by his pointing his gun at them, which we did not for a moment believe. We could learn nothing more whilst I was in Colo; but when I had returned to Levuka, a month after, I made enquiries for him, and heard that he had called at Nadi, and then had entered the wild district again between it and Baa, meaning to get a boat and come on at once to the capital. Although he should have arrived in Ovalau weeks before I did, he had never come, and nothing more was known of him. I fear his bones are whitening somewhere in Colo. It is not a pleasant reflection to think that a man who spent some time with one, pleasantly and happily enough, was in all probability shortly afterwards cooked and eaten; nor is it a pleasant thing to think that one ran the same chance oneself. Fortunately I knew nothing of this whilst I was in the mountains, only having heard rumours of the revival of cannibalism, which is said to have taken place in Fiji since the terrible outburst of measles some little time back, which the natives look upon as a punishment sent by their old gods for deserting them and their old customs.]

We had a *yaqona meke* to-night, which was much the same as the one I saw at Wai-wai, but it had some differences of song and posture. Before they drink a toast is proposed, by chanting in Fijian "May the earth be fruitful, *dalo* plentiful," or something of that sort; the chorus making the refrain by repeating the last line that the principal has sung. When the *yaqona* is ready they fill a *bilo,* made of a half coco-nut shell, which with age gains a beautiful sort of bluish glaze on the inside from the drink, and the cup-bearer—always a young man—kneels down, and, bowing his head, lifts high the cup, in a most graceful position, for the person to take who has been named by the chief man. You empty this at a draught, and then throw the cup on to the mat in front of you, making it spin round and round, while all the men clap their hands and cry "*Ah-h-maca,*" "It is dry" or "empty." When you have finished your draught it is the correct thing to blow away any of the moisture that may be on your moustache, and to spit out any little fragment of the root that may be in your mouth, making rather a noise about it too, or else it does not count. I do not quite know why, but it is thought polite and right to do so.

There is one slight drawback to this place, but one that you soon get accustomed to—that is, the great number of centipedes. They live in the thick thatch of the roof, and very often you hear a queer sort of pat on the mats when you are sitting still at night-time in the house, and you know that a centipede has fallen. The natives catch them very adroitly with their hands, making a sudden dart at both head and tail simultaneously, and hold him straight out, frequently roasting him over a burning ember. Every night you see one of the boys sweeping the mats you are to sleep on, and most carefully tucking the ends of the mosquito curtains under it, so that none of these vermin may get upon your bed. Their bite is rarely, but occasionally, fatal, but always very painful.

Marriott has been telling me to-night some of the charming customs of old Fiji respecting the death and burial of the people, which are so interesting that I write them down. It seems that when those people who, by some strange chance escaped being killed by treachery or in open warfare, became, either from old age or disease, a trouble to their relatives, they were informed that it was time they were dead, and the mourning relations, with every appearance of grief, set about the preparations. If the burial of a chief were in question, a great grave was dug, its size varying according to the number of intended victims which were to be buried with him. It was not to be expected that a great man could go unattended to the next world, so his about-to-be-bereaved relatives took care to have plenty of "grass" to line his grave, and the last hours of these truly noble and unselfish old fellows were often comforted by knowing that the "grass" for their graves would be thick. This was not, as may be thought, a vegetable product. The "grass" referred to was the bodies of men and women slain, and strewn at the bottom of the grave for the dying man to rest on. Often all the wives of a man were strangled before the breath was out of their lord; the chief wives always were killed, and generally by the hands of their own children. Sometimes, even when there was a chance of escape, they would insist upon it, as they knew what a miserable time they had before them if they lived, and a wife that was strangled in this world was to be the first wife in the world to come. Whilst these trifling details were being carried out, the chief performer in the play was being made ready for his part. The attendants blackened his face, dressed his hair, put his finest ornaments upon him, wrapped his longest and best piece of *masi* about him, and paid no attention whatever to anything he might have to say to the contrary; but objections were very rarely raised, as they were known to be useless. The strangled wives were dressed in their best, were oiled and covered with turmeric and vermilion, and then carried to the grave, where they were deposited with the slaughtered man. Then the chief was wrapped in mats, and, amidst a tumult of mourning survivors, was carried with all respect and placed upon the grass so awfully mown for him, and the earth was heaped on dead and dying alike. Mourning ceremonies were continued sometimes, in the case of the death of a great chief, for months, and whole groves of trees were made *tabu* for the service of the departed spirit, and dozens and dozens of fingers cut off, out of respect, and stuck all about the dead man's house.

Old people of the common class did not receive the alleviations of ceremony, but were either clubbed or strangled by their affectionate offspring, or in some cases left to die of exposure. But not only in the case of aged people was this terrible thing done. Did a young man receive a hurt from which he was slow to recover, or did a girl fall sick and not soon become well, he or she was informed what was about to happen, and without delay or ceremony was murdered and buried. But almost more terrible was it when strong and healthy men were buried alive at the building of a great house—this was frequently done—that the men by clasping the huge posts, even in death, might keep them from falling.

[In reference to this, Jackson, an early traveller in Fiji, says that the natives told him, in answer to his enquiries, "that a house or palace of a king was just like a king's canoe: if the canoe was not hauled over men as rollers she would not be expected to float long; and in like manner the palace could not stand long if people were not to sit down and continually hold the posts up. But, I said, 'How could they hold the posts up after they were dead.' They said if they sacrificed their lives, endeavouring to hold the posts in their right position, to their superiors, 'turaga kai na kalow' (chiefs and gods), that the virtue of the sacrifice would instigate the gods to uphold the house after they were dead, and that they were honoured by being considered adequate to such a task."]

Nadurotalo, amongst other things that he is learning from Marriott, is acquiring a knowledge of geography, which he learns with great diligence, and gives you the right answer when you question him upon it; but, with characteristic Fijian scepticism, if you ask him quietly if he believes what he is told in the book, he shakes his head and says, "No, it is not true." That the world should be round and moving about the sun instead of being flat and the sun moving about it, are two such palpable falsehoods that he doubts all the other statements in the book.

One morning I had been hearing him his lesson when a large party of his people came in from Noikoro, laden with all sorts of produce brought as presents to him. His mother and brother were amongst the number; but of them he for some time took no notice whatever—an air of indifference being correct, I suppose, before me. His mother is still a youngish woman, dressed in the usual Colo *liku;* she is tattooed about the lips, and has one huge earring thrust through her ear. The brother is a young boy, of whom he seemed very fond, when he thought he had acted carelessness long enough; the lad seemed rather shy before the *Papalagi.* Twelve or fourteen people came with them to carry the gifts, and then behind them were six magnificently dressed savages in full war paint, who are going to stay in the fort. They are all fine-looking athletic fellows, young but fully developed, and their dress shows them to great advantage; they all wear the black grassy *liku* round their hips, and tied round their breasts or waists are long sashes of *masi,* narrow in front, but which form huge bows and loops behind that trail along the ground. They all have their faces blackened in bars and stripes and spots, and their great heads of hair are wrapped in turbans of the very fine native cloth they make for this purpose. Some of these turbans are round, and others tall, like the hats of the grenadiers of the early Georges. Above the elbow they wear the usual white shell bracelets, and at the throat a great round boar's tusk hangs. Very fine they look and very terrible, as they stand before the house in the open space of the town, with their war clubs in their hands.

When Nadurotalo's people were leaving, he sent a number of messages by one of the men to his native town. As he gave each message he gave the bearer of it a little stick, so that when he left he had quite a small bundle of them. Each one of these represents in his mind the particular message given with it, and he will deliver both together at the other end.

We have only just returned to-night from fishing in canoes on the river; a whole party of men went with us to paddle, and carry the torches. We, however, managed to get nothing but many beautiful effects of torchlight on the rocks and on the deep black water below them. The natives said we should not catch anything, and I doubt not laughed to themselves immensely at the idea of fish being attracted to our spears. We told them that the *Viti* fish are fools, and that the *ike Papalagi* always come to a torch. I do not suppose they believe us for a moment.

This morning, Marriott being busy, Nadurotalo took me off for a swim. The heat is so great that the river is quite the best place to be at in the middle of the day. I only learned to-day that sharks come up these rivers from the sea, and are frequently the cause of accidents to bathers. Marriott says that when I get across to the Rewa I must on no account swim there, as it is so infested with them.

Feeling the disgrace of catching nothing last night we were on the river again this afternoon alone, armed with long native wooden spears, for the purpose of retrieving our characters; but again we failed to catch anything, the water is in many places so deep, and the fish were all at the bottom. We were giving up all hope of sport when I made a furious dart with my spear, and transfixed one monster of the deep about three inches long, very much to our surprise. These spears are about ten feet long, the heads of which are split up into five slender barbed pieces, which pierce and hold the fish. The natives are very skilful in the use of these weapons, but they are rather awkward for a mere amateur. The bark in which we had been paddling about all the afternoon was so very leaky a one that we had to get out to save it from sinking, and whilst swimming Marriott was very scared by thinking that he felt a shark, and let his spear go, which instantly floated off into deep water. I, seeing that he had rubbed up against a smooth banana stem, as I did once before in Haapai, swam off with my usual bravery and rescued it. After we were home again Marriott asked if I should like a large dance of natives to-night, and got one up, which has been one of the most delightful things I have yet seen in the islands; and although I quite despair of succeeding, I suppose I must attempt to give some small idea of it all.

The evening was fine, with a bright and luminous sunset, and now the night is very dark but clear; all around the great black mass of the hills is silhouetted against the starlit sky. The day has been very hot, but now when night has fallen a light breeze is blowing, cool and fresh, which stirs the leaves of the trees round the fort, whose soft rustling mingles with the subdued roar of the river, as it rushes over the rapids, which rises from below. All the place is afoot with excitement in the preparations for the coming dance; men running here and there collecting necessary articles, and singing to make themselves properly excited, some time before we came out of the house. At last everything is ready, and we walk into the square in the middle of the town. There are mats spread for us on the ground near the performers. The place is brightly lighted with great flaming poles of dry bamboo, held aloft in the air by some of the boys; these torches well illuminate the dancers, who are clustered round the four chief musicians, who stand in the centre of the *rara.* The voices of these four men are rising and falling weirdly as they chant a strange wild song to the night, to whose rhythm they beat time with sticks upon resonant pieces of wood, raised some height from the ground. Each alternate line is sung by the chorus to the louder beating of the *lalis,* and then the quartette is heard again,—a wild and martial music this, that strangely stirs the blood.

This incantation goes on for nearly half an hour, when at last the motionless performers that are clustered thick about the music, fired with the strain of the song, begin slowly to march circlewise round the singers to show themselves to the silent sitting audience. For some short time this continues, until, at a shrill cry from one of their number, they all clap their hands loudly, turn their backs to us, and stop. When their backs are to us they are, I think, supposed not to be in view—a conventional expression, but one that is understood readily enough. What strikes me so much all through the performance is the absolute precision they keep in their music and their movements; there is never a note or a motion one second out of time. The circling march recommences and goes on for a little time, growing momentarily faster, when suddenly they leave their position and form into one long line for the dance. A splendid lot of men they look—forty or fifty I should think—and very beautiful in the ease of their movements and the perfection of their limbs that their costume shows to such great advantage. They are all dressed in their best; round their waists the black fringe of the *liku*, which, as a step is taken, falls back from the thigh. Some wear a sash of *masi* tied round their breasts, trailing in long loops of drapery to the ground behind; others have bands of black fringe round their legs below the knee. The hair of all is displayed to the greatest advantage, and every man has his face blackened, and wears his gayest ornaments, his curled boar's tusk at his breast, and feathers in his hair.

Now the men form themselves into two rows, one behind the other, and—the music beating faster, faster, wilder, wilder—the dance begins. How can I describe it? The front row commences: they dance from side to side, they advance a few steps, separating a little distance one from the other, waving their powerful arms and swaying their lissom bodies all as one man. Now they spring in the air and shout all together, and then with a wild cry leap backwards, as, simultaneously, the back row springs forward through the spaces that divide the men of the front rank. For some little time this goes on, one rank leaping back as the rear one advances, without collision or confusion. When one figure is ended they all turn their backs to us, and stand still to regain their breath in a little interval. Shortly a fresh figure begins: all the men join hands and stand in one long line motionless as statues, until at a signal they move a few steps to one side and then quickly back a few to the other, advancing and retiring like a long swift wave of the sea. Very graceful is this, silently performed in perfect accord with the softer music behind them; now they separate into two equal bands facing each other, and go through many charming movements full of that beauty born of great strength when joined with perfect freedom of action and the grace of unrestraint.

Think how beautiful this strange ballet looks in the wild and fitful flare of the blazing torches, which throws into sharp relief of light and shade the great muscles of legs and arms, and black broad breasts. I cannot describe all the figures they have performed—they are too many and too intricate; but of one I must speak—it was danced with such wild *abandon*, such enjoyment of the utter freedom, yet order of their movements, that to watch it was alone a subtle intoxication. The dark night, the fitful gleam of the torches, the wilder-growing beating of the drums, the slight animal smell of the dancers, and the mad excitement of the band, all stirred me as I never have been stirred before. I felt an animal myself, and my blood boiled to join them. My muscles twitched to leap and enter the revel, and I know that at heart I am as great a savage for the moment as any one among them. Civilisation is but a glaze upon the natural man: how soon I could revert to that from which all cultured races sprang I almost fear to think. This is the dance:—

The men form in one long row before us, wildly excited now by their former exertions, as their flashing eyes, expanded nostrils, and heaving breasts, well show. The music grows louder and more inspiring, and the beating of the little *lalis* more and more rapid, and as the music moves them so dance they, marking every now and then a wild time to the measure by thundering down with their bare feet upon the beaten ground with a frenzied stamp. Suddenly, for an instant they stand still, and then, raising their braceleted arms high in the air, they throw their bodies backwards, bending so far that their heads are on a level with their hips, and the next moment, with a loud wild cry, like bows relaxed, they are unflexed and bowing forwards till their long hair sweeps the ground at their feet. Now the one long line divides, and the two parties face each other, dancing as though they challenged one another to further feats of skill; at exactly the same moment these two rows of men make the backward motion and then the long forward sweep, thus forming two lines of opposed movement very delightful to look upon. The suddenness of this surprises me every time they do it, and charms me too, for not only is it a figure that an acrobat or a posturer might envy, but it is also full of a strange wild beauty. I cannot tell more of it now, and were I to try to do so it would be to very little purpose. I could never make the scene visible—never make the fury felt with which they gave way to the spirit of the dance. At last, when they must all be weary with their exertions, they face us again in one long line, and joining hands they madly dance sideways for some yards and then surge back again, and wildly shouting three or four musical words, in answer to the musicians at the back, with two loud claps of the hands and a backward leap they sharply turn their back upon us, and the Macau-wata men have finished.

Then comes the Nadroga band. Their dance is different from that of the Macau-wata people: it is not nearly so beautiful, but far more savage; and being a club dance, performed with their weapons, it gives a good picture of what was their old method of warfare. The musicians are changed, and of course the music, each tribe having quite different *mekes*. Now that the Macau-wata men have retired we can see gleaming in the darkness the *Kai Nadroga*, who slowly march up from the other end of the town with stately bearing, soldierlike. As they near us two or three pretend to be alarmed and try to run away, but the chief of the party, who acts as leader all through the dance, encourages and banters them until they agree to go with the others to battle. This little prelude ended, they all march past us in single file, bearing their large clubs upright in their hands, with a free and swinging step. The chief bears a huge palm leaf fan, two feet across, with streamers of *masi* fastened to its edge. With this he constantly rushes about, waving and flourishing it to direct and encourage his men; sometimes he beats the ground with it, as they used to do in war-time, with the meaning that thus they drove their enemies before them.

Their dance consists of many intricate figures, in all of which the swinging clubs take a leading part. They split up into little bands of four and fight mimic battles, which rage so fast and furious that I wonder any one of them comes out unhurt; but the figures are well known, and every alarming blow is quickly evaded, and no harm ensues. In one figure they divide into two bands, and with clubs raised high they gaze on one another as though flinging out a challenge, then approach, then retreat, and finally rush at each other as though each would crush his man; then, forming again in line, they leap forward and swing their heavy clubs over our heads, and bring them thundering to the ground at the edge of the mats. During this dance the fan-bearing chief was giving his orders and making speeches, sarcastic or boastful, in a high shrill voice, heard above all the din. At the end of the performance all stood perfectly still before us, and said one word only, "Nadroga," to tell us that that is the sort of thing the *Kai Nadroga* can do. Thus the *meke* ended.

After our swim this morning Marriott informed me that we must wear trousers to-day; and upon my asking why, he said that it was Sunday, and that we must make the day sacred by leaving off our *sulus*, dressing properly, and going to church, which we did in a roomy native house, where an excited Fijian teacher, who lives here, addressed a large but inattentive audience. We have passed an idle day, as, according to the teacher, it would be very wicked to set the natives the bad example of "doing" anything on Sunday. Still we have walked about the place, and bathed several times, and many of the Fijians have been bathing too. They can swim beautifully, and play several games in the water, so that we have not passed an unpleasant day. When the bathers come out of the river and stand on the banks to dry in the sun, they always remind me of antique bronzes, such fine figures have they. Their faces are not hidden with any growth of beard, for nearly all of them shave clean, leaving only a moustache, and sometimes a tiny bit of whisker by the ear. In the rocky bank of the stream they scoop out round holes, where they store a sort of clay with which they wash their heads. I could not think what they were for until I saw the men sitting there using the contents. Some of the chief natives came to dine with us, and they behaved themselves admirably, as I have always found high-class Polynesians do: they are true gentlemen in courtesy and politeness.

In the evening when we went out we saw the thin edge of the very young moon, rising in the still warm sky above the hills, and one of the Fijians coming out with us, seeing it too, saluted it in a curious manner. He looked at it and greeted it with a prolonged "Ah!"—at the same time quickly tapping his open mouth with his hand, producing by this means a rapid vibrating sound. I asked Marriott to enquire why he did this, and he said, "We always look and hunt for the moon in the sky, and when it comes we do this to show our pleasure at finding it again. I do not know the meaning of it: our fathers always did so."

CHAPTER XII.

FIJI—(*continued*).

One morning, after I had been in Natuatuacoko a long time, I determined to start on my journey through Colo, over the mountains to the Rewa. Nadurotalo obtained yesterday, by a feudal sort of prerogative, two wild-looking villains who are to act as guides and personal attendants. I am not going the route that has hitherto been taken by the few people who have crossed this part of Fiji, but am trying a new and original one, and am delighted at the idea of plunging into an unknown country. My packing—the work of three minutes—was done early, so directly after breakfast we started. Marriott came with me as far as the river, and there I said good-bye, heartily sorry to leave him and Natuatuacoko, for he has been all kindness and hospitality, and I have certainly enjoyed the place and its surroundings.

My boys and I crossed the river, and soon began climbing a succession of not very lofty, but steep hills, and thus commenced my long walk across the island. For some few miles our road lay along a ridge, from which we had very fine views. The work was hard, for the heat was intense, still and stifling, like the air of the hottest conservatory. No breeze was blowing in the valleys or hollows, and it seemed like going into a hot bath when one descended from the freer air of the hills. There was no shade, either, as the hills are bare of bush, and from a distance look as though they were covered with short turf only, but which is in reality a dense jungle of tall reeds, eight or nine feet high, through which one has to push a way in the most fatiguing manner. I was glad enough at mid-day to reach a river, where we all had a glorious bathe. All day I have been struck with the rarity of animal life. You see lizards and a few insects—that is all. Birds are scarce, except in or about the bush: even human life is rare, for we have seen but very few people all day.

For many hours our road lay through the same intolerably hilly country, which is wearying to the spirit as well as to the body, for no sooner have you, at some expense of breath, climbed a hill, than you have to go down on the other side only to ascend another. In one of the few towns we have passed through to-day there were a great many large jars drying in the sun, something like those I saw at Waivesaga, but spherical instead of egg-shaped; and it is still a wonder to me how the women manage to make them so marvellously true in their form. My two boys—Koiau-ho-Amulevu and Doi-doi Matawa are their gentle names—would not let me stay at that town to rest: perhaps it does not bear a good character. I find it a great inconvenience that I am unable to speak the language well, as I could learn so many interesting facts and legends from them did I only know Fijian. I can make them understand pretty well what I want; learn the names of rivers, towns, and mountains, but not very much more.

When I had begun to be very tired after many hours' marching, I found I had the hardest piece of my day's work before me—a great mountain to climb.

Of course we had to go right over the highest parts, the suspicious Fijian fearing to have any one above him; this helps to make a journey in Colo so difficult and tiring. On this mountain I found a little lively black snake, the first I had seen to-day, of which my boys stood in very great awe. I do not think they were frightened of his stinging them: it looked more like veneration, I thought. I should be interested to find that serpent-worship had reached Fiji. Oh that I could ask my boys all about it! The country began to get well wooded as we neared the great mountains—the rainfall, so I suppose, being much greater there.

I was resting, towards evening, under a shaddock tree, eating some of the fruit that had been carefully peeled and prepared by the boys, when an old man appeared suddenly from somewhere, and presented me with a *dalo*, cooked, but cold. This I ate, or part of it, for I was very hungry by this time, and then, understanding from his signs and language that his town was not far off, I followed him about a mile to the town of Nabokatini.

It is not etiquette for your servants to precede you, so that there is no one to advise a place of your coming. When I arrived in the town the alarm of the women and children was great; they all hurried off, and vanished into their houses like rabbits into their warren.

The town is clean, large, and beautifully kept, with coco-palms, which are not common so far inland as this, planted down the sides of the central *rara*. The man who had led me to the place seems a person of some note. Perhaps I had been seen some way off, and he had been sent to meet me. He brought me to the best house in the town, and here installed me, and I was glad enough to pull off my shoes and fling myself down on the mats till food came. I have just had my supper, which, it may interest some to know, has consisted of a basket of *dalo,* a red earthenware dish of green slime, which I have had to eat with my fingers as best I could, and of which I know nothing except that it is very nasty. I could not manage to eat these vegetables entirely without salt, so I asked Doi-doi to get me "*Na massima,*" and to my joy he seemed to understand, for he rushed out of the house at a great pace, and ran up the town. He was away a long time, and my food was pleasantly cooling; but at last I heard panting outside and a great scraping of feet, and in he came, wet and out of breath, but triumphantly waving a *bunch of onions.* Now, I loathe that abominable bulb, but have had to eat one of them, as I could not wound the poor fellow's feelings by refusing altogether, especially as they must be a great luxury here. I suppose they have managed to get a little seed somehow from Natuatuacoko. By wonderful pantomime, performed before a select committee of seven natives, who sat gazing intently at me, I at last made them understand me, and they have brought me some of the pungent sea-salt I spoke of before; the remains of this I have wrapped up, and given Doi-doi to take care of for future use.

A very heavy storm of rain came on shortly after I arrived, so that I have been glad to keep under shelter all the evening. We have had a *yaqona meke,* which is indeed only just finished, and all the people, instead of going away, are gazing at me with absorbed and silent interest as I write in my pocket-book. I have obtained some queer clubs and things of that sort from the men, and one old fellow insists upon my taking a heavy walking-stick, five feet high and beautifully carved at the top, which, he says, I shall want when in the rivers and getting up the mountains. They can make themselves understood without one word of English.

When I came in this evening there was a tiny little baby, only a few months old, sitting upright, cross-legged, quite naked, and quiet. Him I took on my lap; he was too young to be frightened, and I find that I have by so doing dyed my thin flannel shirt in bright yellow patches with the turmeric with which he was daubed. Babies are always powdered yellow all over with it, and the mother too, for some time after child-birth—for the purpose, I believe, of preventing them from taking cold.

When I left Natuatuacoko, Marriott insisted upon lending me a mosquito curtain, as those pests are so numerous hereabouts: this I have rigged up to the posts of the house, and find that it gives me a little agreeable privacy. My boys, already fast asleep, are lying on the mats not far off, and I feel quite safe and comfortable.

Next morning the first noises of the awakening town roused me, and although I did not emerge from my curtains for some time, I could see what was going on; first of all, the women came out, and with their brooms of twigs proceeded to brush and cleanse the *rara* of all dirt and disorder. Then out came some of the men with an enquiring look as to the weather, but they, finding it chill, returned to their comfortable houses, leaving the inferior sex to continue its labours; then out trooped the children, and shortly the whole town is astir. A good many men slept in the house with me last night, and when I awoke they still were stretched in slumber, wrapped in their great pieces of *masi*. Without my asking for it, a vegetable breakfast was brought to me; but although it was hot and nicely cooked, I find I can eat but very little of it,—not enough to support me in such hard work as I shall have to do. After this rather tasteless repast, I started out with my boys behind me, looking very patriarchal with my long carved climbing-pole. The same old man who conducted me to the town yesterday led me out of it to-day for a mile or two. Such seems to be his office, but whether a little piece of wickerwork, like a small eel-trap, which he flourishes about a good deal, is the insignia of his rank I know not.

For some little way we followed the course of the river, disturbing wild duck and many beautiful gray cranes from the wet and heavy vegetation on the banks. This river runs through a narrow valley with somewhat steep cliffs, a little like Dovedale, in Derbyshire, only not so beautiful. There are many rapids in the stream, which decreases very quickly in breadth as we ascended it, and so many windings and turnings in it that we had to cross it, I should think, a dozen times. Not having grown reckless yet as to my shoes, I did not like to wade straight through, and it would have taken too long for me to stop and partly undress at each crossing-place, so Koiau, the bigger of my boys, gave me a back over. He is wonderfully sure-footed; how he managed to get me across without stumbling I cannot think, as the bottom of the river is covered with large boulders, quite slippery and smooth. The road at first was so level and pleasant by the riverside that I thought I was going to have an easy day. Alas, how delusive are our hopes! After two or three miles, when our old guide had left us, first putting us on the right track, we began to ascend the hills, and then began my work. The heavy rain of yesterday has made the narrow track so slippery that I could in places hardly struggle along. Often the hillside is clay, and it can be imagined how difficult this is to climb when thoroughly wet. The path all day has been the merest track, in some places worn deep into the soil, and these are veritable sloughs of despond. I had hoped to find the country get easier as I advanced, but it grows more difficult every mile, up and down incessantly, but on the whole slowly rising, I think,—a slow struggle up a thousand feet or so, and then straight down again the opposite side only to recommence climbing. The country is pleasing, even in this bad weather, and would be, I should think, very lovely did the sun but shine. It is singularly sparsely populated: we have met no native all day long, yet the ground seems fertile and suitable for all the native crops.

I did not rest till mid-day, when the boys produced some cold *dalo* that they had brought from Nabokatini. It is quite the correct thing to take all the remains of the breakfast or meal that you are served with, but I could not manage to eat it, so my boys fell to with an appetite and devoured it all. The amount of *dalo* that these men eat is astonishing. Of course they must consume a great deal, as there is but little nutriment in it, but it is a little surprising to see the baskets of boiled roots that vanish before them like snow in sunshine. Fortunately, I found a wild citron tree, and made one of the boys peel me one of its fruits, whose acid juice refreshed me much. I reckoned that the greatest height we ascended was 3000 feet, judging by Mona Vatu, which is roughly computed to be 4500. We were by the side of this grand mountain, which is covered with the most beautiful and magnificent bush, excepting just at the summit, where a great bare precipice, too sheer for anything to gain a footing and grow there, shows its face of white rock through the dark green of the trees. The river I had been following so long rises here, and I could trace its windings amongst the hills for many miles far down below me.

After resting at this summit, gained with such trouble, enjoying the loveliness of the rich country all spread out before me, and feeling rewarded by its beauty for my labour, we commenced the worst part of this hard day's work, the long descent. The path was very steep, and lay through thick bush of glorious trees, one sort of which I noticed had its plum-shaped fruit growing out of the thick trunk instead of on the branches, as an ordinary tree produces it, and the ground was of such indescribable slipperiness that I fell at every few yards, and the snake-like roots of the trees, all polished and wet with the rain, were worse almost than the mud. Excuses must be made for me if I used a little of our trenchant English tongue, for nobody understood me, and it *is* annoying to feel your legs shoot out from under you, and yourself slipping to you know not where, until you are brought up short against some opportune but sudden tree. The consciousness that you are sure to fall again within the next few yards, do whatever you may to keep on your legs, is not an agreeable one; and although I was fully aware of the indescribably ludicrous appearance I must present to my faithful boys, when I went sliding down the hill and bumping in the ignominious manner that I know I did, yet the knowledge of this funniness did not soften the bumps. All the same, I was much obliged to them for not laughing at me. It would have been highly indecorous for them to have even smiled; and whenever I looked at them, although I could not help laughing myself notwithstanding the bruises I suffered, they were as grave as judges.

However Doi-doi told me that there was a town at the foot of the hill, and there I determined to sleep, for I felt thoroughly exhausted. Naloka, where I now am, is a very little town in the valley between Mona Vatu and the mountain I had crossed. Although small it is beautifully clean, and I was led, by the first man I met at the entrance of the place, to a fine new house, that looks as though it had only just been finished. A good many of the houses in this district are built on large square mounds, the banks of which are decorated with big round pebbles and bright coloured shrubs; outside this mound there is generally a broad ditch, which is crossed by a tree trunk flattened on its upper surface, with notches left in it to help you in the ascent to the entrance. At the bottom end of this trunk is scooped a hollow place, generally full of water, which is meant for every one to wash their feet in before they enter the house and tread on the clean mats or dried fern; but they always serve as a species of trap for me, into which I wildly plunge whenever I go in or out after dark. Before I settled in the house I went to the brook, where, whilst I tried to get all the mud off me with which I was plastered from head to foot, my boys washed my *sulu,* and sunk my shoes in the stream to cleanse them a little. I shall certainly dispense with all the clothing that I can to-morrow, or when I leave Naloka. I created no small amount of astonishment amongst the people when I emerged from the stream *faka Viti,* in Fiji fashion, cleansed, if not clothed, and in my right mind. I have made up a curious garment out of my old, and by this time very much tattered, flannel shirt, and the little white merino scarf that I had brought with me. From the intense astonishment and interest evinced by the majority of the people, it is evident that I am the first white man they have seen, and I have in consequence a sort of "show" feeling, as though I were all the time "on view." On my way back to the house I was very much interested to find a man working at a piece of timber with a tool made of a bit of old iron inserted in one of the handles they use for their stone adzes. It was fastened in with sinnet in the usual way, and was being used in precisely the same manner that they have worked for centuries with their old stone implements. I suppose iron axes and chisels will find their way hither eventually, but at present they have not ousted the prehistoric tool of stone.

I was glad enough to throw myself down on the mats, and I find that I am ornamented with many raw and knobby places from my frequent falls; and bruises of every shade of blue, black, and purple decorate my every part. I fell asleep before my supper came, which arrived, however, about sunset, and was just as last night, all of us dipping together in the same mess of vegetable pottage. This house is not quite the same as most I have been in, for it possesses a little open window, the frame of which is formed of solid timbers covered with sinnet carefully wrapped round them, and stained brown and black in a good design. It has begun to pour with rain again; the mountains will be terrible to-morrow. As I shall probably have a hard day, and being very tired and sleepy now, I will write no more.

To-day when I awoke I found it still steadily pouring with rain. Anything more dismal I cannot well conceive: alone in a big and savage island, a wet day, no one to speak to, and hardly anything to eat, I felt both hungry and low-spirited; but I got up, and after washing myself at the stream I returned much livelier and better to mend my shoes, which stand in evident need of repair. They have had unusually hard wear the last two or three days, and had already begun to bulge in an unpleasant manner last night when I took them off, and my boys have done further damage by their injudicious and reckless manner of washing them. I fortunately had a piece of string left, with which I stitched them up, poking holes through the canvas and leather with my knife, and threading the string through the holes with this faithful stump of pencil. I hope they will last me out to the Rewa, as I have no desire to emulate my boys and go barefoot. The people here seem kindly, and look upon me as a rare and curious sight, and I have a sort of conviction that people have been hurriedly called in from a distance to behold the white monstrosity. There is a charming and comfortable trait in this people's character, which distinguished them even in their old war-time, and that is, that any man who receives you into his house would sooner be clubbed himself than that any harm should befall you whilst with him, although your host himself might be the very one to kill you, if no longer his guest, for the sake of some trifle you possess that he covets, or because of some slight you may unintentionally give. It continues to be so wet that I shall not leave to-day, but wait for fairer weather, as the mountains would be almost impassable.

When at last I left Naloka my dress was much more native in character than before. I have altogether dispensed with trousers, and wear my only other shirt—a cotton one—as a sort of kilt, tied round my waist with the sleeves; above this are the remains of my flannel shirt, torn almost to pieces, and stained all sorts of colours, but principally a rich turmeric yellow. It was rather cold when I left, and still raining, so that I did not have the beautiful effects of early sunshine that I had hoped to see from this enclosed valley. Our road—there is now no path at all—lay for a long time up a boulder-strewn stream, with frequent low cliffs of rock and many picturesque waterfalls, which was very lovely, but uncommonly bad walking. The dense growth of the forest came quite close to the edges of the stream in unbroken banks of lovely green; in places the bushes on either side were covered with huge white perfumed trumpet-shaped flowers, a foot long, and very beautiful. I have been astonished all day at the wonderful manner my capital boys find the way, for they have never been here before. Sometimes we lose it for a time, and then they look about them for a broken twig or down-trodden stone, or some such thing, and find it again without much trouble. They really are good fellows, and I am growing much attached to them—they look after me so well and faithfully, finding everything for me; and, I fear, stealing anything that they think will come in useful, or that I shall like.

We came across a miserable little town on this stream, which my boys saw from some way off, and, telling me of it, at once fell into the rear, that I might, as is Fijian etiquette, approach the town the first. I perform my toilet—that is to say, step out of the stream, unfurl my kilt, which has been rolled round my waist, and pull it down as nearly to my knees as it will come—

and boldly enter the town. There were but few people about, but the sudden appearance of a tall white *Papalagi* from the bush so frightened one old gentleman standing on a rock in the middle of the stream, that he at once and without warning fell straight into the water. There will be a wonderful amount of talk when all the men have come in this evening, and I fear some few curious mis-statements, for we silently walked through the place, and as silently disappeared into the bush on the other side.

The first part of our walk to-day being almost on the level, I again hoped for its continuance, and again have suffered disappointment, for we early left the stream and have been climbing ever since, often to a great height, even worse than the other day. It is useless for me to speak of the difficulties of getting up these mountains when there has been much rain: I could never make the painful-comic nature of it all understood. A Fijian gets along pretty well, sticking his great strong toes into the ground, where a shod European is slipping every moment. I made Doi-doi walk in front, and Koiau, who was close behind, saved me many a nasty tumble by timely aid in the rear. I am getting into much better condition, and do not feel the excessive fatigue that I did at first, and even my temper is getting quite accustomed to the frequent shocks of finding myself quite unexpectedly lying on my back. The clay banks, the crumbly earth, the slippery roots of the trees, seem so many artfully contrived man-traps. Even my boys cannot always keep their feet, and I must own to feeling just a *little* bit pleased when I found that I was not the only one of the party that could not keep upright. But although their physical equilibrium has once or twice been destroyed, never once has anything broken down their mental gravity, although it must sometimes have been agony for them to contain their laughter when I was sprawling helpless on my back, smiling weakly at the sky, or shooting rapidly over a bank and alighting, generally unhurt but somewhat dismayed, at the bottom. It must have been doubly difficult for them to wear a sober face, for they are merry dogs, and we often all three enjoy a good laugh together at any comical mistake they or I may make.

I find that I can get along very much better in my present costume, but the gigantic reeds through which we very often have to fight our way cut my bare legs, and just at the ankles, where the feet in walking catch the lower leaves, I already have bad wounds from that cause. We are so constantly in the water walking up the bed of a stream several feet deep, that being frequently the only available road, that I find it is useless to try to wear socks, which only sink into my shoes and form bundles of damp unpleasant merino, so I have discarded them. My shoes soon drain dry when I come out, for they have great gaping holes at the sides, in and out of which water, sand, and pebbles rush quite easily. The scenery all day has been magnificently tropical, and the views from the mountain tops have been grand in the extreme, although frequently envious clouds have hidden a great deal; but all the same I was very glad to hear, at about three o'clock, the rush of a river far far below us, and to think that we should soon be on level ground once more after so hard a day of climbing. The descent to the river, which my boys say is the Wai Dina, was almost vertical; but we got down at last, and I plunged into the strong deep stream, and, crossing it, was very glad to rest on the other side and eat some of the cold provisions that Doi-doi had had the sense to bring from Naloka, and admire the mountain we had descended.

The rest of the day we have been walking along what I should say is one of the loveliest valleys in the world, but it was so cloudy that I never could get a very extensive view of it. The vegetation is most wonderfully beautiful, and of quite a different type from that on the other side the ranges. These mountains intercept the clouds, which distil themselves here in torrents of rain, fertilising everything, but leaving the country on the other side dry for many months in the year. The great extent of mountainous country and this very great rainfall account for the size of the numerous rivers of Viti Levu, which are really surprising when the size of the island is considered. We were in the water most of the time, which is not a pleasant way of progressing, as the stream is so strong that you cannot lift your feet well for fear of being swept off your legs, and the large round stones at the bottom are very uncomfortable. I blessed in my heart the old man at Nabokatini who had told me I should require a strong pole for the rivers: the one he gave to me has been invaluable. I found the water very cold, too, after a time, as did my boys, who shivered horribly, and seem rather done up; but I cheered them with promises of a big fire and plenty of food at the town we should sleep at to-night.

After some miles along the beautiful winding river, climbing huge boulders most of the time, and at others hanging on to the steep rock walls round which in some places the river rushes, we passed through several towns which my boys recommended me not to stop at, they being *saca,* or bad, but to push on to *Nakoro na Buli,* the town of the chief of the district, which is called, as far as I can judge from their speaking, Narokorokoiawa. I was glad to get on as far as possible, as, since I left the mountains, I have felt no fatigue, and only offered to stop because I thought the boys looked fagged. We passed, before we reached the town, some large and well-constructed weirs in the river for fishing purposes, which had beautifully made traps at the outlets that gave me hopes—to think that I could stop to consider such things in the midst of such lovely scenery—that we should have fish for supper, for I am not only tired of vegetables, but have a sort of half-starved feeling, because, unlike the natives, I cannot eat enough of them to support my strength. It was quite dusk when we reached the town, and my boys, knowing that they were shortly to see *Na Buli,* most carefully washed and tidied themselves: they are deferential to a chief, almost to obsequiousness.

The town is large—one of the largest I have seen—and is built some height above the river: it is clean, and of a really handsome appearance. The house of *Na Buli* is a very fine one, raised a good height above the village level, upon a bank faced with ornamental pebbles. The one doorway is reached by a log, levelled on the upper surface; but I found this one much more difficult to ascend than usual, as the inclination was so great and the surface so slippery with the rain. I approached the house in noble style, but had to ascend to it in a very ignominous manner—on all fours in fact, like a cat on the tiles. The house was quite dark when I entered, and it was some time before I could see that it was full of men receiving their evening meal. The system is this, I believe: The whole of the food is brought, after cooking, to the chief, who distributes portions to the heads of families, who again divide it amongst the several members of their household. This was going on for a short time after I arrived, and they served us with a portion too of boiled *dalo*, .which I was glad to get, though I was greedy enough to hope for something more satisfying. After I had been there some little time and had smoked a *suluka* or two with *Na Buli* himself, in was brought a repast of a fowl and more *dalo*, which we have enjoyed very much, and of which Doi-doi is now secreting the legs, and I am pretending not to see him.

For some time I have been holding a sort of *levée*—indeed it is not over yet, for two young men are just bringing in a very old one to look at me, who could not manage to get here by himself; he is more covered with hair than any human being I ever saw, chest and back as well. Perhaps his affectionate grandchildren have preserved him as a curiosity. This old gentleman has approached quite close, too close,—but are we not all men and brothers,—and is now at this present writing stroking my leg, which tickles me horribly, and thinking doubtless that it is very white and funny. Fiji is very different from Tonga and Samoa, and in my opinion not half so pleasant, for only the men of the place and none of the women come to see you.

I have just obtained a wonderful selection of things here—clubs, *likus*, wigs, bracelets, and beautiful necklaces of curved pieces of whale's-tooth ivory, and many things which I only hope I shall get home safely. Amongst them is a curious long four-pronged fork, which I found on a sort of shelf above where I am writing. I think it must be, from the descriptions I have heard, a human flesh fork. Rather a shuddery sort of thing to find just as I am going to sleep, *for it is stained with use.* I put on one of the ivory necklaces and was very much laughed at, for it appears I had committed the absurdity of putting it on with the points curving inwards, and not outwards, as I should have done,—seemingly not a very great mistake, but apparently about as ridiculous in their eyes as putting on a coat turned inside out would be in ours. *Na Buli* has pointed out a place to my boys, on the raised part of the floor, where they are to put my things, and there I am going to sleep, very soundly I hope, in the next few minutes.

Seeing a watery gleam of sunshine falling through the little window of the house gave me great hopes, when I awoke this morning, that we were to have a fine day. But that hope became feebler when I left Narokorokoiawa, and no patch of blue was to be seen in the whole sky; it has, after all, rained more or less the whole day through. We left early this morning, four or five young men of the place coming to see me to the end of the town, and to point out the way. When I left the house I slept in those people that were inside said to me "*Salako,*" meaning "You go;" to which I made the proper reply, "I go, you stay." One or two of them then took my hand and smelt it, making rather a noise about it, which is here a very courteous and respectful method of salutation and farewell, but a little surprising just at first.

Our road for some little way, as generally at starting, lay through the reeds at the side of the river, which were well trodden down by the frequent passing of the townspeople, and then up a very stiff wall-like bank, with holes in it all the way up for you to put your feet in. My boys, who are carrying the things I got in the town, cannot understand what I want with such articles, and have asked me to let them throw all away as being rubbish and of no use to a *Papalagi;* but I have sternly commanded them to bring every one, and they have done so, although I think they believe me very mad to want them. When we were some miles out of Narokorokoiawa the path seemed to lead us to the river's brink, and we completely lost the way. We crossed, but could not find a trace of it on the other side, and recrossed, but were none the wiser; and I was just about to send one of the boys back to bring some one to show us the road when we were put right by an obliging old fellow, who ran after us to lead us to the proper ford, and walked with us about a mile to show us the path. These islanders certainly compare very favourably with the white savages of England.

We did not linger long by the river-side, but turned to the mountains again, and have had another day of almost constant climbing. These mountains are certainly very fine, especially one we passed—Nacau by name—which is of great size, and singular beauty of outline and formation; they are all covered with most magnificent vegetation. The tree-ferns on these high mountains are as fine as any I ever saw in New Zealand; and the trees—great forest giants—are all joined and bound together in a glorious embrace of luxuriant creepers. Bushes and ferns of all sizes grow between, so that there is no single unoccupied square inch of space. All this hard work and climbing has put me in grand condition, and I can do my day's march without fatigue; but it is beginning to tell on my boys, who are not accustomed to continuous exertion, and who have the disadvantage of carrying my two parcels between them. I noticed to-day, when climbing the stiff mountains we have had to ascend, that I was always first at the top, and they have seemed very done up when they have joined me. I hope that they will hold out to the end, as I should be very sorry to part with either of them. The only thing that has troubled me has been the painful wounds on my ankles, which have been a nuisance to-day, as they have bled so much; I cannot keep bandages of any sort on them.

Towards the top of one forest-covered mountain we suddenly met five women laden with bundles, who were on their way to Nadrau; they were young, but looked abject and prematurely old, and seemed horribly alarmed at meeting us. Shortly after, when we had gained the summit and were resting on a great fallen tree, out of the bush came the men of the party, faces blacked, *maros* reduced to a minimum, but with huge turbans on to keep their hair dry. The first man did not see me at once, and came up flourishing a club in an alarming manner to frighten my boys; but when I greeted them and he saw me, his manner altered and he became most reverential. They all stood still and on one side as I passed, and doffed their gauzy turbans as a sign of respect. My boys talked to them for a few moments, but I walked on with a lordly air. Some way farther on we met with more of the party, and they gave us instantly two short bamboos full of cooked food, which still was quite hot, as they plug up the open end of the bamboos with *masi*, and the steam generated keeps the food hot for many hours. This presentation seems a graceful thing to have done, but I am not quite sure that it was so much a spontaneous act of kindness as one prompted by fear; for the Fijian, beneath all his boasting and bombast, is an arrant coward at heart.

In the early afternoon we were in a charming little valley, walking, as usual, up the middle of the stream, when I noticed a pleasant bank where I thought we would take our mid-day meal; but no sooner had we comfortably settled ourselves than great raindrops began to fall, and we were threatened with a very heavy storm. Doi-doi suggested that we should make for a little town not far off, and I thought we might shelter there; so they only waited for my "*io,*" and off we all ran to it, and entered at full speed, to the inexpressible surprise of all the worthy inhabitants of Tabua. I chose what I thought was the best house, and, stooping, went in. The astonishment of a large household of Fijians when a white man—the first ever seen by nearly all of them—suddenly comes through their doorway and enters the house, may be imagined. They did not let their astonishment make them forget their hospitality, for they pulled down a clean mat for me to sit on, and gave us food from the great jars in the ashes of the fireplace. Of course the whole place wants to see me, and very speedily the house is full; but the man who is apparently the head of the establishment would not have it, and, seizing a stick, drove nearly all of them out again into the rain, striking right and left with twenty-schoolmaster power, whilst I sat unconcernedly looking on; it would not do to laugh, as they judge you entirely by your behaviour.

As I like the place I have stayed here, and have enjoyed my visit; it has given me a picture of Fijian family life that I had not seen before. There are women present, who are cooking, and weaving mats, and employing themselves in general household pursuits. The weather being so bad accounts for so many men being at home. They very wisely do not care to work out of doors in heavy rain; they are occupying themselves in shaping and carving some heavy wooden clubs, several of which are about in different stages of advancement. A Fijian does not set himself down before a piece of wood and begin to work there and then, and continue at it till it is finished, but it generally lies about for a long time before it is perfected, as he only takes such things up at odd moments and employs his spare time upon them.

My suite was augmented when I left Tabua next day, by three men, who were also going to the Wai-na-mala; two of them bearing bales of *masi* to the chief there, and the third—who was distinguished by his carrying a short black wood club—as a sort of officer or overseer. The *masi*, being a perishable sort of goods if it gets wet, was carefully wrapped up in large green banana leaves, from which the rain ran off completely. The Fijian *masi* is different in character from the Samoan *tappa*, the finer sorts being, I think, softer, and the decoration much more beautiful. The Fijian artist seemingly possesses a finer fancy than his eastern brothers. I never saw in Tonga or Samoa any of the filmy, gauzy *masi* that they make here, which is a most delicate fabric, tinted through all shades of brown, according to the longer or shorter time that it is exposed to the wood-smoke that colours it. The three men who accompanied us have been of great service; they have helped me up and down some steep and slippery places which I certainly could not have managed with safety alone, and my boys are too done up to be of much assistance, besides they are generally some way behind. The scenery has increased in grandeur and the vegetation in luxuriance and beauty; the light clouds of mist above which we often mounted did but seem to add to the charm. In one place when at the summit of a mountain I looked across a valley quite hidden by white and billowy clouds, into which there poured and disappeared a silvery cascade of water, overarched with great graceful tree-ferns, from an opposite peak that seemed to float on the vaporous sea. All this loveliness I feel deeply, but my dusky companions do not seem to share my pleasure: they appear to be absolutely careless of it all.

When at last we struck the Wai-na-mala it was nearly sunset, but fortunately Nivudini was not very far off. The sun, which all day long has been chary of his beams, shone out royally as he set, and flooded the whole valley with gold, till stream and rocky cliffs and trees were bathed alike in one great radiance. At a bend in the river, on a little sandy point, we found a picturesque group of men working at a canoe, which is, as usual with river canoes, formed of one solid trunk. A bright fire was beside them, where they burned the chips, and it seemed the day's work was done. One man of the party stood a little way off holding aloft his *masi sulu* to dry in the wind—a statuesque nude figure that showed dark against the luminous water. The whole scene is stamped on my mind, and is one that I feel I shall never forget.

Nivudini is a large town, built on a hill above the river, and is a place famed in cannibal annals. The houses here are different from the Navosa ones: they have not the characteristic dome-shaped roofs, but are either square or oblong, with a level roof ridge. Some of them are entirely covered with a thatch of brown leaves, roof and sides and all, and as they have no eaves they look more like gigantic hayricks than anything else. They are very large, and the one I am in, the house of the *Buli*, is a fine one, with entrances on three sides, all of which have the usual bridge leading to them from the opposite bank—necessary in this case, as it is surrounded by a moat full of water. The mound on which the house is built is not raised very much above the level, and on the banks grow the most beautiful crotons, coleus, and other plants whose names I do not know, but whose foliage is very lovely. Everybody's voice is hushed here in the presence of *Na Buli*, and the house is very quiet; he seemed to take but little notice of me when I came in, and I do not like the look of him.

After my boys and I had had our food brought us, we and all the wild-looking men in the house sat round a fire on the floor, and smoked and talked for some time. I have not felt comfortable all evening: perhaps it is because I am tired, and consequently a little nervous. *Na Buli* is not hospitable, but surly and evil-looking. No *yaqona* has been brewed; and when I made my boys ask him for a canoe to take me down the river to-morrow, he rudely refused, and said there were none, which is an atrocious falsehood. I am annoyed at this, as my feet are sore, though little blistered, and the wounds at my ankles are painful. The men have been eyeing me—as usually in an evening, whilst my clothes are drying, my attire is light and curious—in a very hungry manner, and they have felt me all over too, softly pinching me on back and breast, till just now I have objected. Perhaps they mean nothing, but I cannot help having an eerie and fearful feeling when I think how many human feasts this house has seen, and how very short a time it is ago since such things were of frequent occurrence. None of the people would believe at first that I have come across the mountains from Natuatuacoko: they say it is impossible. I suppose they think me as big a liar as they are, but at last my boys have convinced them, and their admiration is great. Now I am too tired to write more; my boys are asleep at the far end of the house, and I can hardly keep my eyes open. A wickerwork screen has been fitted into each doorway to keep out wind and rain, and a huge curtain of painted *masi* has been let down at this end of the house to exclude all draught. Although I know I am in danger I somehow am not afraid. A sort of apathy is on me which prevents any acute thought or feeling: it is induced, I think, by fatigue and want of nourishment, but I cannot tell. I am no safer awake than I am when asleep—no more protected now than then; so I shall go behind the curtain and have no doubt I shall sleep well, for my brain is heavy and my limbs are tired.

There are several *lalis* about Nivudini, of which I think I have written before; they are a sort of drum, about four feet long, boat shaped, and formed from one thick log of wood. They are very resonant when beaten by an active and lusty youth, and it was an early application of the beater to one of these cheerful instruments that aroused me with a leap this morning from my slumber, fearing I know not what. I got up early and started for a walk through the town, which seems to be divided by a palisade into two parts, as far as I can make out to separate the chief's division from that of the common people. The insides of these leaf-thatched houses are all beautifully finished off with sinnet, and are made comfortable with fern and *masi* hangings. Before I returned to the house I walked down to the river, which astonished me by its size and the great volume of its waters; its nearest shore was crowded with canoes, any one of which the *Buli* might have let me have, but it seems he wants to keep me here, which he shall not do.

When I was going back into the town I met Koiau and Doi-doi, and found that they had missed me from the house, and fearing all sorts of things had been looking for me everywhere; they were eagerly talking when I met them, and ran up to me looking most delighted to find me safe. There was no one about in the outskirts of the town where we were, and they began to talk most volubly, and performed an amazing amount of pantomine. I could not understand all the former, but I quite saw by the latter that they told me of some danger, and urged me to leave the town at once. Then seeing a party of lads approaching they assumed a languid walk, and looked the picture of carelessness and indifference. These boys were carrying by its tail a beautiful lizard, about fifteen inches long; it was green, with vivid patches of turquoise blue about it. I am undecided whether it was a chamelion or an ordinary lizard, but it does not much matter. I know it opened its mouth at me in a highly threatening manner when I attempted to touch it, as I did in my efforts to look unconcerned. As these boys had come up we boldly returned to the town, and entering the house made a vain pretence of eating some breakfast, for which I, for one, had but little appetite, the adventure was too exciting and fearsome.

My boys sat there with their *dalo* some little way from me, as calm as sphinxes, and I endeavoured with a beating heart to emulate them, till *Na Buli* and the two men with him were called out of the house, when my lads sprang up, snatched the bundles from the floor, gave me my stick, and signalled a start. We slipped silently from the house, and, crossing the bridge opposite to that by which *Na Buli* and the men had gone out, crossed the *rara,* and reached the river unobserved. Here we had to cross a little but deep backwater of the stream, and asked a man standing on the bank to paddle us over: he refused—I suppose he had had his orders; so, shoving past him, we jumped into the canoe, and with a few strokes of the paddles we were on the other side. The man ran quickly up the hill towards the town as we plunged into the wilderness of tall reeds that clothed the opposite bank, and a few moments after we heard the sound of a *lali* beaten vigorously, and my boys changed their rapid walk to a run;—need I say it, so did I. We struggled and hurried some little distance down the uneasy bank, fighting with the cruel reeds till we thought we would put the broad river between us and Nivudini, and I was about to take off my shirts and swim, when a very long canoe—forty feet in length I should think—swept opportunely round a bend of the river into view.

This canoe was being paddled by several men; and the owner and a woman, a fine-looking couple, who were sitting in it, offered to take us over, and coming to the side they both stepped into the water with the greatest kindness and unconcern, to make room for us. The canoe was a comfortable one, with a platform built out over the outrigger, which formed a sort of little deck on which was most of the cargo, and a broken earthenware pot in which was a little fire, where they could conveniently light their *sulukas.*

After we were landed on the opposite shore, and I had waved my thanks to the obliging owners of the canoe, we had to ascend a very steep and cliff-like hill round which the river flowed, the track up which was so slippery that I could hardly climb it; but a native who had joined at its foot plucked and strewed leaves on the ground before me, upon which I stepped, and thus prevented myself from slipping. Feeling more secure with the river between me and the town we had so hastily left, we relaxed our pace. Beyond this hill there was a moderately good path. The country has entirely changed its aspect and become almost level, or only pleasantly undulating: through it flow many broad streams and rivers in a very confusing manner. The day has been a glorious one, and I have enjoyed the richness and beauty of the country all the more because of the difficulties and dangers of the mountains I have crossed, which lie mysterious and blue behind me now.

From a long way off we could see Nakorovatu, and my boys told me that there I should find a *Papalagi.* I was glad enough to think that I was to meet a man of my own colour and nationality after so long a time with savages. The gentleman who lives there is a sort of magistrate of the district, and lives farther up the country on this side of Viti Levu than any one else cares to do. We would not stay in any of the towns and villages that we passed through, but marched straight ahead to Nakorovatu, outside which we all three performed, at the side of a little stream, a most careful toilette, and making ourselves as presentable as possible we entered the town. I walked to a very large native house that I knew must be Mr. Carew's. As usual, it consists of one immense room, seventy or eighty feet long, though not like Colo houses, as it is much longer than it is broad, and without their fine high roof. There I seated myself on a chair, which seems strange after being so long accustomed to the floor, and there I received the pleasant intelligence that Mr. Carew had left a few days before and gone to Baa, and that there was no white man or English-speaking person in the place. I was bitterly disappointed, for I had looked forward so much to seeing him here.

However, I made myself at home for a little time and rested, telling Mr. Carew's boy, a New Hebridean, with a terrible squint, that I should like some tea and something to eat; the first of which he forthwith made, but the second he could not produce, for the good reason that he had nothing. I enjoyed the tea amazingly, for I have missed that more than anything else upon this journey. If ever (which is highly improbable) I do such another one, I will take tea and a tin can with me, so that I can make it. I hope that Mr. Carew, if ever he hears of my occupation of his house, will forgive me, for I was very tired and thirsty when I got there to-day.

My boys made enquiries as to where we should find the next white man, and receiving the information we trudged off again through great banana plantations for a good way down the river, where we found, just at the junction of the Wai-na-mala with the still greater Wai-ni-Buka, a little house where an adventurous white opened a store some years ago. He was the first Englishman who penetrated so far as this up the river. Here I was most hospitably received and entertained in the friendliest manner, and here I now am enjoying the company of my kind. How surprised my host and the one young Englishman that lives with him looked when I appeared at the door of the house, dirty, ragged, and tired, and said that I had come over the mountains; and how I talked, to be sure. The relief of being able to speak again after so long an enforced silence was so great that I seemed to be pouring out all at once the stored-up conversation of weeks. The flood of talk surprised me: I do not know what the others thought of it.

After I had had some European food, than which I thought I had never eaten a more delicious banquet, we strolled to the beautiful river and had a bathe. I dare say they thought I wanted it, for although my boys have often washed my shirts, they are so stained and discoloured, besides being torn to tatters, as to look fit for nothing but to be thrown away. My host would not let me swim, as the river is so infested with sharks. Returning to the little store, I watched the natives coming in to buy and exchange things; here I paid off my boys, having arrived at my destination, and they immediately proceeded, aided by a committee of about twelve friends they have made, to expend the money I gave them. They have purchased a most extraordinary selection of things to take back to the mountains, principally huge knives and bright-coloured cloths for *sulus*, and each has chosen a broad leather belt, with a double-headed serpent as a fastening. I was quite sorry to part with these boys, for they have been faithful, honest, and kind, although only Fijians. They did not want to leave me, and begged me to take them to Levuka, and thence to England, thinking, apparently, that those places are contiguous. I could not do that, so they left me here, and started some hours back upon their return journey; and that is the last I shall ever see of Doi-doi Matawa and Koiau-ho-Amulevu.

We have been playing cards, and now my host has had a comfortable bed made up for me on a home-made sofa, and I feel quite ready for it. All the furniture—there certainly is not very much—is home-made, and shows great skill in its construction, and strength too, a very necessary quality.

My host has been telling me to-night of the state of this part of Fiji when first he came here some years ago: then every town was at emnity with the next, and every one's hand raised against his neighbour, simply for the reason that he was his neighbour. He tells me that the sound of the "death *lali*" was a very frequent one then, and was so well known that every one was aware of what was going on. Often, past his little house, has he seen the canoes go down the river bearing gifts, from one chief to another, of dead men for the oven, and sometimes bloody joints, or limbs just torn from the victim, wrapped in fresh leaves, for the crown of a feast. These things were so frequent that they lost all horror at last from their very familiarity.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIJI—(*concluded*).

THIS morning my host procured me a canoe, and a boy to paddle it, to take me down this river to the Rewa, a very long day's journey even with the current, but one that I have looked forward to for some time. What a merciful dispensation of Providence it is that we cannot foresee events: had I been able to do so I should not have anticipated with such pleasure the journey I had to make. I said good-bye to my host very early, and descended to the river, where my canoe was moored to a pole stuck in the bank. I found the canoe to be very small, and not at all a comfortable or safe one to look at, and I could only get one boy to paddle; but off I started. These canoes are simply hollowed logs of wood that float on the water in a very unsafe manner, and are only kept moderately steady by the heavy outrigger of wood. Directly we two stepped into this one, it sank until there was but an inch or so of the sides above water, so that we were compelled to sit very still: a sudden movement would inevitably have upset it.

It was a perfect morning, sunny, hot, and clear, and the scenery was very charming—flat on one side, and with a high tree-covered bank on the other—and for an hour or so we paddled comfortably down the quiet river. Farther down we came to most beautiful hills, softer in outline than my conquered mountains, that are covered with bush, green and rich, to the very water's edge, where they were doubled in the clear depth of the stream. We passed many native villages, happy-looking and clean, often noisy with the sound of the *lalis,* and surrounded with their great-leaved banana plantations, which waved in the river breeze like a verdant sea. Streams join the river here and there, and over the rocks pour shady little waterfalls, delightful to look upon, from their green dim bowers. Later on in the day we passed a magnificent cascade, which lay back some way from the river; but I caught glimpses of it—as the canoe glided, dreamlike, past—white and foaming, through and over the darkness of the bush, as it dashes from its rocky cliff in three falls to the pool below. Now and then a bright bird flashes out before us, and wild duck rise quacking from the river in numbers as the canoe disturbs them from the sedges. We met several canoes, some of them very large, one of which must have been sixty feet long; nine men, one behind the other, were paddling it, and many more were sitting in it as well. They travel very quickly, even against the current, often punting at a good pace where the stream is sufficiently shallow; on the boughs that fasten the outrigger to the canoe lie poles of different lengths for that purpose.

For three or four hours we proceeded calmly and monotonously enough, but about mid-day a stiff breeze sprang up, which was blowing strong against us, and broke up the still surface of the stream into great ripples which frequently flowed over the edges of our low-sunk canoe. I kept constantly baling with a rude bamboo scoop, but found I could not do it fast enough, and the water gained upon us. Then my boy had recourse to a clever trick to get rid of it, which very much surprised me at first, as I was sitting in front with my back to the paddler. Hearing a queer rushing and splashing noise behind me, I turned round to see what was going on, and found that my boy had put down his paddle, and, carefully balancing himself on one leg, he lowered his body till his hands could rest on either side of our frail bark, and then with the leg that was free he scraped the bottom of the canoe, his huge foot seeming to completely fill up the hollow, and sent the water flying out behind him in a truly astonishing manner. We progressed very slowly, and I much missed my two good boys, and wished that I had them with me instead of this one, who seems both stupid and careless.

The wind gradually blew stronger and stronger, and, the ripples increasing to waves, we filled constantly, and it was one continuous bale to keep afloat, until at last, when we had come to a rather open reach of the river, they were too much for us, and, completely filling the canoe, we sank like lead. I struck out for the shore. Remembering how infested this Rewa River is with sharks I did not care to disport myself long in the water, but the boy stuck to the canoe, collected all the bundles, and, dragging them to the bank, swayed the canoe about from side to side till all the water gradually swilled out of it, when we re-entered it and proceeded. The boy has never smiled, nor seemed the least surprised at anything, so I suppose this is the usual manner of going down the Rewa. If it be so, I do not approve of the method, for I was as cold as ice. The wind, blowing up the river on to my saturated clothes, made me shiver with cold, and altogether it was very miserable.

It was a wretched journey. For hours we crept along under one bank and then under the other, wherever we thought the water was a little smoother, filling and baling, and then getting on a little when the wind fell. The sun shone out for a short time when we reached the junction of the Wai-ni-Buka and the Waidina, which is very beautiful. A great cliff rises from the river, all clothed with beautiful creepers and wooded at the summit. The sky for a time was blue, and gorgeous parrots, green and crimson breasted, flitted amongst the trees. In the slow stream great golden balls, the shaddock's fruit, were floating and whirling in the eddies beneath the bank. The river is broad, astonishingly broad where it is joined by the Waidina, which flows from that strange interior land I have left. A heavy rain came on and wet me through again, and I learned how surprisingly cold one can be even in the tropics: I was literally blue and chattering. It is most fatiguing to sit in one of these small canoes, as the position is so very cramped. Especially uncomfortable I found it to-day, for when the canoe sank the little board I had to sit on floated off, and I have had to use since a couple of bamboos, which have tattooed me in a manner that feels painfully permanent.

We began to get amongst white settlements in the afternoon, as the flourishing sugar and other crops on the banks showed me. The level country is in places admirably suited for sugar growing, and this is, and will be, I suppose, the staple produce of the Rewa. I landed at one of these plantations, being too cramped to sit longer, and walked through it, and a long way down the bank of the river, struggling through the dense reeds, and badly cutting myself in the old places on my ankles. I found the canoe some mile or two down the stream, and again proceeded in much the same way. We were nearly swamped two or three times, and were only saved from sinking by the boy jumping out into the stream, and staying there till I had baled all out. Although the rain fell in torrents all the afternoon, and although I was scarcely in a mood for admiration, I could not fail to see how beautiful parts of this river are, with now its high banks verdant with trees and then its level parts rich with waving crops of sugar-cane and maize. Late in the day, when we must have travelled many miles down the stream, signs of European occupation became much more frequent; large flat-bottomed punts passed us, for the carrying of the cane to the crushing mills farther down; and sometimes an European dwelling-house would peep out from the trees on the bank. The river is full of a bivalve shell-fish which is in great demand amongst the natives, and in one or two places I saw women working away in the water collecting a supper of this dainty for her lord and master.

Fortunately the wind fell in the evening, or we should never have arrived at Lomaloma to-night, which we did, but long after dark. I was glad enough to find myself at this my destination, which is the first little settlement of whites one comes to from the interior, for I was cramped with sitting so long in the canoe, numb with cold, wet through, and very hungry, not having broken my fast since the early morning. My costume by this time is so tattered and reduced as to be barely decent, so a little Maltese doctor, whom before I had seen in Levuka, has most kindly lent me clothes, from which a foot or so of wrist and ankle protrude at either end, so that I now look very like a boy that has vastly outgrown his garments. But what care I, they are dry and warm. Many people have come into the house, and all tell me that I may think myself very lucky to have arrived here safe and sound, for since the terrible outbreak of measles in Fiji, some years ago, the people have in many parts relinquished their veneer of Christianity and have returned to their old faith, believing their ancient gods to be angry with them; and of course with the new belief has gone the new civilisation. This applies only to some of the tribes, for the more distant ones have never wavered from the faith of old times. Nearly all the inhabitants of the place—not very many by-the-by—have come to see me, and I am quite a little hero on the Rewa River for having accomplished this difficult and dangerous journey. It has all been very wonderful, very delightful, and very exciting, but I must confess that civilisation, now that I have a taste of it again, has certain charms of her own. Good-night.

For several days I remained at Lomaloma, waiting for the little boat to arrive which was to take me back to Levuka, but she did not appear as soon as was expected. I passed a very quiet time in that dull and somewhat ugly little place, which is built on the high bank of the river, and consists of the house I stayed at, a little store, two or three wooden houses, and a sugar mill that was not working. All that I did was to visit a sugar plantation and see the imported labour boys hoeing the cane, as the doctor said I must give my feet entire rest if I wanted them to get well, as these Fiji wounds often remain unhealed for many months. I began to get anxious lest the little river-boat should not arrive until too late for the mails from Levuka; but one day, after many false alarms, the snorting little flat-bottomed craft came into sight, and I went aboard. We stopped to take in sugar at one mill, and then went down the river as far as Waimanu. Sugar is grown to a great extent on the banks, and there is plenty of ground yet unoccupied that is in every way suited to the cultivation of it. Whites are beginning to settle thickly about here, and a large mill is being erected for the crushing of the cane, which is produced annually in larger and larger quantities.

Mosquitoes are terribly annoying on this river—worse almost than anywhere else I have been: they allow one no rest. I have been told a singular story, related to me as a fact, but for the truth of which I will not vouch, about a wondrous species of tree that attracts these pests to it, and which is completely covered, branches, leaves, and trunk, with a black mass of them. I think, did I live here, I should cultivate a good many of them about my premises.

A very large meeting of natives was going on at Navusa, a town close to which we stopped for the night, in a large well-built English house. They told me that as many as three thousand Fijians had been at it. The whole river was alive with canoes when we were there, bringing in provisions for the immense crowd gathered at the meeting, and a fleet of them, of all sizes, lay fastened to the bamboos and poles driven into the mud of the bank. Two of Cakobau's sons were there—very fine, big men, and speaking English; and this morning one of them took me across to Navusa, and we walked through the town and saw all the doings. At the place where we landed some magnificently carved canoes were lying—sea-going ones, that can sail in the most wonderful manner, even in bad weather. I could not quite discover what was the exact reason for this meeting, but the whole town was crowded with natives, all in full dress, and painted as to their faces, and dyed as to their hair, in the most marvellous fashion, which latter is immense in quantity, and dressed out in a manner that would be a credit to any barber.

Andi Quilla, Cakobau's daughter, is the chief of this district, and generally lives at Navusa, but was away to-day at Bau. We went to her large house, whose bank is literally gorgeous with crotons, bigonias, and coleus, and there watched the game of *lavo* that was being played by a party of men along a mat stretched upon the floor. It was just feeding time when I was in the town, and I saw the ovens opened and the food taken out for distribution. A Fijian feast means profusion for all, even to waste. There must be much more cooked than all can eat, and every man must have more given to him than he can consume, that he may have the exquisite gratification of wasting what is left. Never have I seen such piles of food. Baskets holding a hundredweight or so of *dalo* were stacked together in scores, pigs roasted whole lay in great rows, regular walls of *yaqona* were erected in places, and tobacco was plenteous; so that nothing was wanting to complete the Fijian paradise except, perhaps, *bakolo*.

I noticed in some of the houses where the men were lying waiting for their food that the fern-covered floor was roughly divided into little compartments by low rails, in which was just room for one. This was done, I suppose, to economise space. There were a good many Tongans about the town; not only their features and lighter colour proclaiming their nationality, but their characteristic swinging gait as well. The most eastern islands of Fiji are under Tongan chiefs, and inhabited principally by immigrants from Tonga. In the eyes of the Fijian men the Tongan women are much better looking than the Fijian. This causes great jealousy and unhappiness amongst the Fijian ladies, because the men will take their wives from the fairest, as men always will do, and go to Tonga for women instead of choosing brides at home.

The little steamer was ready to start soon after mid-day, and some one had to come across to Navusa to look after me and tell me that it was time to leave, so I had to quit the interesting scene, though I did so with regret. Cakobau's son saw me safe on board, and stood waving an affectionate adieu as we left the bank. He is a big and handsome man, and is, I am told, a regular Don Juan. All day long we have been slowly steaming down the river, past rich-looking clearings and by thriving plantations, where, I suppose, white men will live and flourish when the last poor Fijian has passed away for ever. At one place in the broad, but at times shallow river, we steamed through a narrow cutting which had been made years ago by the Fijians to get into another branch of the stream and surprise an enemy. This cutting—put to a very different purpose now—saves time if the steamer takes it on her way to the Rewa mouth. This second stream was very narrow, and we were constantly running into the banks, as it twists and turns very suddenly. Flocks of boys were bathing here, and flung themselves into our wake that they might rise and fall on the mimic waves made by our paddles. The river became very beautiful again when we once more reached the main stream: grand bush on either side, dense and mysterious, its darker verdure fringed at the water's edge with banks of mangrove of a light and lovely green.

We did not reach the mouth of the river, which is divided into many outlets, until sunset; and navigation amongst the coral reefs and patches which fringe these shores not being practicable at night, we did not try to cross to Ovalau, but steamed a little way out to sea and anchored in the lee of a lovely little islet, covered with a glorious group of palms. Behind this the sun has set most grandly, the trees growing darker and blacker against a sky of tender green, until the full moon has silvered their waving plumes, now that the sky had darkened to its deepest blue. It is a perfect night, and I have kept awake watching the outlines of the Viti Levu Mountains behind me, and of Ovalau's great peak in front, which still are visible, though dim and visionary, unwilling to lose the beauty of the night, as perhaps to-morrow I shall find letters which will call me away for ever from such scenes as this.

Next day I was back in Levuka, and my travels for a time were ended. Every one thinks I have done a rather foolhardy thing in thus crossing Viti Levu alone; and my friends received me gladly, as news has just come down from Nadi that a man has been killed and eaten in Colo. His murder and burial (to put it politely) must have taken place just whilst I was there; and my friends, not knowing whether it was a white man or a native, were very anxious about me. All they could learn was that a man had been killed, cooked, and eaten, and that a native missionary, who had gone on a proselytising journey up amongst them, had been forced, under threats of death, to eat part of him too, which in my opinion is an exquisite joke. This man, under pretence of going to wash his hands at a stream after the feast, escaped to Nadi, and the story, without details, was brought down here by the *Alarm*.

Although one still hears terrible stories of this kind as happening amongst the Fijians, I greatly question whether it would not be better *for them* to be left completely alone in their old savagedom than to be forcibly invaded by us, settled upon, civilised, and to become——extinct. It is to me a very terrible thought that where we take in one hand knowledge of a better and a higher life, we, with the other, give them death. Sad though it be, yet true it is, that everywhere in Polynesia and Australasia, where the white man has possession, the same tale is told: each census taken shows a less return. In Australia a few years hence—a very few—there will be no aborigine; in Tasmania the work is already done; in New Zealand the noble Maori lingers yet, but as civilisation gradually creeps into his last fastnesses, consumption and other ills unknown before creep with it too, and a few generations hence, should nothing be done to stay it, his race will be as extinct as the dodo or his own gigantic *moa*. From Tahiti and the Sandwich Islands, from the north and from the south, the same tale comes: it seems as though the race were doomed. Though our exertions are for their prosperity—though we legislate for them as for ourselves, though we teach them, educate them, or what we will—the very presence of the white man seems fatal to the brown.

My travels in this part of the world are now, I fear, over, and I am safe in the midst of civilisation once more, sorry that my life of adventure is finished, but happy in having seen and enjoyed so much. Though the travel is ended and the Pacific and her lovely islands are to me now things of the past, their loveliness is my own, and my bright remembrance of them a possession of which no one can deprive me. To my last day I shall be glad I have visited those golden isles and summer seas, and shall often, in duller climes and more prosaic days, revel in their tropic life and heat and sunshine, for truly—

> "A thing of beauty *is* a joy for ever."

THE END.

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, *Edinburgh.*

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